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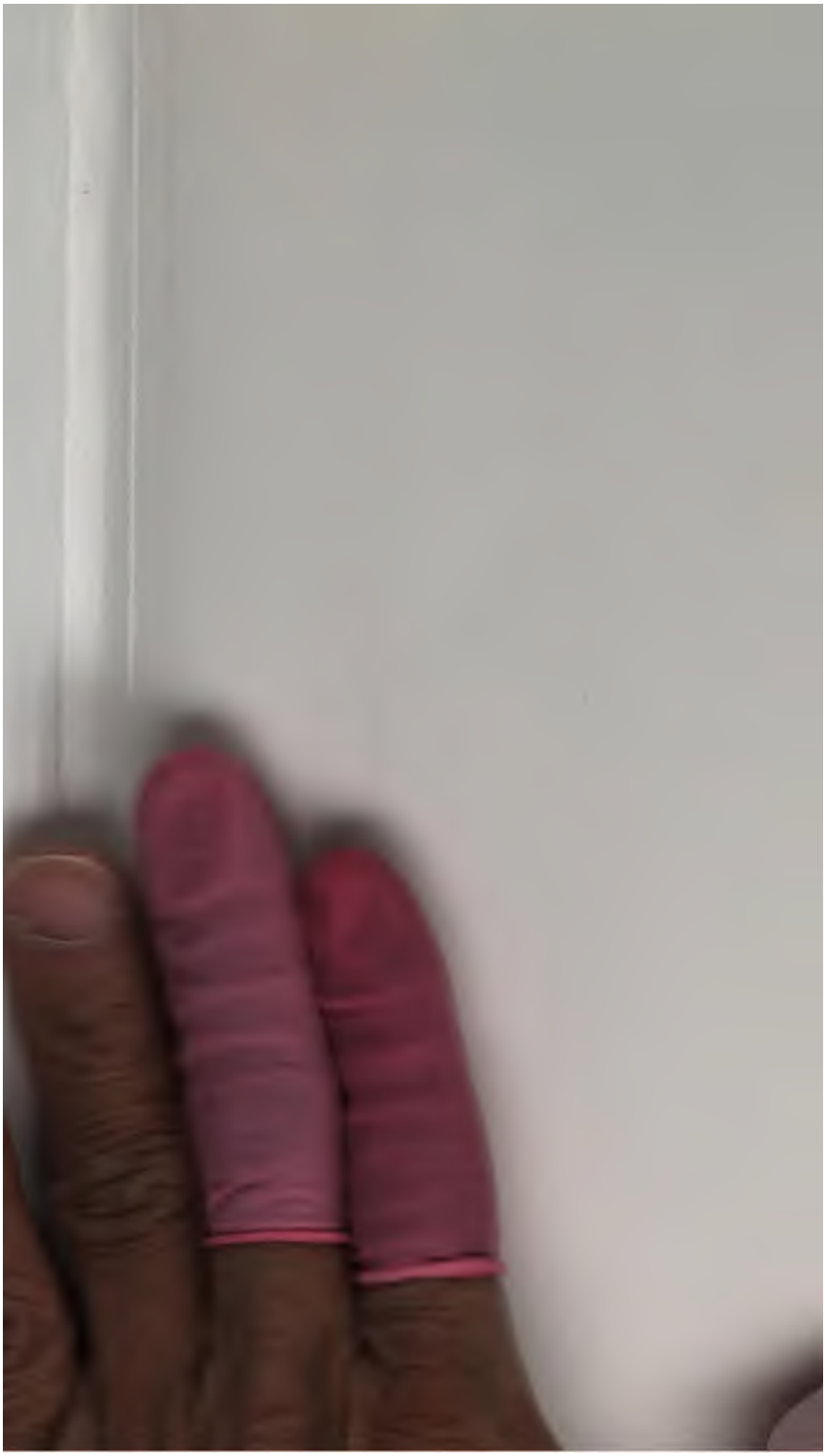

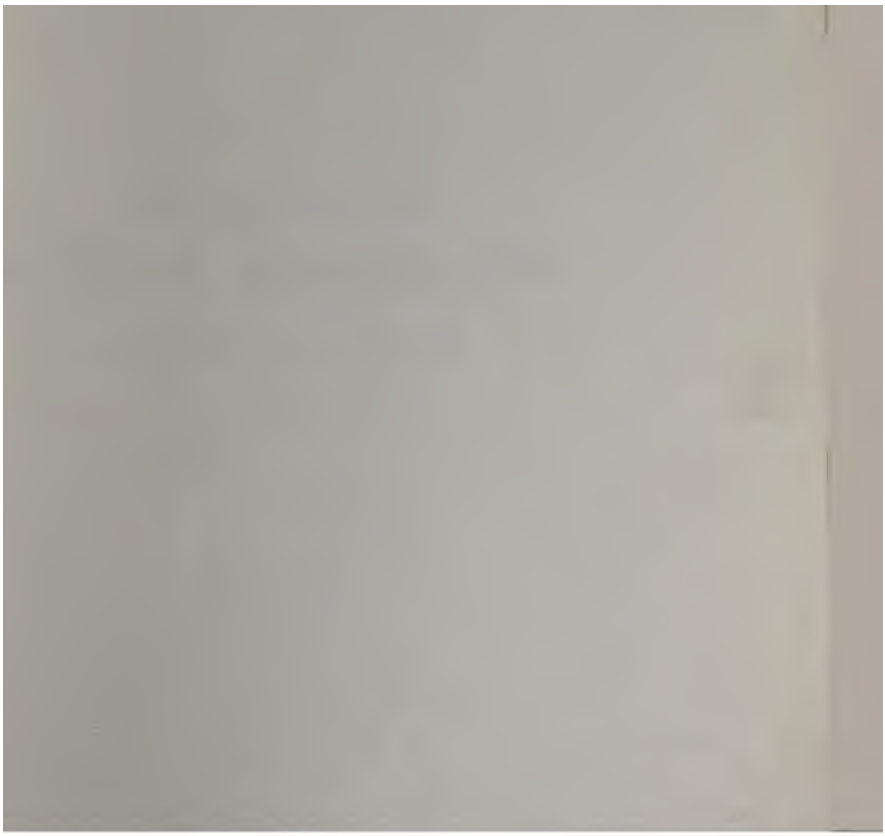

THE WORKS OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

MISCELLANIES

XII

Dear Sir

My Neighbour John Lewis Bookbinder alias Straps, wants ten Copies of the History which are bespoke by his Customers. The money will be returned as soon as he can deliver the Books: but he will expect to have them at Booksellers Price. You will let him have them accordingly and oblige

Yours sincerely

J. Smollett

Chelsea April 1 1757.

[illegible]

THE WORKS OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

W. E. HENLEY

VOL. XII

WESTMINSTER
ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO LTD
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MISCELLANIES

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE present (twelfth and last) volume of this edition of Smollett's Works contains the *Poems and Plays*, the *Expedition against Carthagena*, and the *History and Adventures of an Atom*, together with two rare and comparatively little known pieces—*Smollett's Prophecy* and *A Faithful Narrative of the Base and Inhuman Arts that were lately practised upon the Brain of Habbakkuk Hilding . . . by Drawcansir Alexander* (1752).

The reader will thus, it is hoped, be placed in "possession" of all that is of permanent interest in Smollett's work, a mere fraction though it be of the total literary output of one who, during the interregnum between Pope and Johnson, might fairly have advanced claims to the title of literary dictator. Excluded are his *Letters*, few and of little interest apart from his life, and the *Essay on the External Use of Water* (London, 1752, 4to), in addition to a vast amount of periodical and other compilation, generally speaking very efficiently done, though of purely transitory interest.

Priority of place is granted to the two short satires, naive imitations of Juvenal, whose stamp they bear, not in the text, but on the title pages, in the form of epigraphs: *Advice: A Satire* (London, printed for M. Cooper at the *Globe* in Paternoster Row, 1746; price one shilling) and *Reproof: A Satire, the Sequel to Advice* (London, 1747). Both were first issued anonymously in folio, but were reprinted together in a more convenient form in 1748. Thrown into the form of dialogues between a poet and his friend, the satires are written in heroic verse, and have much more of Pope than of Juvenal about them. Their fearlessness attracted an amount of attention which would have been denied to their merit; but it must be admitted that the ferocity of the invective with which some well known names are assailed[1] is too suggestive of the methods of the blackmailer. Published in July, 1746, *Advice* was probably the first work by Smollett to enjoy the distinction of print. It was

[1] e.g. Sir John Cope, Sir William Yonge, John ("Lun") Rich and "Brush" Warren.

closely followed however by *The Tears of Scotland*, the spirited protest of a Scot against England's celebration of Culloden, which was almost certainly published in a separate form during the summer of 1746, though we first know it in *A Collection of the most esteemed pieces of Poetry that have appeared for several years* (London, 1767, 12mo).

Among the other poems we notice the well turned tetrameters of the song—

> "To fix her, 'twere a task as vain
> To combat April drops of rain."

It is followed by the *Burlesque Ode*, a savage parody upon Lyttelton's *Monody* upon the death of his wife—written in 1747, when the good lord's indifferent attitude towards Smollett's firstborn tragedy was still rankling; atoned for fifteen years later, when in the survey of the liberal arts in the *Continuation of the Compleat History of England*, among other glories of the second George's reign, the partial historian pointed to "the delicate taste, the polished muse and the *tender feelings* of a Lyttelton." The didactic *Odes to Mirth and Sleep* are of little account, and it is mainly a personal interest which attaches to the *Ode to Blue Eyed Anne*, written before 1747, when Smollett married his "Nancy," the daughter of a Jamaica sugar-planter named Lascelles. The fine *Ode to Independence* was written during Smollett's later years, and not published until after his death. Robert and Andrew Foulis of Glasgow printed it in quarto in 1773, with the title: *Ode to Independence, by the late T. Smollett, M.D., with Notes and Observations.* It was reprinted both in Glasgow and London. Smollett "strung his harp anew" in 1766 to produce the admirable *Ode to Leven Water*, which is introduced in the second volume of *Humphrey Clinker*. The poems, most of which had probably appeared separately, either in magazine or leaflet form, were collected in *Plays and Poems written by Tobias Smollett, with memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Author* (London, 1777, 8mo).

Of Smollett's two plays, *The Regicide, or James the First of Scotland: A Tragedy*, after a short spell of travel and adventure, followed by a long period of retirement, was dragged from its unhonoured tomb by the successful "author of *Roderick Random*" and "printed by subscription for the benefit of the author" in 1749 (price five shillings). In the preface to the first edition, Smollett bitterly complains of the usage this great unknown masterpiece had received at the hands of actors, managers and others—Lyttelton for instance. The British Museum copy is significantly bound up with the tragic masterpieces of Lillo, Cibber and William Shirley. His other play was produced and printed some eight years later as *The Reprisal: or the Tars of Old England. A Comedy of Two Acts as performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane* (London, 1757, 8mo). In writing of it to Garrick, the author spoke of it more

truthfully as a farce; it was indeed a patriotic gallery piece, the success of which was fairly attested by numerous revivals.[1]

After the plays we have printed the curious sixpenny *Narrative* (1752) in which, under the impression that he was the aggrieved party, Smollett does his best to bespatter his great rival Fielding; and then comes a document of some historical value, as being the work of an eye witness: *An Account of the Expedition against Carthagene in the West Indies, besieged by the English in the year* 1741, with "a plan of the harbour of Carthagena," first published in the fifth volume of Smollett's *Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages digested in a chronological series* (London, 1756, 12mo; reprinted 1766).

This brings us to Smollett's astounding essay in the department of political satire—*The History and Adventures of an Atom, by Nathaniel Peacock* [i.e. Tobias Smollett]—published in London in two duodecimo volumes ("price five shillings, sewed; six shillings, bound") during the spring of 1769, though it bears the delusive date, 1749. That this post-Laputan satire did not altogether fail of its effect may perhaps be deduced from the fact that it was reissued separately in the course of 1769 and again in 1778, 1784 and 1786. In order to escape the "plague of prosecution," "Nathaniel Peacock" took the precaution of placing the channel betwixt himself and the Government of Great Britain before the actual appearance of the two volumes in March. "The folly of the multitude and the knavery of pretenders to patriotism," said the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1769, "are ridiculed in this little work with great spirit and humour; but there is a mixture of indelicacy and indecency, which, though it cannot gratify the lowest imagination, can scarce fail to disgust the coarsest."[2]

[1] At the first performance at Drury Lane on January 22, 1757, Richard Yates was Oclabber; Johnston, Maclaymore; Usher, Heartley; and Palmer, Brush. It was revived in 1763, and also given in Edinburgh and the provinces. At Drury Lane on April 1, 1771, Robert Baddeley of "cake" notoriety played Champignon, with Moody as Oclabber. On October 21, 1777, it was first given at Covent Garden, with Quick as Block and Wewitzer as Champignon. On April 24, 1793, at the same house, Macready the elder played Oclabber, while Fawcett was Brush; and on April 23, 1801, also at Covent Garden, the great Joseph Munden condescended to the part of Ben Block.

[2] It must be admitted that as a votary of the nymph *Cloacina* Smollett has had few, if any, rivals in the realms of English literature. To the "Cloacinean" materials collected by the industry of Sir John Harington he could easily have added corroborative detail sufficient for a fresh *Metamorphosis of Ajax*. No less characteristic of the author of the *Travels* and the future creator of *Humphrey Clinker* are the digressory dissertations on trunk-hose (p. 273), on magic (p. 326), on surnames (p. 347), and on the etiquette of kicking and being kicked (p. 378). Of Smollett's learned dogmatism no better example could be given than his remarks upon historians on pp. 263–4.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The *Monthly Review* concurs with the *Gentleman's Magazine* in taking the somewhat singular view that the satire is not "pernicious" in its influence, because it is so thoroughly "disgusting"; but qualified though it be by much nastiness and obscenity, the *Monthly* fully admits the spirit, humour, and satirical power of the piece.[1]

The *Critical Review* as might be expected is more lavish in laudatory phrases, though when it goes on to describe the satire as "uniting the happy extravagance of Rabelais to the splendid humour of Swift," one may perhaps be permitted to suspect that it is allowing its judgement to be influenced in some degree by a spirit of loyalty to a former editor. Rude and coarse the lampoon admittedly was; yet it passed (as we have seen) through five editions in less than a score years, and the receipts from it must have nobly answered Smollett's immediate purpose in providing the funds for that second journey to the South of Europe which the state of his health rendered necessary. During the eclipse of Smollett's fame which set in during the last fifteen years of the eighteenth century, the *Adventures of an Atom*, like the *Travels through France and Italy*, fell into an unmerited neglect; its original reputation sank into a twilight obscurity. From this state it well deserves to be rescued, whether we consider its historical and documentary interest or its literary value, as a peculiar type of political satire.

In a man whose frankness of speech had already led to a term of imprisonment, one cannot but admire the amazing boldness with which Smollett launches his diatribes against the conspicuous magnates of the period. The chief objects of his railing are the Hanoverian policy of George II ("Got-hama-baba"),[2] the undignified wire-pulling and chicanery of Newcastle ("Fika-kaka"), and the transcendental egotism of the elder William Pitt ("Orator Taycho"). But the extremely unflattering portrait of his old patron, Lord Bute ("Yak Strot"), shows that Smollett's emancipation from the shackles of political partizanship was singularly complete. He attacks many of the prominent military and naval commanders of the day under the most transparent disguises. He depicts the fickleness of the sovereign London mob in a succession of figures so offensive that even Swift might have shrunk from them, and he distributes the scourings of his contempt with an even handed impartiality between the two great historical parties (the "Shits" and the "Sheits").

[1] Both *Monthly* and *Critical* give copious extracts.

[2] The Dairo, or King of Japan, is represented as being degraded by a kind of fetishism, the mysteries of Kio, or Fakku-basi, the ritual of the White Horse, a superstition which causes the kings of his dynasty to prefer the dirty little farm of Yesso (Hanover) above all the empire of Japan.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Among the flings at Lord Bute is one in which the author describes him as a Maecenas seeking out obscure merit upon his succession to office in order to reward it according to its deserts. This affords a fine opportunity for a hit at his successful competitors in the scramble for a government pension. "All his researches proved so unsuccessful that not above four or five men of genius could be found in the whole empire of Japan (England), and these were gratified with pensions of about 100 obans each. One was a secularized bonze from Ximo (John Home), another a malcontent poet of Niphon (Dr. Johnson), a third a reformed comedian of Xicoco (Thomas Sheridan), a fourth an empyric who had outlived his practice (this could scarcely be Kennicot), and a fifth a decayed apothecary who was bard, quack, author, chemist, philosopher, and simpler by profession" (Shebbeare). The portrait of Pitt as the "Orator Taycho," a demagogue of the calibre of Cleon,[1] whose skill in humouring the brute-beast legion (the mob), is only equalled by the prodigious good luck which attends the craziest of his foreign adventures is well balanced by the savage delineation of the unscrupulous Brut-an-tiffi (Frederic the Great)—both portraits being equally far removed from the conventional outlines of history and biography, though neither of them seem to have appeared so extravagant to contemporaries as they do to us. Smollett was, perhaps, right in as far as many of Pitt's greatest effects were to a large extent undesigned. An attack was planned upon Martinique, and resulted in—the capture of Guadeloupe (p. 356). Chatham aimed at shattering the French power in distant corners of the globe, but the decisive blow was of necessity aimed at a vital part. It was Hawke's great victory in Quiberon Bay, on November 20, 1759, which was, as Mahan points out, the Trafalgar of the war, and which inevitably involved the ultimate loss of France's early colonial empire. And fully abreast with its importance was the brilliance of this achievement, for nothing could have surpassed the daring with which the British admiral forced his way into a harbour "lined with reefs, which the navigator rarely sees without fright and never passes without emotion." Chatham was, nevertheless, in Smollett's despite, what Dr. Johnson called him in 1778, a "dictator": he possessed the power of putting the State in motion; he was the chooser of instruments, the enforcer of the victorious maxim, "Go for the enemy wherever you can find him." He was, in fact, if not the organizer of victory, the "animatore," the inspirer of England's most honourable war. Smollett's remarkable portrait of the "freebooter" Frederic (p. 298) is more impartial, and in some respects could hardly be bettered; though it certainly errs as to

[1] Of Cleon, at any rate, as depicted by Thucydides, and as popularly conceived. See pp. 294, 366.

the measureless character of Frederic's ambition. Having judged the possession of Silesia to be essential to the welfare of his country, Frederic simply seized it by an act of rapine, and his subsequent ambition was confined to retaining it by main force. This he succeeded in doing, thereby in the eyes of history both justifying his deed and proving that his ambition was of an essentially manageable character. But Smollett saw all these transactions with the vision, not of history, but of local prejudice, and it must be conceded that what he saw he tried to depict without fear or favour and with a terseness and a trenchancy that deserve unqualified praise. The frankness of the author's comments upon the tragedy of Admiral Byng ("Bihn Goh"), or upon the imbecility of his old enemy, Admiral Knowles ("Seluon"), upon the brutality of Cumberland ("Fatzman Quamba-cun-dono"), the heartlessness of Mansfield (Mura-clami), or the incompetence of Anson ("Ninkom-poo-po"), are no less worthy of our admiration. Yet he has no faith in the opposition, and his contempt for Bedford (Gotto-mio), and his faction is not more whole-hearted than that with which he regards John Wilkes (Jan-ki-Dtzin). Smollett is clearly a political Ishmael, who has severed his ties with all parties, and regards them all alike with the sour impartiality and clear-eyed contempt of a worn out and embittered pamphleteer.

Making the necessary deductions, the satire is full of historical interest, but this interest is obviously dependent in a large degree upon the possession of a fairly full and accurate key to the characters. This we are now able, it is believed, for the first time to supply, although a few of the lesser characters still remain unidentified and a considerable amount of work remains to be done in elucidating some minor obscurities.[1]

As in the previous case of volume XI, containing the *Travels*,[2] all the pieces in volume XII have been collated with the original editions, and especial care has been taken to try and provide a satisfactory text of

[1] A number of the characters it is true were identified in a cautious way by contemporary critics, from whom few of the innuendoes could have been hid. A rough key was also printed by William Davis in his *Second Journey round the Library of a Bibliomaniac* (1825), but this is very incomplete and still more inexact. The labour of evolving the key appended to the present reprint has been great, more especially in view of the neglect with which the military history of the period has been treated by modern historians. Of contemporary accounts the details of the various campaigns in the *Annual Registers* have been most useful. With these may be compared *The General History of the Late War*, by John Entick (5 vols. 1763, 4th ed. corrected 1779).

[2] Readers interested in the *Travels* are referred to some critical observations on this work by the present writer, supplementing the "Bibliographical Note" prefixed to vol. XI in the *Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1901.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The History and Adventures of an Atom, if only for the benefit of the class of historical students by whom this work has hitherto been strangely neglected.

The last piece in the volume, known as the *Prophecy of Dr. Smollett*, belongs to a class of literary productions about which grave suspicions are usually and rightly entertained. No version of it is known to exist before 1795. It is worth noting, however, that its claim to rank amongst Smollett's works rests upon a basis very similar to that of the *Ode to Independence*, "printed from the author's manuscript which was communicated to the editors by a gentleman with whom Dr. Smollett was much connected." As far as internal evidence is concerned it is not too much to say that both productions bear distinct traces of Smollett's hand, though his workmanship might of course be simulated in the *Prophecy* much more easily than in the *Ode*.

Appended to the present volume is an index which will, it is hoped, be found fairly full as regards the *Introduction* and *Travels*, somewhat less full as regards the varied contents of volume XII. In the preparation of this index I have to acknowledge the assistance which has been rendered by my brother, Mr. Lawrence H. Seccombe. It should be stated in addition that these two volumes (XI and XII) containing the *Travels* and *Miscellanies* are the only ones for which the present editor has any responsibility; any reproaches incurred by the delay in their appearance are to be levelled against him and not against the publishers, whose forbearance he takes this opportunity of acknowledging to have been exemplary.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

POEMS

ADVICE, AND REPROOF:

TWO SATIRES

First Published in the Years 1746 *and* 1747

——————Sed podice levi,
Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Mariscæ.——
O Proceres! censore opus est an haruspice nobis?
Juvenal.

——————nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte ruborem?
Ibid.

ADVICE: A SATIRE

POET, FRIEND

Poet. Enough, enough; all this we knew before;
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:
And who so much to sense and glory lost,
Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast?
From the pale hag, O! could I once break loose;
Divorc'd, all hell should not re-tie the noose!
Not with more care shall H—— avoid his wife,
Not Cope fly swifter, lashing for his life;
Than I to leave the meager fiend behind.
Friend. Exert your talents; nature, ever kind,
Enough for happiness bestows on all;
'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small—
Why sleeps the muse?—— Is there no room for praise,
When such bright names in constellation blaze?
When sage Newcastle, abstinently great,
Neglects his food to cater for the state;
And Grafton, tow'ring Atlas of the throne,

Verse 8. A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persia; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

Ver. 15. Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the stomach.

Ver. 17. This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colley Cibber, Esq., a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

So well rewards a genius like his own:
Granville and Bath illustrious, need I name
For sober dignity and spotless fame;
Or Pitt th' unshaken Abdiel yet unsung:
Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth, O Yonge!
Poet. Th' advice is good; the question only, whether
These names and virtues ever dwelt together?
But what of that? the more the bard shall claim,
Who can create as well as cherish fame.
But one thing more,—how loud must I repeat,
To rouse th' ingag'd attention of the great;
Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific bum,
Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum;
While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
Stern foe to tradesmen, poets, and the poor.
Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell;
Nor the gaunt growling janitor of hell.

Ver. 19. Two noblemen, famous in their day for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

Ver. 21. Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption:—

> Among th' innumerable false, unmov'd,
> Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrified.

Ver. 29. This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

Ver. 30. This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

ADVICE: A SATIRE

Ev'n Atticus (so wills the voice of fate),
Inshrines in clouded majesty his state;
Nor to th' adoring crowd vouchsafes regard,
Though priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard.
Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe?
Bribe him, to feast my mute-imploring eye,
With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie!
A lie to captivate my heedless youth,
Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth;
While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day,
And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;
Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot,
The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot!
Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state!
Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat,
Who, while he totters on the brink of woe,
Dares, ere he fall, attempt th' avenging blow!
A steady blow! his languid soul to feast;
And rid his country of one curse at least!
Friend. What! turn assassin?
Poet. Let th' assassin bleed;
My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
'Tis he, who lures th' unpractis'd mind astray,
Then leaves the wretch to misery a prey;
Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
And stabs the public in her ruin'd son.
Friend. Heav'ns! how you rail! the man's consum'd by spite!
If Lockman's fate attends you, when you write;
Let prudence more propitious arts inspire:

Ver. 62. To be little read, and less approved.

The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher.
Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd,
And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.
Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
And minister to him who serves a slave.
Be sure you fasten on promotion's scale;
Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail.
Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear,
From the smirch'd scullion to th' embroider'd peer
Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postillion rides,
Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
Here doom'd, if nature strung his sinewy frame,
The slave (perhaps) of some insatiate dame;
But if exempted from th' Herculean toil,
A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil;
There shall he shine, with ming'ling honours bright,
His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite;
Then strut a captain, if his wish be war,
And grasp in hope, a truncheon and a star;
Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure,
Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure;
His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary,
Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary.
Compos'd of falsehood, ignorance, and pride,
A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L—d.
And won from kennels to th' impure imbrace,
Accomplish'd Warren triumph o'er disgrace.

Ver. 88. This child of dirt (to use a great author's expression), without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

Ver. 90. Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called Brush Warren.

Poet. Eternal infamy his name surround,
Who planted first that vice on British ground!
A vice that 'spite of sense and nature reigns,
And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!
Pollio! the pride of science and its shame,
The muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name!
Abhorrent views that prostituted groom,
Th' indecent grotto and polluted doom!
There only may the spurious passion glow,
Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow,
Obscene with crimes avow'd, of every dye,
Corruption, lust, oppression, perjury;
Let Chardin with a chaplet round his head,
The taste of Maro and Anacreon plead;
"Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write,
"And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white."
Worthy to feel that appetence of fame
Which rivals Horace only in his shame!
Let Isis wail in murmurs, as she runs,
Her tempting fathers, and her yielding sons;
While Dullness screens the failings of the church,
Nor leaves one sliding rabbi in the lurch.

from having been a shoe-black. It is said he was kept by both sexes at one time.

Ver. 103. This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rosy boys robed in white for the entertainment of his guests.

Ver. 109. In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be solemnized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

Ver. 111. This is a decent and parental office, in which dullness is employed; namely, to conceal the failings of her children; and exactly conformable to that instance of filial piety which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backward to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay exposed, from the scoffs and insults of a malicious world.

ADVICE: A SATIRE

Far other raptures let the breast contain,
Where heav'n-born taste and emulation reign.
Friend. Shall not a thousand virtues, then, atone
In thy strict censure for the breach of one?
If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his door.
And tho' no mortal credits Curio's word,
A score of laquies fatten at his board.
To christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen,
And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to screen.
Poet. Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame
Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame!
But if an impious wretch, with frantic pride,
Throws honour, truth, and decency aside;
If nor by reason aw'd, nor check'd by fears,
He counts his glories from the stains he bears;
Th' indignant muse to virtue's aid shall rise,
And fix the brand of infamy on vice.
What if, arous'd at his imperious call,
An hundred footsteps echo thro' his hall;
And on high columns rear'd his lofty dome
Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome:
What tho' whole hecatombs his crew regale,
And each dependent slumbers o'er his ale;
While the remains, through mouths unnumber'd past,
Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last:
Say, friend, is it benevolence of soul,
Or pompous vanity, that prompts the whole?
These sons of sloth who by profusion thrive,
His pride inveigled from the public hive;
And numbers pine in solitary woe,
Who furnish'd out this phantasie of shew.

When silent misery assail'd his eyes,
Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize?
Or his extensive charity pervade
To those who languish in the barren shade,
Where oft by want and modesty suppress'd,
The bootless talent warms the lonely breast?
No! petrify'd by dulness and disdain,
Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh!
Friend. Alike to thee his virtue or his vice,
If his hand lib'ral owns thy merit's price.
Poet. Sooner in hopeless anguish would I mourn,
Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!—
What new resource?
Friend. A thousand yet remain,
That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain:
These arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care?
Devote thy studies to th' auspicious fair.
Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply
The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie;
All merit mock, all qualities depress,
Save those that grace th' excelling patroness;
Trophies to her, on others' follies raise,
And heard with joy, by defamation praise.
To this collect each faculty of face,
And ev'ry feat perform of sly grimace;
Let the grave sneer sarcastic speak thee shrewd,
The smutty joke ridiculously lewd;
And the loud laugh thro' all its changes rung,
Applaud th' abortive sallies of her tongue.
Enroll'd a member in the sacred list,

Soon shalt thou sharp in company, at whist;
Her midnight rites and revels regulate,
Priest of her love, and daemon of her hate.
Poet. But say, what recompense for all this waste
Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taste?
To shine confess'd her zany and her tool,
And fall by what I rose, low ridicule?
Again shall Handel raise her laurel'd brow,
Again shall harmony with rapture glow!
The spells dissolve, the combination breaks,
And Punch no longer Frasi's rival squeaks.
Lo, Russell falls a sacrifice to whim,
And starts amaz'd in Newgate from his dream:
With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid;
And sees their favour like a vision fade!
Is this, ye faithless syrens!—this the joy,
To which your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy?
Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone,

Ver. 177. These are mysteries performed, like those of the Dea Bona, by females only; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them. We have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

Ver. 187. A famous mimic and singer. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet show, in opposition to the oratorios of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the capricious undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expense they had entailed upon him. He was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstasy of despair; till at last his generous patronesses, after much solicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

His mangled flesh devouring from the bone;
Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye!
Behold, inhuman hags! your minion lye!
Behold his gay career to ruin run,
By you seduc'd, abandon'd and undone!
Rather in garret pent, secure from harm,
My muse with murders shall the town alarm;
Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And snarl like Guthrie for the public weal,
Than crawl an insect in a beldame's power,
And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour!
Friend. 'Tis well;—enjoy that petulance of stile,
And, like the envious adder, lick the file:
What 'tho' success will not attend on all?
Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.
Behold the bounteous board of fortune spread;
Each weakness, vice, and folly yields thee bread;
Wouldst thou with prudent condescension strive
On the long settled terms of life to thrive.
Poet. What! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and persecute my brother:
Turn usurer o'er *cent. per cent.* to brood,
Or quack, to feed like fleas on human blood?
Friend. Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse,
Some changeling heiress steal—
Poet. Why not a purse?
Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.
Friend. How? dread a mumbling bear without a claw?
Nor this, nor that, is standard right or wrong,

Ver. 199. These are the dreams and fictions of Grub-street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

Ver. 206. This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

'Till minted by the mercenary tongue;
And what is conscience but a fiend of strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the schemes of life?
The wayward child of vanity and fear,
The peevish dam of poverty and care;
Unnumber'd woes engender in the breast
That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest.
Poet. Hail, sacred pow'r! my glory and my guide!
Fair source of mental peace, whate'er betide;
Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll
Eternal hurricanes around my soul:
My soul serene amidst the storm shall reign,
And smile to see their fury burst in vain!
Friend. Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve,
Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.
Poet. No;—thanks to discord, war shall be my friend;
And moral rage, heroic courage lend
To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe,
And win renown by some distinguish'd blow.
Friend. Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood,
And him who sought the bosom of the wood?
Invenom'd calumny the first shall brand,
The last enjoy a ribbon and command.
Poet. If such be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit th' unhospitable shore.

Ver. 235. This, surely, occasioned Churchill's

"Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie."

Ver. 244-246. This last line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day: the Hanoverian general in the battle of Dettingen.

REPROOF: A SATIRE

POET, FRIEND

Poet. Howe'er I turn, or wheresoe'er I tread,
This giddy world still rattles round my head!
I pant for silence ev'n in this retreat—
Good Heav'n! what daemon thunders at the gate?
Friend. In vain you strive in this sequester'd nook,
To shroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.
Poet. An injur'd friend! who challenges the name?
If you, what title justifies the claim?
Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your int'rest prop me, or your purse relieve?
Or could my wants my soul so far subdue,
That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you?
But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong;
Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong:
Among your kindred have I kindled strife,
Deflower'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;
Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
Or soil'd with infamous reproach your name?
Friend. No: but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
Expos'd my private counsel to the town.
Poet. Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose;
I grant I printed it for public use.
Friend. Yes, season'd with your own remarks between,
Inflam'd with so much virulence of spleen,
That the mild town (to give the dev'l his due)

Ascrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.
Poet. Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallowed be the mouth,
That teems with moral zeal and dauntless truth!
Prove that my partial strain adopts one lye,
No penitent more mortify'd than I;
Not ev'n the wretch in shackles doom'd to groan
Beneath th' inhuman scoffs of Williamson.
Friend. Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial—
The vanquish'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.
Poet. What then?
Friend. Your own sarcastic verse unsay,
That brands him as a trembling runaway.
Poet. With all my soul!—th' imputed charge rehearse:
I'll own my error and expunge my verse.
Come, come,—howe'er the day was lost or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run.
But lest the truth too naked should appear,
A robe of sable shall the goddess wear;
When sheep were subject to the lion's reign,
Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,
Voracious wolves, fierce rushing from the rocks,
Devour'd without controul th' unguarded flocks:
The suff'rers crowding round the royal cave,
Their monarch's pity and protection crave:
Not that they wanted valour, force, or arms,
To shield their lambs from dangers and alarms;
A thousand rams, the champions of the fold,
In strength of horn and patriot virtue bold,
Engag'd in firm association, stood,
Their lives devoted to the public good:
A warlike chieftain was their sole request,

Ver. 32. Governor of the Tower. Ver. 34. Sir John Cope.

To marshal, guide, instruct, and rule the rest:
Their prayer was heard, and by consent of all,
A courtier ape appointed general.——
He went, he led, arrang'd the battle stood,
The savage foe came pouring like a flood,
Then Pug aghast, fled swifter than the wind,
Nor deign'd in three score miles to look behind;
While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
And fall in slaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
The scar'd baboon (to cut the matter short)
With all his speed could not out-run report;
And, to appease the clamours of the nation,
'Twas fit his case should stand examination.
The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place;
All senior members of the horned race,—
The weather, goat, ram, elk, and ox were there,
And a grave hoary stag possess'd the chair.—
Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began,
The culprit's conduct variously to scan.
At length the sage uprear'd his awful crest,
And pausing thus his fellow chiefs address'd:—
If age, that from this head its honours stole,
Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul,

Ver. 70. It is not to be wonder'd at that this board consisted of horned cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with such weapons as nature afforded it: consequently those supplied with horns bid fairest for signalizing themselves in the field, and carrying off the first posts in the army.—But I observe, that, among the members of this court, there is no mention made of such of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, laid aside on account of their great age, or that the ape had interest enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

REPROOF: A SATIRE

But sacred wisdom hath experience bought,
While this weak frame decays, matures my thought;
Th' important issue of this grand debate,
May furnish precedent for your own fate:
Should ever fortune call you to repel
The shaggy foe so desperate and fell.
'Tis plain (you say) his excellence Sir Ape
From the dire field accomplish'd an escape;
Alas! our fellow-subjects ne'er had bled,
If every ram that fell like him had fled;
Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave,
Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave.
Let us, then, ev'ry vulgar hint disdain,
And from our brother's laurel wash the stain.—
Th' admiring court applauds the president,
And pug was clear'd by general consent.

Friend. There needs no magic to divine your scope,
Mark'd as you are a flagrant misanthrope:
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:
Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
Thy verse affords not one approving line.—

Poet. Hail, sacred themes! the muse's chief delight!
O bring the darling objects to my sight!
My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread,
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
Must yield to Lockman's ode, and Hanbury's song.
Nor would th' enamour'd muse neglect to pay

Ver. 108. Two productions resembling one another very much in

To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay;
The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride, and ornament!
Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain.
Not ev'n the pleasing task is left, to raise
A grateful monument to Barnard's praise;
Else should the venerable patriot stand
Th' unshaken pillar of a sinking land.
The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue,
And bring fair virtue's triumphs to the view!
Alike to me, by fortune blest or not,
From soaring Cobham to the melting Scot.
But, lo! a swarm of harpies intervene,
To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene!
Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still gaunt for spoil,
Rapacious Gideon fastens on our isle:
Insatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck,
Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
While griping Jasper glories in his prize,
Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—*Crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver.*

Ver. 110. The Earl of Chesterfield.

Ver. 122. Daniel Mackercher, Esq., a man of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress.

Ver. 126. A triumvirate of contractors, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

Ver. 129. A christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate interest of 50*l.* per cent.

Friend. Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail!
I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.
Poet. You deem it rancour then?—Look round and see
What vices flourish still, unprun'd by me:
Corruption, roll'd in a triumphant car,
Displays his burnish'd front and glitt'ring star;
Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse,
Unknown alike to honour and remorse.
Behold the leering belle, caress'd by all,
Adorn each private feast and public ball;
Where peers attentive listen and adore,
And not one matron shuns the titled whore.
At Peter's obsequies I sung no dirge;
Nor has my satire yet supplied a scourge
For the vile tribes of usurers and bites,
Who sneak at Jonathan's, and swear at White's.
Each low pursuit, and slighter folly bred
Within the selfish heart and hollow head,
Thrives uncontroul'd and blossoms o'er the land,
Nor feel the rigour of my chast'ning hand:
While Codrus shivers o'er his bags of gold,
By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
And feast upon the terrors of his soul;
The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep,
That curse with hideous dreams the caitiff's sleep;
Insolvent debtors, thieves, and civil strife,
Which daily persecute his wretched life;

Ver. 139. A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

Ver. 143. Peter Waters, Esq., whose character is too well known to need description.

With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
That rack his bosom while the mail is read.
Safe from the rod, untainted by the school,
A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,
While the young lordling struts with native pride,
His party-coloured tutor by his side,
Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care,
Who to the brawny sire commits her heir.
Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk,
Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk,
Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud,
While his brain spues new monsters to the crowd;
I see with joy the vaticide deplore
An hell-denouncing priest and sov'reign whore.
Let ev'ry polish'd dame, and genial lord,
Employ the social chair and venal board;

Ver. 164. Whether it be for the reason assigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I know not; but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a particular command to keep master out of the stable.

Ver. 170. Monsters of absurdity.

> "He look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
> Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies,
> All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
> And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
> Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,
> Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
> A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
> Till one wide conflagration swallows all." *Dunciad.*

Ver. 174. This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality to perform visits; by the help of which a decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview, to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.

Ibid. *Venal board.*] Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run,
The vague conundrum, and the prurient pun;
While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards
The gig'ling minx half-chok'd behind her cards:
These and a thousand idle pranks I deem
The motley spawn of ignorance and whim.
Let pride conceive and folly propagate,
The fashion still adopts the spurious brat:
Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;
By this dishonour ceases to be shame.
This weans from blushes lewd Tyrawley's face,
Gives Hawley praise, and Ingoldsby disgrace;
From Mead to Thompson shifts the palm at once,
A meddling, prating, blund'ring, busy dunce!
And may (should taste a little more decline)
Transform the nation to a herd of swine.

Friend. The fatal period hastens on apace!
Nor will thy verse th' obscene event disgrace;
Thy flowers of poetry that smell so strong,
The keenest appetites have loath'd the song;
Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby, and Chitty,
And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city.
While sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,
Alike averse to censure or commend.

Poet. Peace to the gentle soul that could deny
His invocated voice to fill the cry!
And let me still the sentiment disdain

Ver. 186. *Hawley.*] A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that, during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

Ver. 195. A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste, are much of the same dimension.

[redacted]

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND

What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night;
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;

And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

SONG

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
To combat April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove;
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend, 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and I confess,
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

BURLESQUE ODE[1]

WHERE wast thou, wittol ward, when hapless fate
From these weak arms mine aged grannam tore:
These pious arms essay'd too late,
To drive the dismal phantom from the door.
Could not thy healing drop, illustrious quack,
Could not thy salutary pill prolong her days;
For whom, so oft, to Marybone, alack!
Thy sorrels dragg'd thee through the worst of ways?

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain
Thy steps, though tended by the Cambrian maids,
Nor the sweet environs of Drury-lane;
Nor dusty Pimlico's embow'ring shades;
Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,
Beset with rowers dank;
Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny sons;
Nor where to mix with offal, soil and blood,
Steep Snow-hill rolls the sable flood;
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennel runs.
Ill doth it now beseem,
That thou shouldst doze and dream,
When death in mortal armour came,
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame.

[1] Smollett, imagining himself illtreated by Lord Lyttelton, wrote the above burlesque on that nobleman's monody on the death of his lady.

BURLESQUE ODE

Her lib'ral hand and sympathizing breast
The brute creation kindly bless'd:
Where'er she trod grimalkin purr'd around,
The squeaking pigs her bounty own'd:
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling goose,
Did she glad sustenance refuse;
The strutting cock she daily fed,
And turkey with his snout so red;
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did she overlook the tomtit or the wren;
While redbreast hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if she common mother were of all.

For my distracted mind,
What comfort can I find?
O best of grannams! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To sing thy dirge in sad and funeral lay,
Oh! woe is me! alack! and well-a-day![1]

[1] When Smollett came to London in 1739, he proposed to dedicate his tragedy *The Regicide* to George Lyttelton, first Lord Lyttelton, the patron of James Thomson. Lyttelton paid no attention to the young Scot's overture. Hence this savage *Ode in Memory of a Grandmother*, burlesquing Lyttelton's colourless and feeble Monody *To the Memory of a Lady lately deceased* (*i.e.*, his first wife, Lucy, Lady Lyttelton, who died 19th January, 1747, aged 29). The first strophe of Lyttelton's *Ode* was as follows:—

At length escap'd from ev'ry Human Eye,
From ev'ry Duty, ev'ry Care,
That in my mournful Thoughts might claim a Share,
Or force my Tears their flowing Stream to dry,
Beneath the Gloom of this embow'ring Shade
This lone Retreat, for tender Sorrow made
I now may give my burden'd Heart Relief
And pour forth all my Stores of Grief,
Of Grief surpassing ev'ry other Woe
Far as the purest Bliss, the happiest Love
Can on th' ennobled Mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar Joys that move
Our gross Desires, inelegant, and low.

ODE TO MIRTH

PARENT of joy! heart-easing mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of grief forlorn;
Thy glitt'ring colours gay,
Around him mirth display:
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
And flower-adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
And gild, a second sun, with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged poverty can smile with thee;
If thou be nigh, grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower:
Lo! darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn;

ODE TO MIRTH

The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn;
Pale shiv'ring ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
Quick as the lightning's flash, glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladd'ning beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With laughter at her side.
Bright eyed fancy, hov'ring near,
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now affliction's power,
Fear not now wild passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of age.
Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's prayer,
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

ODE TO SLEEP

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod;
Extend thy silent soothing sway,
And charm the canker care away,
Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king,
The glitt'ring host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train;
Or should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
Rich Industry, with toil embrown'd;
Content, with brow serenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

ODE TO BLUE-EYED ANN

WHEN the rough north forgets to howl,
And ocean's billows cease to roll:
When Lybian sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova Zembla's lost;
When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
My blue-eyed Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,
Nor parching heats the dog-star bring,
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-eyed Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found,
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round,
Nor love's light god inhabit earth,
Nor beauty give the passion birth,
Nor heat to summer sun-shine cleave,
When blue-eyed Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range;
When lavish May no more shall bloom,
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When nature from her sphere shall start,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE

STROPHE

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky;
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime,
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied;
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In heav'n's name, urg'd th' infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow—
The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood!

ANTISTROPHE

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.

Ver. 16. Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut.—Their prince, Vitikind, fled for shelter to Gotrick, king of Denmark.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE

There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main;
When a bold savage pass'd that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd;
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest,
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
He stopp'd; he gaz'd; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt th' impression of her charms;
He seiz'd th' advantage fate allow'd,
And straight compress'd her in his vig'rous arms.

STROPHE

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew,
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where, under cover of a flow'ring thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
Th' auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born.—
The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy
The smiling infant, to their charge consigned;
The Doric muse caress'd the fav'rite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.
As rolling years matur'd his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,

The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts th' aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that rais'd
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms,
To burst th' Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He with the generous rustics sat,
On Uri's rocks, in close divan:
And wing'd that arrow, sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;

Ver. 53. Although Venice was built a considerable time before the era here assigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and splendour.

Ver. 58. The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment of the inquisition, when the seven provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

Ver. 62. Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 65. The Arabs, rather than resign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

Ver. 69. From the tyranny of Jenghis Khan, Timur Bec, and other

And taught amidst the dreary waste
Th' all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baser mould,
Ev'n now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd vice and vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow;
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd,

eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remoter wastes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

Ver. 76. The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpations of the French king, must endear them to all the sons of Liberty and Independence.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE

So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay;
And jingling bells fantastic folly ring;
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene;
And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove or cell,
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
There study shall with solitude recline;
And friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains;
And fearless poverty shall guard the door;
And taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread;
And industry supply the humble store;
And sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed:
White-mantled innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

THE REGICIDE:
OR JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND
A TRAGEDY

By the Author of RODERICK RANDOM

(1749)

Τὸν θ' ὑμνοποιὸν, αὐτὸς ἂν τίκτῃ μέλη,
Χαίροντα τίκτειν.—

Eurip. IKETIΔ

Hunc————————
Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi
Impatiens, cupidus silvarum, aptusque bibendis
Fontibus Aonidum.—— *Juvenal*

PREFACE

Whatever reluctance I have to trouble the public with a detail of the mortifications I have suffered in my attempts to bring the ensuing performance on the stage, I think it a duty incumbent upon me to declare my reasons for presenting it in this extraordinary manner; and, if the explanation shall be found either tedious or trifling, I hope the candid reader will charge my impertinence upon those who drove me to the necessity of making such an ineffectual appeal.

Besides, I flatter myself, that a fair representation of the usage I have met with will be as a beacon to caution other inexperienced authors against the insincerity of managers; to which they might otherwise become egregious dupes, and, after a cajoling dream of good fortune, wake in all the aggravation of disappointment.

Although I claim no merit for having finished a tragedy at the age of eighteen, I cannot help thinking myself entitled to some share of indulgence, for the humility, industry, and patience I have exerted during a period of ten years, in which this unfortunate production hath been exposed to the censure of critics of all degrees, and, in consequence of their several opinions, altered, and I hope amended, times without number.

THE REGICIDE

Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my friends been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone. But, as early as the year 1739, my play was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men; and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly.

Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of those suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom.

Soon after my return, I and my production were introduced to a late patentee, of courteous memory, who (rest his soul!) found means to amuse me a whole season, and then declared it impracticable to bring it on till next year; advising me to make my application more early in the winter, that we might have time to concert such alterations as should be thought necessary for its successful appearance on the stage. But I did not find my account in following this wholesome advice; for, to me, he was always less and less at leisure. In short, after sundry promises, and numberless evasions, in the course of which he practised upon me the whole art of

procrastination, I demanded his final answer, with such obstinacy and warmth, that he could no longer resist my importunity, and refused my tragedy in plain terms. Not that he mentioned any material objections to the piece itself, but seemed to fear my interest was not sufficient to support it in the representation; affirming that no dramatic composition, however perfect, could succeed with an English audience by its own merit only, but must entirely depend upon a faction raised in its behalf. Incensed at this unexpected declaration, I reproached him bitterly for having trifled with me so long; and, like my brother Bayes, threatened to carry my performance to the other house.

This was actually my intention, when I was given to understand by a friend, that a nobleman of great weight had expressed an inclination to peruse it; and that, as interest was requisite, I could not do better than gratify his desire with all expedition. I committed it accordingly to the care of my counsellor, who undertook to give me a good account of it in less than a fortnight. But four months elapsed before I heard any tidings of my play; and then it was retrieved by pure accident, I believe, from the most dishonourable apartment of his lordship's house.

Enraged at the behaviour of this supercilious peer, and exceedingly mortified at the miscarriage of all my efforts, I wreaked my resentment upon the innocent cause of my disgraces, and forthwith condemned it to oblivion, where, in all probability, it would have for ever slept, like a miserable abortion, had not a young gentleman of learning and taste waked my paternal sense, and

persuaded me not only to rescue it from the tomb, where it had lain two whole years, but also to new-model the plan, which was imperfect and undigested before, and mould it into a regular tragedy, confined within the unities of the drama.

Thus improved, it fell into the hands of a gentleman who had wrote for the stage, and happened to please him so much, that he spoke of it very cordially to a young nobleman, since deceased, who, in a most generous manner, charged himself with the care of introducing it to the public; and, in the meantime, honoured me with his own remarks, in conformity to which, it was immediately altered, and offered by his lordship to the new manager of Drury-lane theatre. It was about the latter end of the season when this candid personage, to whom I owe many obligations for the exercises of patience he has set me, received the performance, which, some weeks after, he returned, assuring my friend that he was pre-ingaged to another author, but if I could be prevailed upon to reserve it till the ensuing winter, he would bring it on. In the interim my noble patron left London, whither he was doomed never to return; and the conscientious manager, next season, instead of fulfilling his own promise and my expectation, gratified the town with the production of a play, the fate of which everybody knows.

I shall leave the reader to make his reflections on this event, and proceed to relate the other particulars of fortune that attended my unhappy issue, which in the succeeding spring, had the good luck to acquire the approbation of an eminent wit, who proposed a few

amendments, and recommended it to a person, by whose influence I laid my account with seeing it appear at last, with such advantage as should make ample amends for all my disappointments.

But here, too, I reckoned without my host. The master of Covent Garden theatre bluntly rejected it, as a piece altogether unfit for the stage; even after he had told me, in presence of another gentleman, that he believed he should not venture to find fault with my performance, which had gained the good opinion of the honourable person who approved and recommended my play.

Baffled in every attempt, I renounced all hopes of its seeing the light, when a humane lady of quality interposed so urgently in its behalf with my worthy friend the other manager, that he very complaisantly received it again, and had recourse to the old mystery of protraction, which he exercised with such success, that the season was almost consumed before he could afford it a reading. My patience being by this time quite exhausted, I desired a gentleman, who interested himself in my concerns, to go and expostulate with the vaticide. And, indeed, this piece of friendship he performed with so much zeal, upbraiding him with his evasive and presumptuous behaviour, that the sage politician was enraged at his reprimand, and in the mettle of his wrath pronounced my play a wretched piece, deficient in language, sentiment, character, and plan. My friend, who was surprised at the hardiness and severity of this sentence, asking how he came to change his opinion, which had been more favourable when the tragedy was

first put into his hands, he answered, that his opinion was not altered, neither had he ever uttered an expression in its favour.

This was an unlucky assertion—for the other immediately produced a letter which I had received from the young nobleman two years before, beginning with these words—

"Sir, I have received Mr L——'s answer; who says, he thinks your play has undubitable merit, but has prior promises to Mr T——n, as an honest man, cannot be evaded."—And concluding thus:—"As the manager has promised me the choice of the season next year, if you'll be advised by me, rest it with me."

After having made some remarks suitable to the occasion, my friend left him to chew the cud of reflection, the result of which was, a message to my patroness, importing (with many expressions of duty) that neither the circumstances of his company, nor the advanced season of the year, would permit him to obey her command, but if I would wait till next winter, and during the summer make such alterations as I had agreed to, at a conference with some of his principal performers, he would assuredly put my play in rehearsal, and in the mean time give me an obligation in writing, for my further satisfaction. I would have taken him at his word, without hesitation, but was persuaded to dispense with the proffered security, that I might not seem to doubt the influence or authority of her ladyship. The play, however, was altered and presented to this upright director, who renounced his engagement, without the least scruple, apology, or reason assigned.

Thus have I in the most impartial manner (perhaps too circumstantially) displayed the conduct of those playhouse managers with whom I have had any concern, relating to my tragedy. And whatever disputes have happened between the actors and me, are suppressed as frivolous animosities, unworthy of the reader's attention.

Had I suffered a repulse when I first presented my performance, I should have had cause to complain of my being excluded from that avenue to the public favour, which ought to lie open to all men of genius; and how far I deserve that distinction, I now leave the world to decide; after I have, in justice to myself, declared that my hopes of success were not derived from the partial applause of my own friends only, but inspired (as some of my greatest enemies know) by the approbation of persons of the first note in the republic of taste, whose countenance, I vainly imagined, would have been an effectual introduction to the stage.

Be that as it will, I hope the unprejudiced observer will own, with indignation and disdain, that every disappointment I have endured, was an accumulated injury; and the whole of my adversary's conduct, a series of the most unjustifiable equivocation and insolent absurdity. For, though he may be excusable in refusing a work of this kind, either on account of his ignorance or discernment, surely neither the one nor the other can vindicate his dissimulation and breach of promise to the author.

Abuse of prerogative, in matters of greater importance, prevails so much at present, and is so generally over-

looked, that it is almost ridiculous to lament the situation of authors, who must either at once forego all opportunities of acquiring reputation in dramatic poetry, or humble themselves so, as to soothe the pride and humour the petulance of a mere Goth, who, by the most preposterous delegation of power, may become the sole arbiter of this kind of writing.

Nay, granting that a bard is willing to prostitute his talents so shamefully, perhaps he may never find an occasion to practise this vile condescension to advantage. For, after he has gained admission to a patentee (who is often more difficult of access than a sovereign prince), and even made shift to remove all other objections, an unsurmountable obstacle may be raised by the manager's avarice, which will dissuade him from hazarding a certain expense on an uncertain issue, when he can fill his theatre without running any risk, or disoblige his principal actors, by putting them to the trouble of studying new parts.

Besides, he will be apt to say within himself, "If I must entertain the town with variety, it is but natural that I should prefer the productions of my friends, or of those who have any friends worth obliging, to the works of obscure strangers, who have nothing to recommend them but a doubtful superiority of merit, which, in all likelihood, will never rise in judgment against me."

That such have been the reflections of patentees, I believe no man of intelligence and veracity will deny; and I will venture to affirm, that on the strength of interest or connexion with the stage, some people have commenced dramatic authors, who otherwise would

employed their faculties in exercises better adapted
ir capacity.

er what has been said, any thing by way of appli-
would be an insult on the understanding of the
, to which I owe and acknowledge the most inde-
obligation for former favours, as well as for the
mon encouragement I have received in the publi-
of the following play.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

KING OF SCOTLAND

ANGUS

DUNBAR

RAMSAY

ATHOL

STUART

GRIME

CATTAN

QUEEN

ELEONORA

Guards, Attendants, etc.

THE REGICIDE

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I—*A Convent in Perth*—Angus, Dunbar

Dun. But that my duty calls, I would decline
Th' unwelcome office. Now, when justice waves
Her flaming sword, and loudly claims her due,
Thus to arrest her arm, and offer terms
Of peace to traitors, who avow their crime,
Is to my apprehension weak, and suits
But little with the majesty of kings.——
Why sleeps the wonted valour of our prince?
Angus. Not to th' ensanguin'd field of death alone
Is Valour limited. She sits serene
In the delib'rate council; sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone.—
—What frenzy were it
To risk our fortune on th' unsure event
Of one occurrence, naked as we are
To unforeseen disaster, when the terms
We proffer, may retard th' impending blow?
—Better to conquer by delay. The rage
Of Athol's fierce adherents, flush'd with hope

Of plunder and revenge, will soon abate,
And ev'ry hour bring succour to our cause.
Dun. Well hast thou taught me, how the piercing
Of calm sagacity excels the dint
Of headstrong resolution.——Yet, my soul
Pants for a fair occasion to revenge
My father's wrongs on Athol's impious head!
Yes, Angus, while the blood of March revolves
Within my veins, the traitor shall not find
His perfidy forgot.——But what of this?
What are my private injuries, compar'd
To those he meditates against the state!
Against a prince with ev'ry virtue grac'd
That dignifies the throne, to whom the ties
Of kindred and allegiance could not bind
His faithless heart. Not ev'n the sacred bond
Of friendship unreserv'd!—For well thou know'st,
The king securely list'ned to his voice,
As to an oracle.
Ang. 'Twas there indeed
He triumph'd in his guile!—Th' unwary prince,
Sooth'd by his false professions, crown'd his guilt
With boundless confidence; and little thought
That very confidence supply'd his foe
With means to shake his throne!—While Athol led
His royal kinsman thro' the dang'rous path
Of sudden reformation, and observ'd
What murmurs issu'd from the giddy crowd.
Each popular commotion he improv'd
By secret ministers: and disavow'd
Those very measures he himself devis'd!
Thus cherish'd long by his flagitious arts,

Rebellion glow'd in secret, till at length
His scheme mature, and all our loyal Thanes
At their own distant homes repos'd secure,
The flame burst out. Now from his native hills,
With his accomplice Grime, and youthful heir,
Impet'ous Stuart, like a sounding storm
He rushes down with five revolting clans;
Displays a spurious title to the crown,
Arraigns the justice of his monarch's sway,
And by this sudden torrent, means, no doubt,
To sweep him from the throne.

Dun. Aspiring villain!
A fit associate has he chose. A wretch
Of soul more savage breathes not vital air
Than Grime; but Stuart, 'till of late, maintain'd
A fairer fame.

Ang. A cherish'd hope expires
In his dishonour too!—While Stuart's ear
Was deaf to vicious counsel, and his soul
Remain'd unshaken, by th' enchanting lure
Which vain ambition spread before his eye,
He bloom'd the pride of Caledonia's youth,
In virtue, valour, and external grace:
For thou, sole rival of his fame, wa'st train'd
To martial deeds, in climes remote.

Dun. O Thane!
Whatever wreaths from danger's steely crest
My sword hath won; whatever toils sustain'd
Beneath the sultry noon, and cold damp night,
Could ne'er obtain for me one genial smile
Of her, who bless'd that happy rival's vows
With mutual love!—Why should I dread to own

The tender throbbings of my captive heart;
The melting passion which has long inspir'd
My breast for Eleonora, and implore
A parent's sanction to support my claim?
Ang. Were she more fair and gentle than she is,
(And to my partial eye, nought e'er appear'd
So gently fair,) I would approve thy claim
To her peculiar smiles.
Dun. Then will I strive
With unremitted ardour, to subdue
Her coy reluctance; while I scorn the threats
Of frantic jealousy that flames unrein'd
In Stuart's breast!—But see! the fair one comes,
In all the pride of dazz'ling charms array'd.

SCENE II—Angus, Dunbar, Eleonora

Eleon. Something of moment, by a fresh despatch
Imparted to the king, requires in haste
The presence of my sire.
Ang. Forbear a while
Thy parley with the foe; and here attend
Our consultation's issue. [*Exit Ang.*

SCENE III—Dunbar, Eleonora

Dun. Ill it suits
A soldier's tongue, to plead the cause of love,
In phrase adapted to the tender theme:
But trust me, beauteous wonder! when I swear,
Not the keen impulse, and impatient hope
Of glory, glowing in the warrior's breast,
With more awak'ned transport fill'd my soul
When the fierce battle rag'd, than that I feel

At thy approach!—My tongue has oft reveal'd
The dictates of my heart; but thou, averse,
With cold disdain, hast ever chill'd my hopes,
And scorn'd my proffer'd vows!—

Eleon. O youth, beware!
Let not the flow'ry scenes of joy and peace,
That faithless passion to the view presents,
Ensnare thee into woe!—Thou little know'st
What mischief lurks in each deceitful charm;
What griefs attend on love.

Dun. Keen are the pangs
Of hapless love, and passion unapprov'd:
But where consenting wishes meet, and vows
Reciprocally breath'd, confirm the tie,
Joy rolls on joy, an inexhausted stream!
And virtue crowns the sacred scene with peace!

Eleon. Illusion all! the phantoms of a mind
That o'er its present fate repining, courts
The vain resource of Fancy's airy dreams.
War is thy province—war be thy pursuit.

Dun. O! thou would tell me, I am savage all—
Too much estrang'd to the soft arts of life,
To warm thy breast!—Yes, war has been my school—
War's rough sincerity, unskill'd in modes
Of peaceful commerce—soften'd not the less
To pious truth, humanity, and love.

Eleon. Yes:—I were envious to refuse applause,
When ev'ry mouth is open'd in thy praise.—
I were ungrateful not to yield thee more,
Distinguish'd by thy choice; and tho' my heart
Denies thee love, thy virtues have acquir'd
Th' esteem of Eleonora.

Dun. O! thy words
Would fire the hoary hermit's languid soul
With ecstasies of pride!—How then shall I,
Elate with ev'ry vainer hope, that warms
Th' aspiring thought of youth, thy praise sustain
With moderation?——Cruelly benign!
Thou hast adorn'd the victim; but, alas!
Thou likewise giv'st the blow!
—Tho' Nature's hand
With so much art has blended ev'ry grace
In thy enchanting form, that ev'ry eye
With transport views thee, and conveys unseen
The soft infection to the vanquish'd soul,
Yet wilt thou not the gentle passion own,
That vindicates thy sway!—
Elean. O gilded curse!
More fair than rosy morn, when first she smiles
O'er the dew-brighten'd verdure of the spring!
But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell
Than syrens, tempests, and devouring flame!
May I ne'er sicken, languish and despair
Within thy dire domain!—Listen, ye powers!
And yield your sanction to my purpos'd vow—
—If e'er my breast—— [*Kneeli*
Dun. For ever let me pine
In secret misery, divorc'd from hope!
But, ah, forbear! nor forfeit thy own peace,
Perhaps in one rash moment.——

SCENE IV—Dunbar, Eleonora, Herald

Her. ——From the tower
That fronts the hills, due north, a moving host

now descry'd; and, from the southern gate,
cloud of dust is seen to roll; the gleam
burnish'd arms, oft thro' the dusky sphere
lutes the dazzled eye;—a loyal band
ith valiant Ramsay, from the banks of Tweed,
hat hastens to our aid. The first suppos'd
he rebel train of Athol. By command
f Angus, I attend thee, to demand
n audience of the foe.

Dun. I follow straight. [*Exit Herald.*

Whate'er is amiably fair—Whate'er
spires the gen'rous aim of chaste desire,
y soul contemplates and adores in thee!
et will I not with vain complainings vex
hy gentle nature. My unblemish'd love
hall plead in my behalf. [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE V—Eleonora

Eleon. Adieu, brave youth!
Why art thou doom'd to suffer fruitless pains?
And why, alas! am I the destin'd wretch
That must inflict them?—Agonizing thought!
I yielded up my fond believing heart
To him who basely left it, for the charms
Of treacherous ambition!—hapless Stuart!
How art thou chang'd! how lost! thy cruel fate,
Like a false harlot, smiles thee into ruin!

SCENE VI—*Enter* Stuart *disguised like a priest*, Stuart, Eleonora

Stuart. The mighty schemes of empire soar too high
For your distinction, daughter. Simple woman
Is weak in intellect, as well as frame,

And judges often from the partial voice
That soothes her wishes most. [*Discovering himself.*
Eleon. Ha, frantic youth!
What guilty purpose leads thy daring steps
To this forbidden place?—Art thou not come
Beneath that sacred veil, the more to brave
Th' avenging hand of Heav'n?
Stuart. No—that I tread
The paths of danger, where each bosom pants
With keen revenge against me, speaks aloud
The fervour of my love—My love misplac'd!
Else, would'st thou not receive the gen'rous proof
With anger and disdain.
Eleon. Have I not cause
To drive thee from my heart?—Hast thou not chac'd
All faith, and truth, and loyalty from thine?
Say, hast thou not conspir'd against thy prince?
A prince who cherish'd thee with parent zeal,
With friendship honour'd thee, and ev'ry day
With bounteous favour crown'd thy rising wish?
Stuart. Curse on his arts!—his aim was to enslave
Th' aspiring soul, to stifle and repress
Th' emerging dictates of my native right,
To efface the glowing images within,
Awak'd by glory, and retain by fraud
The sceptre he usurps!
Eleon. Insidious charge!
As feeble as unjust! for, clear as day
In course direct——
Stuart. In idle argument
Let us not now consume the precious hour;
The middle stream is pass'd; and the safe shore

Invites our dauntless footsteps—Yonder sun,
That climbs the noon-tide arch, already sees
Twelve thousand vassals, marching in the train
Of warlike Athol; and before the shades
Of ev'ning deepen, Perth's devoted walls
Will shake before them—E'er the tempest roars,
I come to snatch thee from th' impending storm—
Eleon. O impotent of thought!—O! dead to shame!
Shall I for pompous infamy forego
Th' eternal peace that virtue calls her own?
Stuart. Or, say thy love, inconstant as the wave,
Another object claims. False—perjur'd maid!
I mark'd thy minion, as he charm'd thine ear
With grov'ling adulation. Yes, I saw
Thy looks, in artful languishment, disclose
Thy yielding soul, and heard thy tongue proclaim
The praises of Dunbar.
Eleon. Away—away!
I scorn thy mean suspicion, and renounce
Thy passion with thy crimes. Tho' bred in camps,
Dunbar is gentle, gen'rous, and humane;
Possess'd of ev'ry manly grace, to win
The coyest virgin's heart.—
Stuart. Perdition whelm
The prostrate sycophant!—may heav'n exhaust
Its thunder on my head——may hell disgorge
Infernal plagues to blast me, if I cease
To persecute the caitif, 'till his blood
Assuage my parch'd revenge!—perfidious slave!
To steal between me and my darling hope!—
The traitor durst not, had I been—O vows!
Where is your obligation?—Eleonora!

O lovely curse! restore me to myself!—
Eleon. Rage on, fierce youth, more savage than the storm
That howls on Thule's shore!—th' unthrifty maid,
Too credulously fond! who gave away
Her heart so lavishly, deserves to wed
The woes that from her indiscretion flow!—
—Yet ev'n my folly should, with thee, obtain
A fairer title and a kinder fate!
Stuart. Ha! weep'st thou?—witness all ye sacred pow'rs!
Her philtres have undone me!—lo, my wrath
Subsides again to love!—Enchantress! say,
Why hast thou robb'd me of my reason thus?
Eleon. Has Eleonora robb'd thee?—O recal
Those flatt'ring arts thy own deceit employ'd
To wreck my peace!—recal thy fervent vows
Of constant faith—thy sighs and ardent looks!
Then whisper to thy soul, those vows were false—
Those sighs unfaithful, and those looks disguis'd!
Stuart. Thou—thou art chang'd—but Stuart still the same!
Ev'n while thou chid'st me, ev'ry tender wish
Awakes anew, and in my glowing breast
Unutterable fondness pants again!
—Wilt thou not smile again, as when, reclin'd
By Tay's smooth-gliding stream, we softly breath'd
Our mutual passion to the vernal breeze?
Eleon. Adieu—dear scenes, adieu—ye fragrant paths
So courted once—ye spreading boughs, that wave
Your blossoms o'er the stream!—delightful shades!
Where the bewitching music of thy tongue

First charm'd my captive soul!—when gentle love
Inspir'd the soothing tale!—Love—sacred love
That lighted up his flame at Virtue's lamp!
Stuart. In time's eternal round, shall we not hail
Another season equally serene?——
—To-day, in snow array'd, stern winter rules
The ravag'd plain—Anon the teeming earth
Unlocks her stores, and spring adorns the year:
And shall not we—while fate, like winter, frowns,
Expect revolving bliss?
Eleon. Wouldst thou return
To loyalty and me—my faithful heart
Would welcome thee again!—
Angus [*within.*] Guard every gate
That none may 'scape—
Eleon. Ha!—Whither wilt thou fly?
Discover'd and beset!
Stuart. Let Angus come—
His short-liv'd pow'r I scorn—
[*Throws away his disguise.*

SCENE VII—*Enter* Angus *with Guards*, Stuart, Eleonora

Angus. What dark resolve,
By gloomy Athol plann'd, has hither led
Thy steps presumptuous?—Eleonora, hence.—
It ill befits thee—but, no more—away—
I'll brook no answer—— [*Exit Eleonora.*
—Is it not enough,
To lift Rebellion's impious brand on high,
And scorch the face of Faith; that ye thus creep
In ruffian ambush, seeking to perform
The deed ye dare not trust to open war?

Stuart. Thou little know'st me—or thy rankling hate
Defrauds my courage. Wherefore should I skulk
Like the dishonour'd wretch, whose hireling steel,
In secret lifted, reeks with human gore,
When valiant Athol hastens at the head
Of warlike thousands, to assert our cause?

Ang. The cause of treason never was confin'd
To deeds of open war; but still adopts
The stab of crouching murder. Thy revolt,
The stern contraction of thy sullen brow,
And this disguise, apostate! speak thee bent
On fatal errand.

Stuart. That thou seest me here
Unarm'd, alone, from Angus might obtain
A fair interpretation—Stuart's love
Pleads not in mystic terms; nor are my vows
To Eleonora cancell'd or unknown——
Vows by thyself indulg'd, e'er envy yet,
Or folly had induc'd thee, to embrace
The fortunes of our foe. Thy foul reproach
My soul retorts on thee! and mark, proud lord,
Revenge will have its turn!—

Ang. Ha! must I bear
A beardless traitor's insults?—'tis not mine
To wage a fruitless war of words with thee,
Vain-glorious stripling. While thine aims were just,
I seal'd thy title to my daughter's love;
But now, begrim'd with treason, as thou art,
By heav'n! not diadems and thrones shall bribe
My approbation!—But the king himself
Shall judge thy conduct!—Guards—

SCENE VIII—*Enter* Eleonora, *who kneels*

——O! let me thus
Implore compassion at a parent's knees,
Who ne'er refus'd——

Ang. Convey him hence.

[*Stuart is led off.*

Arise—
Remember, Eleonora, from what source
Thine origin is drawn. Thy mother's soul
In purity excell'd the snowy fleece
That clothes our northern hills!—her youthful charms,
Her artless blush, her look severely sweet,
Her dignity of mien and smiles of love
Survive in thee—Let me behold thee too
Her honour's heiress—— [*Exit Angus.*

SCENE IX

Eleon. Yes—I will adhere
To this ill-omen'd honour! sacrifice
Life's promis'd joys to its austere decree;
And vindicate the glories of my race,
At the sad price of peace!—If Athol's arms
(Which heav'n avert!) to treason add success,
My father's death will join his sov'reign's fall,
And if the cause of royalty prevail,
Each languid hope with Stuart must expire!—
From thought to thought, perplex'd, in vain I stray,
To pining anguish doom'd and fell dismay!

ACT THE SECOND

Scene continues. Angus, Dunbar

Dun. By heav'n it glads me, that my sword shall find
An ample field to-day. The king arrous'd,
Chafes like a lion in the toils betray'd!

Ang. I mark'd his indignation, as it rose
At Athol's proud reply, from calm concern
To anxious tumult, menacing disdain,
And overboiling wrath. But say, my friend,
How move the rebels?—Are their ranks dispos'd
By military skill?—Or come they on
In undistinguish'd crouds?—

Dun. In concourse rude
They swarm undisciplin'd—all arm'd alike
With sword and target. On their first assault
(Fearless, indeed, and headlong!) all their hopes
Of conquest must depend. If we, unbroke,
Sustain their onset; little skill'd in war,
To wheel, to rally, and renew the charge,
Confusion, havock, and dismay, will seize
Th' astonish'd rout.

Ang. What numbers bring they on?

Dun. Ten thousand, as I guess.

Ang. Ours scarce amount
To half the number; yet, with those, we mean
To hazard an encounter. Thou, meanwhile,
Shall visit ev'ry passage, sound th' alarm,
And man the city-walls. Here I attend
The king—and lo! he comes. [*Exit Dunbar.*

THE REGICIDE

SCENE II—King, Angus

King. —The commonweal
Has been consulted. Tenderness and zeal
Became the parent. Those have nought avail'd,—
Now, let correction speak the king incens'd!
Ang. Not without cause, my liege, shall dread rebuke
Attend your royal wrath. What reign shall 'scape
Rebellion's curse, when your paternal sway
Has hatch'd the baneful pest?
King. Let Heaven decide
Between me and my foes. That I would spare
The guiltless blood which must our quarrel dye,
No other proof requires, than my advance
To reconcilement—opposite, perhaps,
To my own dignity. But I will rise
In vengeance mighty! and dispel the clouds
That have bedimm'd my state.
Ang. The odds are great
Between the numbers: but our cause is just:
Our soldiers regularly train'd to war,
And not a breast among us entertains
A doubt of victory.
King. O valiant Thane!
Experienc'd oft, and ever trusty found!
Thy penetrating eye, and active zeal,
First brought this foul conspiracy to light;
And now thy faithful vassals first appear
In arms for my defence!—Thy recompence
My love shall study.
Ang. Blotted be my name
From honour's records, when I stand aloof,

Regardless of the danger that surrounds
The fortunes of my prince!
King. I know thee well.
Mean time, our care must be, to obviate,
With circumspection and preventive skill,
Their numbers. In unequal conflict joins
Th' unwieldy spear that loads the borderer,
With the broad targe and expeditious sword:
The loyal band that from the hills of Lorn
Arriv'd, shall in our front advance, and stand
With targe to targe, and blade to blade oppos'd;
The spears extended form the second line,
And our light archers hover to and fro,
To gall their flanks. Whatever accident
In battle shall befal, thy vigilance
Will remedy, Myself will here remain
To guard the town, and with a small reserve,
(If need requires) thine exigence supply.
Ang. With joy the glorious task I undertake!
[*Exeu*

SCENE III—Dunbar, Ramsay

Ram. They halt, and occupy the narrow pass
Form'd by the river and th' impending hill;
With purpose, as I deem, to charge our host
On the small plain that skirts the town.
Dun. 'Tis well.
Thus hemm'd, their useless numbers will involve
Themselves in tumult, to our arms secure
An easy conquest, and retard their flight.
To Angus hie thee straight with this advice.
My task perform'd, I wait the king's command
In this appointed place. [*Exit Rams*

THE REGICIDE

SCENE IV—Eleonora, Dunbar

Eleon. I sought thee, youth.—
Ere yet this dreadful crisis shall decide
The public fate, let us to private woe
Devote one moment!—Tell me, brave Dunbar,
Wilt thou not, from the hurry of the day,
One moment snatch to hear me, and condole
The anguish of my soul?

Dun. O Eleonora!
Sooner shall the parch'd traveller refuse
The gelid fountain, than my raptur'd soul
The music of thy tongue!—What grief profanes
Thy spotless bosom?—happy! far above
The pride of conquerors, were I to ease
Thy sorrow's pangs!—

Eleon. Thy gen'rous heart alone
Can brook the enterprize—

Dun. O! task my love;
That I, more swift than gales that sweep the plain,
May fly to thy relief!

Eleon. Then summon up
Those elevated thoughts that lift the soul
To virtue's highest pinnacle; the boon
My misery demands, will crave them all!

Dun. Be it to brave the menaces of death,
In shape however horrid, so my faith
And love remain inviolate, my heart
Beats with unusual ardour; and demands
The test, impatient!—

Eleon. Friendless and forlorn
In fetters Stuart lies!—

Dun. Ha!
Eleon. From the snares
Of gloomy fate release him.
Dun. Cruel maid!
Nay, let me call thee barbarous! in spite
Of adoration. Could thy mind suggest
No forward slave, to set thy lover free,
But a despairing rival?—'Tis not giv'n
Th' impassion'd soul of man to execute
A deed so fatal to its own repose!
Eleon. I sought not—witness, ye celestial powers!
To aggravate thy pain. My mind, perplex'd,
Revolv'd in silent woe, nor could unload
Her burden to another. Thou alone,
Hast won my fair opinion and my trust;
And to thy word indebted, honour claims
Th' engagement all her own.
Dun. Yet, with reserve
Was that impawn'd; my loyalty and love
Were sacred ev'n from that; nor can I loose
His chains, without an injury to both!
Eleon. Cold—unaspiring is the love that dwells
With tim'rous caution; and the breast untouch'd
By glory's godlike fervour that retains
The scruples of discretion. Let the winds,
That have dispers'd thy promise, snatch thy vows!
Dun. Shall I, thro' rash enthusiasm, wed
Eternal anguish? Shall I burst asunder
The bonds of awful justice, to preserve
The serpent that has poison'd all my peace!
No, Eleonora!—blasted be——
Eleon. Take heed!

Nor, by an oath precipitate involve
Thy fate beyond resource. For know, Dunbar,
The love of Stuart, with his guilt abjur'd,
This morn, my solemn vow to Heav'n appeal'd
Hath sever'd us for ever.——
Dun. Then I'm still!
Still as the gentle calm, when the hush'd wave
No longer foams before the rapid storm!——
Let the young traitor perish, and his name
In dark oblivion rot——
Eleon. Shall I, alas!
Supinely savage, from my ears exclude
The cries of youthful woe?—of woe entail'd
By me, too!——If my heart denies him love,
My pity, sure may flow!——Has he not griefs
That wake ev'n thy compassion?——Say, Dunbar,
Unmov'd could'st thou survey th' unhappy youth
(Whom but this morn beheld in pride of hope
And pow'r magnificent) stretch'd on the ground
Of a damp dungeon, groaning with despair,
With not one friend his sorrows to divide,
And cheer his lone distress?
Dun. Can I resist
So fair a motive and so sweet a tongue?
When thy soft heart with kind compassion glows,
Shall I the tender sentiment repress?——
No!—let me rather hail the social pang,
And ev'ry selfish appetite subdu'd,
Indulge a flame so gen'rous and humane!——
Away with each emotion that suggests
A rival favour'd, and a traitor freed!
My love unbounded reigns, and scorns to own

Reflection's narrow limits!——Yes, my fair,
This hour he shall be free——— [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE V—Eleonora

Eleon. O wondrous power
Of love beneficent;—O gen'rous youth!
What recompense (thus bankrupt as I am)
Shall speak my grateful soul!——A poor return
Cold friendship renders to the fervid hope
Of fond desire! and my invidious fate
Allows no more.——But let me not bewail,
With avarice of grief, my private woe;
When pale with fear, and harass'd with alarm,
My royal mistress, still benign to me,
The zealous tender of my duty claims. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI—*Discovers* Stuart *in chains*

Stuart. Curse on my headstrong passion!—I have earn'd
The wages of my folly!—Is it thus
My faithless destiny requites my hope?

SCENE VII—Stuart, Dunbar

Stuart. Ha! coms't thou to insult my chains?—'Twas well
My unpropitious demon gave me up
To your resentment, tamely.——
Dun. To exult
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap
Affliction on th' afflicted, is the mark
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.
'Tis what Dunbar disdains. Perhaps, I come
To pity, not rejoice at Stuart's fate.
Stuart. To pity!—Torture! am I fall'n so low?—

Ha! recreant!—move thy pity!—Hell untie
These slavish manacles, that I may scourge
This wretched arrogant!—

Dun. True courage scorns
To vent her prowess in a storm of words;
And, to the valiant, actions speak alone.
Then let my deeds approve me. I am come
To give thee instant freedom.

Stuart. Mean'st thou death?
I shall be free then. An apt minister
Th' usurper has ordain'd to perpetrate
His secret murders.

Dun. Why wilt thou belye
Thy own intelligence?—Thou know'st my sword
Was ne'er accustom'd to the bravo's stab;
Nor the designs of him so falsely styl'd
Usurper, ever sully'd with a stain
Of cruelty or guile. My purpose is,
To knock thy fetters off, conduct thee safe
Without the city confines, and restore thee
To liberty and Athol.—

Stuart. Fawning coward!
Thou—thou restore me!—thou unbind my chains!
Impossible;—Thy fears that I may 'scape,
Like vultures gnaw thee!—

Dun. When the battle joins,
Thou shalt be answer'd.—

Stuart. When the battle joins!—
—Away dissembler!—Sooner would'st thou beard
The lion in his rage, than fairly meet
My valour on the plain!

Dun. Ha! who art thou,

That I should dread thy threats ?—by Heav'n's high
throne !
I'll meet thee in a desart, to thy teeth
Proclaim thy treachery, and with my sword
Explore thy faithless heart !—Meanwhile, my steps
Shall guide thee to the field.

[*Stuart is unchained, and presented with a sword.*

Stuart. No !—lightning blast me
If I become thy debtor, proud Dunbar !
Thy nauseous benefits shall not enslave
My free-born will. Here, captive as I am,
Thy lavish'd obligation shall not buy
My friendship !—No ! nor stifle my revenge !

Dun. Alike unpleasant would it be to me,
To court thy love, or deprecate thy hate ;—
What have I profferr'd, other motives urg'd—
The gift is Eleonora's.—

Stuart. Sacred powers !
Let me not understand thee.—Thou hast rous'd
My soul's full fury !—In the blood that warms
Thine heart, perfidious ! I will slake mine ire.

Dun. In all my conduct, insolent of heart !
What hast thou mark'd so abject and so mean,
That thy foul tongue its license thus avows ?
To boundless passion subject, as thyself,
Wild tumult oft my reason overwhelms !—
Then tempt me not too far, lest blindfold wrath
Transport my soul, and headlong ruin crush
Thy pride, ev'n here !—

Stuart. In this accursed place
Let me be shackled—rivetted with bolts,
Till the rust gnaw my carcase to the bone,

If my heart throbs not for the combat, here!—
Ev'n here, where thou art lord!—Ha! do'st thou shake?
By Heav'n thy quiv'ring lip and haggard look
Confess pale terror and amaze!

Dun. —Away!—
Away, lewd railer!—not thy sland'rous throat,
So fruitful of invectives, shall provoke me
To wreak unworthy vengeance on thee, safe
In thy captivity:—But soon as war
Shall close th' encountring hosts, I'll find thee out—
Assert my claim to Eleonora's love,
And tell thee what thou art.

Stuart. I burn!—I rage!
My fell revenge consumes me!—But no more—
Thou shalt not 'scape me!—Goaded by my wrongs,
I'll hunt thee thro' the various scenes of death!
Thou shalt be found!

Dun. I triumph in that hope. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII—*Changes*—King, Queen, *Attendants*, etc. etc.

King. Couragious Angus shall not be o'erpower'd—
Myself will bring him aid.—

Queen. Alas! my prince!

King. What means the gentle part'ner of my heart?
Dismiss thy fears. This day will dissipate
The cause of thy dismay. Ev'n now I go
To pluck the wreath of victory, and lay
Fresh laurels in thy lap.

Queen. Ah! why let in
A train of harpy sorrows to my breast?
—Ah! why in your own precious life, expose

Your kingdom's safety, and your comfort's peace?
—Let me restrain you from the field to-day.
There is no fame—no glory to be won
From a revolter's brow.—
King. The public weal
Commands to arm—dishonour taint my name,
When I reject the call!
Queen. Ill-omen'd call!
That like the raven's croak, invades my quiet!
O! would to Heaven, our minutes smoothly roll'd
In humble solitude, with meek-ey'd peace,
Remote from royalty, and all the cares
That brood around the throne!—
King. No, let us scorn
Unfeeling ease, and private bliss forego,
When public misery implores our aid.
What dignity of transport feels the prince,
Who from the fangs of fierce oppressive power
A people rescues?
Queen. What a dreadful host
Of dangers 'circle him!
King. Disease confers
The stamp of value upon health; and glory
Is the fair child of peril. Thou thyself
My conduct wilt applaud, soon as thy mind
Its native calm regains, and reason sways
Uncheck'd by fear.—Secure till my return
Remain within, and ev'ry thought indulge
Foreboding my success.—
Queen. Adieu—Adieu!
Heav'n crown valour with a happy wreath.

[*Exit Qua*

g, [*to an Attendant,*] Swift, hie thee to Dunbar,
and bid him lead
hosen citizens——

Enter Ramsay

SCENE IX—King *attended*, Ramsay

O fatal chance!
raitor Grime, with a selected band,
e Angus, press'd on ev'ry side, sustains
nequal fight) a secret path pursu'd
d the hills, and pouring all at once,
iz'd the eastern gate: the citizens,
consternation smote, before his arms
t disorder'd fly.—
g. Ha! then the wheel
e full circle rolls to crush me down,
aves one pause for conduct!—Yet I'll bear
rtunes like a king—haste and collect
catter'd parties—let us not submit
et subdu'd!—To arms! [*Drawing.*
m. Alas! my prince!
onvent is beset—Hark! while we speak
ates are burst—behold—
g. We must prevent
angs of ling'ring misery, and fall
honour, as we liv'd—

NE X—King *attended*, Ramsay—Grime *with followers bursting in.*

g. What bold contempt
ajesty, thus rudely dares intrude
ny private scenes?
me. The hour is fled

That saw thy wanton tyranny impose
The galling yoke—Yes, I'm come to wrest
The prostituted sceptre from thy hand,
And drag thee fetter'd to the royal throne
Of Walter, whom I serve.

King. Outragious wretch!—
Grown old in treachery! whose soul untam'd,
No mercy softens, and no laws restrain!
Thy life thrice forfeited, my pity thrice
From justice hath redeem'd; yet art thou found
Still turbulent—a rugged rebel still,
Unaw'd and unreclaim'd!—

Grime. That I yet breathe
This ambient air, and tread this earth at will,
Not to thy mercy but thy dread I owe.
Wrong'd as I was—my old possessions reft
By thy rapacious power, my limbs enchain'd
Within a loathsom dungeon, and my name
Thy loud reproach thro' all the groaning land;
Thou durst not shed my blood!—the purple stream
Had swell'd—a tide of vengeance! and o'erwhelm'd
The proud oppressor.—

King. Traitor to thy prince,
And foe perverse to truth!—how full thy crimes,
Thy doom how just—my pardon how humane,
Thy conscious malice knows.—But let me not
Degrade my name, and vindicate to thee
The justice of my reign.

Grime. Vain were th' attempt,
With artifice of words, to sooth my rage,
More deaf to mercy, than the famish'd wolf
That tears the bleating kid!—My starv'd revenge

blood alone can satiate!—Yield thee, then!
link beneath mine arm.
ing. Heav'n shall not see
ed so abject vilify my name—
le yet I wield this sword, and the warm blood
streams within my veins; my courage soars
rior to a ruffian's threats—
rime. Fall on,
l hew them piecemeal.

[*King, Ramsay, and Attendants drive off Grime and his Followers; but are afterwards overpowered and disarmed.*

rime. Wilt thou yet maintain
dignity of words?—Where are thy slaves,
subjects, guards, and thunder of thy throne,
c'd usurper?—Guard these captives hence.

[*Exeunt King, Ramsay, etc. guarded.*

SCENE XI—*Enter a* Soldier *to* Grime

ld. A troop of horsemen have possessed the gate
which we gain'd the city.
rime. Blast them, hell!
must retreat another way, and leave
im unfinish'd!—Our victorious swords
st shall guard the treasure they have won.
en the fierce parent-lion bites our chain,
s whelps forlorn an easy prey remain.

THE REGICIDE

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I—Queen, Eleonora, Captain

Queen. What from the battlements hast thou descry'
Capt. Nothing distinct, my queen. Involv'd in clou
Impervious to the view, the battle long
Continu'd doubtful, 'midst the mingling sounds
Of trumpets, neighing steeds, tumultuous shouts
Of fierce assailants, doleful cries of death,
And clatt'ring armour; till at length, the noise
In distant murmurs died. O'er all the plain,
Now a dread stillness reigns!
Queen. Then all is lost!
Why pauses ruin, and suspends the stroke?
Is it to lengthen out affliction's term,
And feed productive woe? Where shall the groans
Of innocence deserted find redress?
Shall I exclaim to Heav'n?—Already Heav'n
Its pity and protection hath withdrawn!
Earth yield me refuge, then!—give me to lie
Within thy cheerless bosom!—there, put off
Th' uneasy robe of being—there, lay down
The load of my distress!
Eleon. Alas! my Queen,
What consolation can the wretched bring?
How shall I, from my own despair, collect
Asswasive balm?—Within my lonely breast
Mute sorrow and despondence long have dwelt!
And while my sire, perhaps, this instant bleeds,
The dim, exhausted fountains of my grief
Can scarce afford a tear!

THE REGICIDE

O luxury
ıl ill!—Let us enjoy the feast!
ı re-echo groan, in concert raise
ıntation; and when sorrow swells
ior utterance, the silent streams
v in common!—When the silent streams
to flow, the voice again shall wail!
t lord!—O save him—save him, powers!
Is there no gentle remedy to sooth
's disorder, lull the jarring thoughts,
ı fair images amuse the mind?
smiling hope—divine illusion! come
· pride of triumph o'er the pangs
ſ and pain!
Low—low indeed
· misfortunes plung'd us; when no gleam
ring hope, how vain soe'er or false,
ɔation flatters!—When—O when
h deliver me?—Shall I not rest
ıe peaceful tomb, where I may sleep
ıblivion, and forget the wrecks
ſ life;—no sounds disturb the grave,
er'd husbands;—or the dismal scream
ı perishing?—Ha! whither leads
ion!—Must ye perish then,
r blossoms?—Must the lofty oak
e you life, and shelter'd you from harm,
he traitor's ax?—O agony
istraction!
Ha!—behold where comes
ike son of March!—What, if he brings
ı of victory!

Queen. My soul, alarm'd
With eagerness and terror, waits her doom.

SCENE II—Queen, Eleonora, Dunbar

Queen. Say, youth, how fares the king?
Dun. Fair princess, hail!
To you my duty and my speed were bent—
Your royal consort triumphs.
Queen. Lives he, then?
Lives he, deliver'd from the fatal snares
Which had enclos'd him?
Dun. To their hills repell'd,
The vanquish'd rebels curse his conqu'ring arm—
He bade me fly before him to the queen,
With the glad tidings cheer her drooping soul,
And bear his kindest wishes to the shrine
Himself will soon adore.
Queen. Will he then come
And wipe the tear of sorrow from my cheek?
Ah, no!—thy pity flatters me in vain!
Dun. Let me not dally with my queen's distress.
What were it, but to lift incumbent woe,
That it might fall more grievous? By the faith
Of my allegiance, hither speeds the king,
By love attended, and by conquest crown'd.
Queen. O welcome messenger! How sweetly sound
Thy prelude! Thus, the warbler of the morn,
To the sick wretch who moan'd the tedious night,
Brings balmy slumber, ease, and hope, and health!
O wond'rous destiny!
Eleon. Thus, on my queen
May fortune ever smile! May bliss to bliss

l, a tranquil scene! Say, noble youth,
i my sire in safety from the field?
Safe as thy fondest filial wish can form.
s variety, mine eyes have seen
of valour and of skill;
h united excellence of both,
t to baffle and amuse the foe,
trepidity to execute
:d efforts, never, save in him,
:rvation trac'd! Our monarch's acts
ile praise would sully and profane.
. Thy words, like genial showers to the parch'd
earth,
i my languid soul!
t. The trumpet swells!
queror approaches! Let me fly
:stasy of love into his arms!
ies! the victor comes!

SCENE III—King, Queen, Eleonora, Dunbar

. [*embracing the Queen.*] My better part!
l's chief residence! my love! my queen!
ast been tender overmuch, and mourn'd
o profusely!
t. Celebrate this hour,
gs of angels! and ye sons of earth,
stival! My monarch is return'd!
im in these arms! I hear his voice—
e soft chiding!
: O ye powers benign!
vords can speak the rapture of my soul!
o my breast, where, cherish'd by my love,

Thy fair idea rooted, blossoms forth,
And twines around my heart!

Queen. Mysterious fate!
My wishes are compleat! Yet I must ask
A thousand things, impertinently fond!
How did you 'scape? What angel's hand, my king,
Preserv'd you from destruction?

King. Heav'n, indeed,
Espous'd my cause, and sent to my relief
The son of March, who, with a chosen few,
Deliver'd me from Grime. Thence to the field
We speeded, and accomplish'd what the sword
Of Angus had well nigh atchiev'd before.

Queen to Dun. How shall acknowledgement enou
reward
Thy worth unparallell'd?

King. Now, by my throne!
Not my own issue shall engross me more
Than thou, heroic youth! Th' insulting foe,
In spite of fresh supplies, with slaughter driven
To the steep hills that bound the plain, have sent
An herald, in their turn, to sue for peace.
An audience have I promis'd. Ere the hour
Arrives, I will retire, and in the bath
Refresh my weary'd limbs.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Attendants*

SCENE IV—Dunbar, Eleonora

Eleon. Renown, to-day,
Has lavish'd all her honours on thy head.

Dun. What boots it that my fortune decks me thus
With unsubstantial plumes, when my heart groans

:h the gay caparison, and love
nrequited passion wounds my soul?
ı. Is unpropitious love unknown to me?
for ever doom'd, alas! to nurse
ow-consuming fire.
Heav'ns! what are all
asted charms that with such wond'rous power
thee to my rival? Far from me
vain arrogance of pride, to vaunt
ng talents; yet I fain would learn
at admir'd accomplishment of Stuart
eference is fix'd.
ı. Alas! Dunbar,
gment, weak and erring as it is,
:ll discerns on whom I should bestow
e and my esteem. But trust me, youth,
ttle know'st how hard it is to wean
nd from darling habits long indulg'd!
that Stuart sinks into reproach,
ı'd in guilt, and, more than once, subdu'd
superior merit and success.
:n this Stuart, for I would not wrong
:xpectation, still retains a part
:ompassion—nay, I fear, my love!
:t thou, distinguish'd by th' applause of kings,
:e thy qualities, and brook the prize
ided heart?
No! witness, Heaven,
ot on such terms! Am I then doom'd,
ng maid! for ever to deplore
abating rigour? The rude flint
o th' incessant drop; but Eleonora,

Inflexibly severe, unchang'd remains,
Unmov'd by my complaint!
Eleon. My father comes!
Let me, with pious ravishment, embrace
His martial knees, and bless the guardian power
That screen'd him in the battle!

SCENE V—Angus, Dunbar, Eleonora

Ang. Rise, my child,
Thou hast been always dutiful, and mild
As the soft breeze that fans the summer eve!
Such innocence endearing gently stole
Into my youthful bosom, and awak'd
Love's tender languishment, when to my view
Thy mother first display'd her virgin bloom!
[*Turning to Dunb*
Come to my arms, Dunbar! To shield from death
A parent, is the venerable act
Of the most pious duty. Thus adopted,
Henceforward be my son! The rebel chiefs,
Secure in my safe conduct, wait without
The promis'd audience. To the king repair,
And signify their presence. [*Exit Dunb*

SCENE VI—Angus, Eleonora

Ang. Eleonora,
Behold th' undaunted youth, who stept between
The stroke of fate and me.—O'erpow'r'd, unhors'd,
And by the foe surrounded, I had sunk
A victim to barbarity enrag'd;
If brave Dunbar, to his own peril blind,
Had not that instant to my rescue sprung.—
Nay, when that youthful traitor—by whose arm

Releas'd I know not—headlong rush'd against me,
My vigilant deliverer oppos'd
The fierce aggressor, whose aspiring crest
Soon prostrate fell.——

Eleon. Ha! fell——Is Stuart slain?
O! speak, my father.——

Ang. Wherefore this alarm
Let me not find thy bosom entertain
A sentiment unworthy of thy name.——
The gen'rous victor gave him back his life,
And cried aloud, "This sacrifice I make
For Eleonora's love."——

Eleon. O matchless youth!
His virtues conquer'd my esteem before;
But now my grateful sentiment inflames
Ev'n to a sister's zeal!

Ang. With rigid power
I would not bridle thy reluctant thought;
Yet, let me, with parental care, commend
The passion of Dunbar.——

Eleon. A fairer garb
His title could not wear. But when I think
What rocks in secret lie, what tempests rise
On love's deceitful voyage, my timid soul
Recoils affrighted, and with horror shuns
Th' inviting calm!

Ang. Retire, my child, and weigh
The diff'rent claims—Here glory, love, and truth
Implore thy smiles:—There vice, with brutal rage,
Would force thee to his wishes.—But too long
I tarry in this place.—I must attend
My sovereign in his interview with Athol. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII—*Changes to another Apartment*—Athol, Grime

Athol. What we to fortune owed, our arms have paid:
But let us now the changeling pow'r renounce.—
Unhappy those who hazard their designs
On her without reserve!—
Grime. Our plan pursu'd
A purpose more assur'd:—With conquest crown'd,
Our aim indeed a fairer wreath had worn:
But that deny'd, on terms of darker hue
Our swords shall force success!—
Athol. Th' approaching scene
Demands our utmost art!—not with tame sighs
To bend before his throne, and supplicate
His clemency, like slaves; nor to provoke,
With pride of speech, his anger half appeas'd;
But with submission mingle, as we speak,
A conscious dignity of soul, prepar'd
For all events.
Grime. Without the city walls,
The southern troops encamp'd, already fill
The festal bowl, to celebrate the day.—
Athol. By Heaven! their flush'd intemperance will yield
Occasion undisturb'd. For while they lie
With wine and sleep o'erwhelm'd, the clans that lurk
Behind th' adjacent hills, shall in the dark
Approach the gate, when our associate Cattan
Commands the guard; then introduc'd by him,
We take with ease possession of the town,
And hither move unmark'd.
Grime. Here, if we fail,

May my shrunk sinew never more unsheath
My well-try'd dagger; nor my hungry hate
Enjoy the sav'ry steam of hostile gore!
Athol. How my fir'd soul anticipates the joy!
I see me seated in the regal chair,
Enthron'd by Grime, the partner of my power!—
But this important enterprise demands
More secret conference.—The sword of Stuart
Will much avail.—But this unpractic'd youth,
To doubts and scruples subject, hitherto
Declines our last resolve.—
Grime. It shall be mine
To rouse his passion to the pitch requir'd.—
But soft!—who comes?—Ten thousand curses load
Th' ambitious stripling! [*Enter* Dunbar.
Dun. By the king's command,
I come to guide you to the throne.
Athol. 'Tis well.—[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII—*Discovers the* King *seated*, Angus, *Attendants. Enter* Athol, Grime, *introduced by* Dunbar

King. It is not well—it is not well we meet
On terms like these!—I should have found in Athol
A trusty counsellor and steady friend!
And better would it suit thy rev'rend age,
Thy station, quality, and kindred blood,
To hush ill-judging clamour, and cement
Divided factions to my throne again,
Than thus embroil the state.—
Athol. My present aim
Is to repair, not widen more the breach
That discord made between us; this, my liege,

Not harsh reproaches, or severe rebuke,
Will ere effectuate :—No—let us rather,
On terms which equally become us both,
Our int'rests re-unite.
King. Ha !—re-unite !
By Heav'n, thy proud demeanor more befits
A sov'reign than a subject !—Re-unite !
How durst thou sever from thy faith, old lord ;
And with an helmet load that hoary head
To wage rebellious war ?
Athol. The sword of Athol
Was never drawn but to redress the wrongs
His country suffer'd.
King. Dar'st thou to my face
Impeach my conduct, baffled as thou art,
Ungrateful traitor ? Is it thus thy guilt
My clemency implores ?
Athol. Not yet so low
Has fate reduc'd us, that we need to crawl
Beneath your footstool. In our camp remain
Ten thousand vig'rous mountaineers, who long
Their honours to retrieve.
King, [*rising hastily.*] Swift hie thee to them,
And lead thy fugitive adherents back !
Away !—Now by the mighty soul of Bruce !
Thou shalt be met ; and if thy savage clans
Abide us in the plain, we soon will tread
Rebellion into dust. Why move ye not ?
Conduct them to their camp.
Athol. Forgive, my prince,
If, on my own integrity of heart
Too far presuming, I have gall'd the wound

Too much inflam'd already. Not with you,
But with your measures ill-advis'd I warr'd:
Your sacred person, family and throne,
My purpose still rever'd.

King. O wretched plea!
To which thy blasted guilt must have recourse!
Had thy design been laudable, thy tongue
With honest freedom boldly should have spoke
Thy discontent. Ye live not in a reign
Where truth, by arbitrary pow'r depress'd,
Dares not maintain her state. I charge thee, say
What lawless measures has my power pursued!

Athol. I come to mitigate your royal wrath
With sorrow and submission; not to sum
The motives which compell'd me to the field.

King. I found your miserable state reduc'd
To ruin and despair; your cities drench'd
In mutual slaughter, desolate your plains:
All order banish'd, and all arts decay'd:
No industry, save what with hands impure
Distress'd the commonwealth; no laws in force,
To screen the poor, and check the guilty great;
While squalid famine join'd her sister fiend,
Devouring pestilence, to curse the scene!—
I came—I toil'd—reform'd—redress'd the whole.
And lo! my recompence!—But I relapse.—
What is your suit?

Athol. We sue (my liege) for peace.

King. Say, that my lenity should grant your prayer,
How for the future shall I rest assur'd
Of your allegiance?

Athol. Stuart shall be left

The pledge of our behaviour.
King. And your arms
Ere noon to-morrow shall be yielded up.
Athol. This too shall be perform'd.
King. Then mark me, Thane.
Because the loins, from whence my father sprung,
On thee too life bestow'd, enjoy the gift.
I pardon what is past. In peace consume
The winter of thy days. But if ye light
Th' extinguish'd brand again, and brave my throne
With new commotions—by th' Eternal Power!
No future guile, submission, or regard,
Shall check my indignation! I will pour
My vengeance in full volley; and the earth
Shall dread to yield you succour or resource!
Of this no more. Thy kinsman shall remain
With us an hostage of thy promis'd faith.
So shall our mercy with our prudence join,
United brighten, and securely shine.

THE REGICIDE

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I—Stuart

Stuart.—This solitude but more foments despair!
Recals, compares, and to th' incessant pangs
Of spite, revenge, and shame, condemns my soul!
Oh! what a miserable slave am I!
Precipitated from the tow'ring hope
Of eagle-ey'd ambition, to th' abyss
Of mutt'ring horror, curs'd from thought to thought.
—Ha, Jealousy!—I feel th' infernal power!
Her hissing snakes arouse, her torch inflames
My madd'ning soul!—Yes, if he thus permits
My feet to range at will, my vengeful hand
Will soon requite him. [*Enter* Grime.

SCENE II—Stuart, Grime

Grime. Wherefore thus alone?
Thy noble kinsman, who now parted hence,
Observes a sullen cloud o'erhang thy brow.
Since from the dungeon to his wish restor'd,
A mute aversion to his love, secludes
Thy lonely steps—

Stuart. Yes,—thou thyself hast nam'd
The cause accurs'd!—ha, from the dungeon freed!—
And freed by whom!—there's poison in the thought!
—Am I not hostage of my uncle's shame?

Grime. Thou dwell'st on that too much. Few live exempt
From disappointment and disgrace, who run
Ambition's rapid course. Inur'd to pain,

The harden'd soul, at last, forgets to feel
The scourge of fate; and fearless rushes on
To deeds advent'rous.
Stuart. Who shall frame th' attempt
That Stuart dreads t' atchieve?—Not pestilence,
Not raging seas, nor livid flames can bound
My dauntless undertaking!—Tell me, Grime,
For thou wast train'd to feats of horrid proof,
Since not the voice of Heav'n itself can lure
My honour back again—what pow'r of hell
Shall I invoke to deepen my revenge?
Grime. Ha! Didst thou say revenge?—Hail sable pow'r,
To me more dear than riches or renown!
What gloomy joy to drench the dagger deep
In the proud heart of him who robb'd my fame!
My fortune thwarted, or essay'd by fraud
To poison my delights?
Stuart. Ha! thou hast rous'd
The scorpion-thought that stings me!—Mark me, Grime.
Our baffled cause could not alarm me thus:
If conquest for the foe declar'd to-day,
Our arms again the vagrant might compel,
And chain her to our side. But know, my love
Has been defrauded! Eleonora's heart
That wretch invades—that ravisher, who cropt
My budding fame, and sunk me to reproach!
He, whom my jealousy, in all its rage,
Hath singled for destruction!
Grime. He shall die!—
Stuart. Yes—he shall die!—He shall be flea'd—impal'd!

torn bowels thrown to beasts of prey;
ge hate shall on his tortures feed!
ve vengeance!
. Wouldst thou have it full,
his patrons.
: Ha!—What—shall my arm
h the secret steel?
. Yes. Strike at once,
rty, ambition, and revenge.
proud tyrant yield his haughty soul;
his offspring swell the sanguine stream.
us perish too.
: O wond'rous plan
train'd barbarity!—It suits
rors of my bosom!—All!—What, all?
hter'd heaps—the progeny and sire!
e them in th' unguarded hour of rest!
sacrifice!—dire, ev'n too dire
despair! To me what have they done
: such returns?—No, my revenge
s the blood of one, and he shall fall.
. It shall suffice. Dunbar shall bleed alone.
is seize him on the verge of bliss;
ie fond maid's enkindling looks confess
ies of bashful love; when eager joy,
lest fear, by turns exalt the blush
re fervid glow; when Eleonora
Elysium to his raptur'd view,
les him to her arms.
: Ha! Lightning scorch
gue, blasphemer! Sooner may this globe
d to the profound abyss of hell!—

But vain are words. This is no place—remember
He shall not triumph thus! Thou hast bely'd him
He means it not. Nor will the syren smile—
No, Grime, she dares not smile him to her arms!
Grime. Reproach, or mute disgust, is the reward
Of candid friendship, that disdains to hide
Unpalatable truth!—I tell thee, youth,
Betroth'd by Angus to Dunbar, she yields
Her plighted faith, this hour.—But see!—the maid
Moves hitherward alone!—
Stuart. Haste, leave me, Grime!
My soul is up in arms!—my vengeance boils!
Love, jealousy, implacable despair
In tempests wheel.—
Grime. Thou shalt not tarry here!—
Thy frantic rage may rashly overturn
Our whole design!—
Stuart. Let me not urge again
Thy swift departure; hence! I come anon.

[*Exit Grime*

SCENE III—Stuart, Eleonora

Stuart. When last we parted, love had reconcil'd
Our mutual jealousies! and breath'd anew
The soul of harmony within our breasts.—
Hast thou not, since that period, entertain'd
One adverse thought to constancy and me?
Eleon. Say, who invested thee with pow'r supreme
O'er Eleonora's conduct; that thou com'st
With frowning aspect, thus, to judge my fame?—
Hast thou not forfeited all claim to me?
Have I not seen thee stray from honour's path?

shall my love be to the breast confin'd
ere treason in her darkest hue presides?
!—let me wipe thee, blotted as thou art,
om my abhorrent thoughts!—

Stuart. Not all this pride
mimic virtue—not th' assembled host
female wiles, how exquisite soe'er,
ll shelter thee, deceiver!—What new stain
files my bosom, since the morning saw
y tenderness o'erflow; and heard thy tongue
duce me to thy faithless arms again?

Eleon. Is this the testimony of thy love?
This thy asserted honour! to revile
Defenceless innocence?—But this will aid
My duty—to forget thee. Dost thou ask
What recent outrage has estrang'd my heart?—
There needed none. The measure of thy guilt
Was full enough before. Yet thou hast heap'd
Offences to excess. In battle fought
Against thy king; and sought, with lifted arm,
My father's life—ungrateful as thou art!
Know then, the honour of my name forbids
Our fates to join; and it shall ne'er be said,
That Eleonora, lost to glory, took
A traitor to her bed!—

Stuart. Perfidious witch!
Thy charms shall not avail thee; for I come
Th' avenging minister of broken faith!
To claim the promis'd fruitage of my love—
Or—mark me—punish with thy guilty blood,
Thy perjury and fraud!—

Eleon. Wilt thou attempt

To gain by menaces, what the soft sigh
Of plantive anguish would implore in vain?
Here strike—and let thy ruthless poignard drink
The blood of Douglas, which has often flow'd
In virtue's cause; and ev'ry soil enrich'd,
From wintry Scania to the sacred vale
Where Lebanon exalts his lofty brow.

Stuart. Egregious sorc'ress!—give me back a peace—
Bid yesterday return, that saw my youth
Adorn'd in all its splendor, and elate
With gen'rous pride and dignity of soul!—
Ere yet thy spells had discompos'd my brain,
Unstrung my arm, and laid me in the dust,
Beneath a rival's feet!

Eleon. Hear, all ye powers!
He claims of me, what his own conscious guilt
Hath robb'd him of. And do'st thou look for peace
In my afflicted bosom? There, indeed,
Thine image dwells with solitude and care,
Amidst the devastation thou hast made! [*Wee*

Stuart. O crocodile!—Curse on these faithless drop
Which fall but to ensnare!—Thy specious words
Shall sooner lull the sounding surge, than check
The fury that impels me!—Yet—by Heav'n,
Thou art divinely fair! and thy distress
With magic softness ev'ry charm improves!—
Wert thou not false as hell, not paradise
Could more perfection boast!—O! let me turn
My fainting eyes from thy resistless face;
And from my sense exclude the soothing sound
Of thy inchanting tongue!—Yet—yet renounce

Thine infidelty—To thine embrace
Receive this wanderer—this wretch forlorn!—
Speak peace to his distracted soul; and ease
The tortures of his bosom!

Eleon. Hapless youth!
My heart bleeds for thee!—careless of her own,
Bleeds o'er thy sorrows! 'mid the flinty rocks
My tender feet would tread to bring thee balm:
Or, unrepining, tempt the pathless snow!—
O! could my death recall thy banish'd quiet!
Here would I kneel, a suppliant to Heav'n,
In thy behalf; and offer to the grave
The price of thy repose!—Alas! I fear
Our days of pleasure are for ever past!

Stuart. O thou hast joy and horror in thy gift!
And sway'st my soul at will!—bless'd in thy love,
The memory of sorrow and disgrace,
That preys upon my youth, would soon forsake
My raptur'd thought, and hell should plot in vain
To sever us again!—O let me clasp thee,
Thou charm ineffable!

Eleon. Forbear, fond youth,
Our unrelenting destiny hath rais'd
Eternal bars between us!

Stuart. Ha!—what bars?

Eleon. A sacrifice demanded by my sire—
A vow——

Stuart. Perdition!—Say what vow, rash maid?

Eleon. A fatal vow! that blasts our mutual love—

Stuart. Infernal vipers gnaw thy heart!—A vow!—
A vow that to my rival gives thee up!
Shall he then trample on my soul at last!—

Mock my revenge and laugh at my despair!
Ha!—shall he rifle all thy sweets at will.
And riot in the transports due to me?
Th' accursed image whirls around my brain!—
He pants with rapture!—Horror to my soul!
He surfeits on delight!—

Eleon. O gentle Heav'n!
Let thy soft mercy on his soul descend
In dews of peace!—Why roll with fiery gleam
Thy starting eye-balls!—Why on thy pale cheek
Trembles fell rage!—and why sustains thy frame
This universal shock?—Is it, alas!
That I have sworn, I never will be thine?—
True, this I swore.—

Stuart. Ha!—never to be mine,
Th' awaken'd hurricane begins to rage!—
Be witness, Heav'n, and earth, and hell! she means
To glad the bosom of my foe!—Come, then,
Infernal vengeance! aid me to perform [*Draw*
A deed that fiends themselves will weep to see!
Thus let me blast his full-bloom'd——

[*Enter* Dunbar, *who interposes.*

SCENE IV—Dunbar, Stuart, Eleonora

Dun. Ruffian, hold
Thy desp'rate hand!—What fury 'scap'd from hell,
Inspires thy rage to wanton in the blood
Of such excelling goodness?—

Stuart. Infamy
Like mine, deface the glories of thy name!
What busy demon sent thee hither, now,
My vengeance to defeat?—The hour is come—

The hour is come at last, that must decide
For ever our pretensions!
Dun. Whatsoe'er
Thy hate could meditate against my life
My nature might forgive. But this attempt
Divests my soul of mercy—
Stuart. Guide my point,
Ye powers of darkness, to my rival's heart,
Then take me to yourselves. [*They fight.*
Eleon. Restrain—restrain
Your mutual frenzy!—Horror!—help—behold—
Behold this miserable bosom!—plunge
Your poniards here; and in its fatal source
Your enmity assuage!
Stuart, [*falling.*] It will not be—
Thy fortune hath eclips'd me, and the shades
Of death environ me. Yet, what is death
When honour brings it, but th' eternal seal
Of glory, never—never to be broke!
O thou has slain me in a dreadful hour!
My vengeance frustrated—my prospect curs'd
With thy approaching nuptials, and my soul
Dismiss'd in all her—Eleonora!—Oh! [*Dies.*

SCENE V—Dunbar, Eleonora

Dun. Ah! wherefore dost thou wring thy tender hands
In woeful attitude!—ah! wherefore lift
Thy streaming eyes to Heav'n; while the deep groan
Dilates thy lab'ring breast?
Eleon. This is too much—
This is too much to bear—thou hast destroy'd
My last remains of peace!

Dun. And was thy peace
Deposited in him?—in him who rais'd
His impious hand to kill thee?—Is it well
To mourn his fall, and thus accuse the blow
That rescu'd thee from death?

Eleon. I blame not thee,
No, Heav'n forbid!—I blame not my protector—
Yet thy protection has undone me quite!
And I will mourn—for ever mourn the hour—
Th' ill-omen'd hour, that on thy sword conferr'd
Such terrible success—How pale appear
These clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigour glow'd!
O dismal spectacle!—How humble now
Lies that ambition that was late so proud!—
Did he not call me with his latest breath?—
He would have said—but cruel fate controu'd
His fault'ring tongue!—he would have said, "For thee,
"For thee, false maid, I perish undeplor'd!"
O! hadst thou known how obstinately true
My heart remained to thee, when thy own guilt,
My duty, and thy rival's worth, conspir'd
To banish thee from thence, thy parting soul
Would have acquitted—nay, perhaps, bewail'd
My persecuted truth!

Dun. O turn thine eyes
From the sad object!—Turn thy melting thoughts
From the disastrous theme, and look on me—
On me who would with exstacy resign
This wretched being, to be thus embalm'd
With Eleonora's tears!—Were I to fall,
Thy pity would not thus lament my fate!

Eleon. Thy death such lamentation would not move,

More envied than bemoan'd;—thy memory
Would still be cherish'd; and thy name survive
To latest ages, in immortal bloom.—
Ah, 'tis not so with him!—He leaves behind
No dear remembrance of unsully'd fame!
No monument of glory, to defy
The storms of time!—Nought but reproach and shame!
Nought, but perpetual slander, brooding o'er
His reputation lost!—O fearful scene
Of dire existence, that must never close!

SCENE VI—Angus *entering*, Eleonora, Dunbar, *Attendants*

Ang. What sound of femal woe—Ha! Stuart slain!
Alas! I fear thou art the fatal cause! [*To Eleonora.*
Eleon. Too well my father has divin'd the cause
Of their unhappy strife!—Wherefore, ye powers!
Am I to misery deliver'd up?
What kindred crime, alas! am I decreed
To expiate, that misfortunes fall so thick
On my poor head?
Ang. [*to Dun.*] How durst your lawless rage
Profane this sacred place with private brawl?
Dun. By Heav'n! no place, how much soe'er rever'd,
Shall screen th' assassin, who, like him, would aim
The murd'rous steel at Eleonora's breast!
Ang. Ha!—were his aims so merciless?—Too just
The vengeance that o'ertook him! But th' event
With this unstable juncture ill accords!
Remove the body. Thou meanwhile retire;
Thy presence may awake, or aggravate
The rage of Athol. [*The body is removed.*
Dun. Therefore I obey;

And O thou lovely mourner! who now droop'st
Like the spread rose beneath th' inclement shower,
When next we meet, I hope to see thee bloom
With vernal freshness, and again unfold
Thy beauties to the sun! [*Exit Dunbar.*

SCENE VII—Angus, Eleonora

Ang. Let us, my child,
Lament with steadiness those ills that flow
From our mishap; yet therefore not ascribe
To self-demerit, impotently griev'd,
The guilt of accident. Thou hast enough
Denoted thy concern—Let me not think
Thy sorrow hath espoused a traitor's cause.
Eleon. Ah! what avails to me the hard-won palm
Of fruitless virtue?—Will it lull to rest
Internal anguish?—Will it yield me peace?
Ang. Thy indiscreet affliction shall not plead
Against thee with me now. Remember this,
If thou art weak enough to harbour still
A guilty flame; to thy assistance call
That noble pride and dignity of scorn,
Which warms, exalts, and purifies the soul—
But I will trust thee to thyself. Withdraw;
For Athol comes, and on his visage lours
A storm of wrath. [*Exit Eleonora.*

SCENE VIII—Angus, Athol

Athol. Are these the fair effects
Of our submission!—These, the promis'd fruits
Of amity restor'd!—to violate
The laws of hospitality—to guide

idnight murderer's inhuman blow,
acrifice your guests!
. That Athol mourns
nforeseen severity of fate,
vel not. My own paternal sense
k'd by sympathy; and I condole
teresting loss. But thus to tax
lameless faith with traitorous design,
ith our pure integrity conforms,
ith thy duty, Thane.
ol. Ha! who art thou,
I should bear thy censure and reproof?
rotestation, nor th' affected air
npathy and candour, shall amuse
rong conception, nor elude the cry
tice and revenge!
. Had justice crav'd
rigid voice, the debt incurr'd by thee,
hadst thou far'd? Say, what has plac'd thy deeds
: my censure? Let this day's event
im how far I merit thy disdain.
my humanity is misconceived,
uch alarms my wonder: conscious fraud
arbours with suspicion. Let me tell thee—
te of Stuart was supremely just.
timely stroke his savage heart prepar'd
st the guiltless breast of Eleonora,
ing Heav'n retorted on himself.
hol. I thought where all thy probity would end,
is'd accomplice!—But remember, lord,
d this blood-spotted bravo 'scape, secure
' protection, or th' unjust extent

Of regal pow'r, by all my wrongs! I'll spread
The seeds of vengeance o'er th' affrighted land,
And blood shall answer blood!

Ang. How far thy threats
Are to be fear'd, we know.—But see, the king!

SCENE IX—King, Angus, Athol

King. Tell me, proud Thanes, why are ye found oppos'd
In loud revilings? You that should promote,
By fair example, unity and peace!

Athol. Have I not cause to murmur and complain?
Stuart, the latest gift and dearest pledge
Of love fraternal, sooth'd my bending age:
Him hath the unrelenting dagger torn
From my parental arms; and left, alas!
This sapless trunk, to stretch its wither'd boughs
To you for justice;—Justice then I crave.

King. To send the injur'd unredress'd away,
How great soe'er th' offender, or the wrong'd
Howe'er obscure, is wicked—weak and vile:
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king!
Say freely, Thane, who has aggriev'd thee thus,
And, were he dear as her who shares our throne,
Thou shalt have ample vengeance.

Athol. Then I charge
The son of March with perfidy and murder!

Ang. Were I with mean indifference to hear
Th' envenom'd tongue of calumny traduce
Defenceless worth, I should but ill deserve
Your royal confidence. Dunbar has slain
The kinsman of this Thane; yet fell he not

By murder, cowardice, or foul design.
The sword of Stewart was already drawn
To sacrifice my daughter, when Dunbar,
By Heav'n directed hither, interpos'd,
Redeem'd the trembling victim, and repell'd
His rival's fury on his hapless head.

Athol. Must I refer me to the partial voice
Of an invet'rate foe?—No, I reject
The tainted evidence, and rather claim
The combat proof. Enfeebled are my limbs
With age that creeps along my nerves unstrung.
Yet shall the justice of my cause recal
My youthful vigour, rouse my loit'ring blood,
Swell ev'ry sinew, strengthen ev'ry limb,
And crown me with success. Behold my gage:
I wait for justice.

King. Justice shalt thou have—
Nor shall an equitable claim depend
On such precarious issue. Who shall guard
The weak from violence, if brutal force
May vindicate oppression? Truth alone
Shall rule the fair decision, and thy wrongs,
If thou art wrong'd, in my unbyass'd sway
Shall find a just avenger.—Let Dunbar [*To Angus.*
Appear when urg'd, and answer to the charge.

[*Exeunt King, Angus.*

SCENE X—Athol, Grime

Athol. Curse on the smooth dissembler!—Welcome, Grime!
My soul is wrought to the sublimest rage
Of horrible revenge!—If aught remain'd

Of cautious scruple, to the scatt'ring winds
I give the phantome. May this carcase rot,
A loathsome banquet to the fowls of heav'n,
If e'er my breast admit one thought to bound
The progress of my hate!

Grime. What means my prince?

Athol. Th' unhappy youth is slain!

Grime. Ha!—Hell be prais'd! [*Aside.*

He was a peevish stripling, prone to change.
Vain is condolence. Let our swords be swift
To sate his hov'ring shade. I have conferr'd
With trusty Cattan, our design explain'd,
And his full aid secur'd. To-night he rules
The middle watch. The clans already move
In silence o'er the plain.

Athol. Come, then, ye powers
That dwell with night, and patronize revenge!
Attend our invocation, and confirm
Th' exterminating blow!—My boughs are lopp'd,
But they will sprout again: my vig'rous trunk
Shall flourish from the wound my foes have made,
And yet again project an awful shade.

THE REGICIDE

ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I—King, Queen, Dunbar

Queen. O! this was more than the ill-sorted train
Of undetermin'd fancy—this convey'd
No loose imperfect images: but all
Was dreadfully distinct! as if the hand
Of fate had wrought it. Profit by those signs—
Your guardian angel dictates. O, my prince!
Let not your blind security disgrace
The merit of your prudence.

King. No, my queen,
Let us avoid the opposite extremes
Of negligence supine, and prostrate fear.
Already hath our vigilance perform'd
What caution justifies. And for thy dream;
As such consider it—the vain effect
Of an imagination long disturb'd.
Life with substantial ills enough is curs'd:
Why should we then with frantic zeal pursue
Unreal care; and with illusive form,
Which our own teeming brain produc'd, affright
Our reason from her throne?

Queen. In all your course
Of youthful glory, when the guiding hand
Of warlike Henry led you to the field;
When my soul suffer'd the successive pangs
Of fond impatience and repressive fear;
When ev'ry reeking messenger from France,
Wreath'd a new garland for Albania's prince,

And shook my bosom with the dreadful tale
That spoke your praise; say, did my weak despair
Recal you from the race? Did not my heart
Espouse your fame, and patiently await
The end of your career?—O! by the joys
I felt at your return, when smiling love,
Secure, with rapture reigned—O! by these tears,
Which seldom plead; indulge my boding soul!
Arouse your conqu'ring troops; Let Angus guard
The convent with a chosen band. The soul
Of treason is abroad!

King. Ye ruling powers!
Let me not wield the sceptre of this realm,
When my degen'rate breast becomes the haunt
Of haggard fear. O! what a wretch is he,
Whose fev'rous life, devoted to the gloom
Of superstition, feels th' incessant throb
Of ghastly panic! in whose startled ear
The knell still deepens, and the raven croaks!

Queen. Vain be my terrors, my presages vain—
Yet with my fond anxiety comply,
And my repose restore! Not for myself,
Not to prolong the season of my life,
Am I thus suppliant! Ah no! for you,
For you whose being gladdens and protects
A grateful people—you, whose parent boughs
Defend your tender offspring from the blasts
That soon would tear them up! for you, the source
Of all our happiness and peace, I fear! [*Kneel*

King. Arise, my queen—O! thou art all compos'd
Of melting piety and tender love!
Thou shalt be satisfied.—Is ev'ry guard

By Angus visited?

Dun. Ev'n now, my liege,
With Ramsay and his troop, he scours the plain.

King. Still watchful o'er his charge—The lib'ral hand
Of bounty will have nothing to bestow,
Ere Angus cease to merit!—Say, Dunbar,
Who rules the nightly watch?

Dun. To Cattan's care
The city guard is subject.

King. I have mark'd
Much valour in him. Hie thee to him, youth,
And bid him with a chosen few surround
The cloisters of the convent; and remain
Till morn full streaming shall relieve his watch.

[*Exit Dunbar.*

Thus shall repose with glad assurance waft
Its balmy blessing to thy troubled breast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II—Grime, Cattan

Grime. Thus far, brave Cattan, fortune seems inclin'd
To recompense us for the day's disgrace.
Our band conceal'd within the cloisters, wait
With eagerness and joy the auspicious hour,
To perpetrate the deed. It now remains
To regulate our conduct, and to each
His share of this great enterprise assign.
If Angus lives, in vain our arms devote
The usurper and his progeny to death:
His power and principles will still supply
Fresh obstacles, which all our future efforts
Can ne'er surmount.

Cat. Then let our swords prevent

All further opposition, and at once
Dismiss him to the shades.
Grime. Thine be the task—
I know with what just indignation burns
Thy gen'rous hate, against the partial Thane,
Who, to thine age and services, preferr'd
A raw unpractis'd stripling.
Cat. Ha!—no more.
The bare remembrance tortures me!—O Grime!
How will my soul his mortal groans enjoy!
Grime. While we within perform th' intrepid blow,
To his apartment thou shalt move alone;
Nor will pretence be wanting: Say, thou bring'st
Intelligence important, that demands
His instant ear:—then shalt thou find thy foe
Unarm'd and unattended. Need my tongue
Instruct thee further?
Cat. No, let my revenge
Suggest what follows.—By the pow'rs of hell!
I will be drunk with vengeance!
Grime. To thy guard
Meanwhile repair, and watch till he returns
With Ramsay from the plain. But see! they come;
We must avoid them, and retire unseen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III—*An Apartment*—Angus, Ramsay

Ang. By Heav'n it much alarms me!—Wide o'er all
The dusky plain, by the fires half extinct,
Are seen the soldiers, roll'd in heaps confus'd,
The slaves of brutal appetite.—Save those
Beneath thy discipline, scarce one remains
From the contagion free.

Ram. When we return'd
Fatigu'd from battle, numbers brought, unask'd,
Refreshments for the wounded from the town:
Thence the temptation spread from rank to rank,
And few resisted.

Ang. But that I consult
My king's tranquillity, and would not wake
Th' affrighted citizens with an alarm,
An hundred trumpets should this instant raise
Their brazen throats together, and arouse
Th' extended sluggards.—Go, my valiant friend,
And with thy uninfected troop attend
To ev'ry motion of th' uncertain night. [*Exit Ram.*

SCENE IV—Angus

Ang. Now the loud tempest of the toilful day
Subsides into a calm; and yet my soul
Still labours thro' the storm!—By day or night,
In florid youth, or mellow age, scarce fleets
One hour without its care!—Not sleep itself
Is ever balmy; for the shadowy dream
Oft bears substantial woe!

SCENE V—Angus, Cattan

Cat. My noble lord,
Within the portal as I kept my watch,
Swift gliding shadows, by the glimm'ring moon,
I could perceive in forms of armed men,
Possess the space that borders on the porch.—
I question'd thrice; they yielded no reply:
And now the soldiers, rang'd in close array,
Wait your command.

Ang. Quick, lead me to the place—

Foul treason is at work!—
Cat. It were not good
To venture forth unarm'd;—courageous Thane,
Receive this dagger.
[*Attempts to stab Angus, who wrests the dagger from him, and kills him.*
Ang. Ha, perfidious slave!
What means this base attempt?—Thou shalt not 'scape.
Cat. Curse on my feeble arm that fail'd to strike
The poignard to thy heart!—How like a dog
I tamely fall despis'd!
Ang. Fell ruffian! say,
Who set thee on?—This treachery, I fear,
Is but the prelude to some dreadful scene!—
Cat. Just are thy terrors.—By the infernal gulf
That opens to receive me! I would plunge
Into the abyss with joy, could the success
Of Athol feast my sense!
[*A noise of clashing swords and shrieks.*
—Ha!—now the sword
Of slaughter smokes!—Th' exulting Thane surveys
Th' imperial scene; while grimly smiling Grime,
With purple honours deck'd,—
Ang. Tremendous powers!
Cat. O'er the faln tyrant strides— [*Dies.*
Ang. Heav'n shield us all!
Amazing horror chills me!—Ha! Dunbar!
Then treason triumphs!—O my son! my son!

SCENE VI—Angus, Dunbar, *wounded*

Dun. I sought thee, noble Thane, while yet my limbs
Obey their lord.—I sought thee, to unfold

My zealous soul, ere yet she takes her flight.
Stretch'd on the ground, these eyes beheld the king
Transfix'd, a lifeless coarse! and saw this arm
Too late to save—too feeble to avenge him!—
Ang. Weep, Caledonia, weep!—thy peace is slain—
Thy father and thy king!—O! this event,
Like a vast mountain, loads my stagg'ring soul,
And crushes all her pow'rs!—But say, my friend,
If yet thy strength permits, how this befel.
Dun. A band of rebels, glean'd from the defeat
By Athol, lurk'd behind th' adjacent hills:
These, faithless Cattan, favour'd by the night,
Admitted to the city, join'd their power
With his corrupted guard, and hither led them
Unmark'd, where soon they enter'd unoppos'd.—
Alarm'd, I strove—but strove, alas! in vain.
To the sad scene ere I could force my way,
Our monarch was no more! Around him lay
An heap of traitors, whom his single arm
Had slain before he fell.—Th' unhappy queen,
Who, to defend her consort's, had oppos'd
Her own defenceless frame, expiring, pour'd
Her mingling blood in copious stream with his!
Ang. Illustrious victims!—O disastrous fate!
Unfeeling monsters! execrable fiends!
To wanton thus in royal blood!
Dun. O Thane!
How shall I speak the sequel of my tale!
How will thy fond parental heart be rent
With mortal anguish, when my tongue relates
The fate of Eleonora!
Ang. Ha!—my fears

Anticipate thy words!—O say, Dunbar,
How fares my child!

Dun. The shades of endless night
Now settle o'er her eyes!—heroic maid!
She to th' assaulted threshold bravely ran,
And, with her snowy arms, supply'd a bolt
To bar their entrance:—but the barb'rous crew
Broke in impet'ous, crush'd her slender limb,
When Grime, his dagger brandishing, exclaim'd,
Behold the sorc'ress, whose accursed charms
Betray'd the youth, and whose invet'rate sire
This day revers'd our fortune in the field!—
This for revenge!—then plung'd it in her breast!

Ang. Infernal homicide!

Dun. There—there, I own,
He vanquish'd me indeed!—What tho' I rush'd
Thro' many a wound, and in th' assassin's heart
Imbrued my faithful steel.—But see, where comes,
By her attendants led, the bleeding fair!

SCENE VII—Angus, Dunbar, Eleonora *wounded and supported*

Eleon. Here set me down—vain is your kind concern,
Ah! who with parent tenderness will bless
My parting soul, and close my beamless eyes!
Ah! who defend me, and with pious care
To the cold grave commit my pale remains! [*Swoons.*

Ang. O misery!—look up—thy father calls—
[*Embracing her.*

Eleon. What angel borrows that paternal voice!
Ha! lives my father?—Ye propitious powers!
He folds me in his arms—yes, he survives
The havock of this night!—O let me now

Yield up my fervent soul with raptur'd praise!
For Angus lives t'avenge his murder'd prince,
To save his country, and protract his blaze
Of glory farther still!

Ang. And is it thus
The melting parent clasps his darling child!
My heart is torn with agonizing pangs
Of complicated woe!

Dun. The public craves
Immediate aid from thee.—But I wax weak.—
Our infant king, surrounded in the fort,
Demands thy present help.—

Ang. Yes, loyal youth,
Thy glorious wounds instruct me what I owe
To my young sov'reign, and my country's peace!
But how shall I sustain the rav'nous tribe
Of various griefs, that gnaw me all at once?
My royal master falls, my country groans,
And cruel fate has ravish'd from my side
My dearest daughter, and my best lov'd friend!

Dun. Thy praise shall be thy daughter; and thy friend
Survive unchang'd in ev'ry honest breast.

Ang. Must we then part for ever?—What a plan
Of peaceful happiness my hope had laid
In thee and her!—alas! thou fading flower,
How fast thy sweets consume!—come to my arms,
That I may taste them ere they fleet away!
[*Embracing her.*
O exquisite distress!

Eleon. For me, my father,
For me let not the bootless tear distil.—

Soon shall I be with those who rest secure
From all th' inclemencies of stormy life.
Ang. Adieu, my children!—never shall I hear
Thy chearing voice again!—a long farewell!
[*Exit Angus.*

SCENE VIII—Dunbar, Eleonora

Dun. Soon shall our short'ned race of life be run.—
Our day already hastens to its close;
And night eternal comes.—Yet, tho' I touch
The land of peace, and backward view, well pleas'd,
The tossing wave from which I shall be free,
No rest will greet me on the silent shore,
If Eleonora sends me hence unbless'd.
Eleon. Distemper'd passion, when we parted last,
Usurp'd my troubled bosom, and Dunbar
With horror was beheld. But reason now
With genial mildness beams upon my soul,
And represents thee justly, as thou art,
The tend'rest lover, and the gentlest friend.
Dun. O transport, to my breast unknown before!
Not the soft breeze, upon its fragrant wings,
Wafts such refreshing gladness to the heart
Of panting pilgrims, as thy balmy words
To my exhausted spirits!—but, alas!
Thy purple stream of life forsakes apace
Its precious channels!—on thy polish'd cheek
The blowing roses fade; and o'er thine eyes
Death sheds a misty languor!
Eleon. Let me lean
Upon thy friendly arm—yet, O retire!

That guilty arm!—Say, did it ne'er rebel
Against my peace?—But let me not revolve
Those sorrows now.—Were Heav'n again to raise
That once lov'd head that lies (alas) so low!
And from the verge of death my life recal,
What joy could visit my forlorn estate,
Self-doom'd to hopeless woe!
Dun. Must I then wander,
A pensive shade, along the dreary vale,
And groan for ever under thy reproach?
Eleon. Ah, no! thou faithful youth, shall I repay
Thy love and virtue with ungrateful hate?
These wounds that waste so lavishly thy life,
Were they not all receiv'd in my defence?
May no repose embrace me in the tomb,
If my soul mourns not thy untimely fall
With sister woe!—Thy passion has not reap'd
The sweet returns its purity deserv'd.
Dun. A while forbear, pale minister of fate,
Forbear a while; and on my ravish'd ear
Let the last music of this dying swan
Steal in soft blandishment, divinely sweet!
Then strike th' unerring blow.——
Eleon. That thus our hopes,
Which blossom'd num'rous as the flow'ry spring,
Are nipp'd untimely, ere the sun of joy
Matur'd them into fruit, repine not, youth.—
Life hath its various seasons, as the year;
And after clust'ring autumn—but I faint—
Support me nearer—in rich harvest's rear
Bleak winter must have lagg'd.—Oh! now I feel
The leaden hand of death lie heavy on me.—

[illegible] image swims before my straining eye—
[illegible] it disappears.—Speak—bid adieu
[illegible] the last Eleonora.—Not a word?—
[illegible] me farewell?—Alas! that dismal groan
[illegible] eloquent distress!—Celestial powers
[illegible] my father, show'r upon his——Oh! [*Dies.*

Ram. There fled the purest soul that ever dwelt
[illegible] mortal clay!—I come, my love! I come—
Where now the rosy tincture of these lips!
The smile that grace ineffable diffus'd!
The glance that smote the soul with silent wonder!
The voice that sooth'd the anguish of disease,
And held attention captive!—Let me kiss
This pale deserted temple of my joy!
This, chastity, this, thy unspotted shade
Will not refuse.—I feel the grisely king—
Thro' all my veins he shivers like the north—
Eleonora! as my flowing blood
[illegible] mix'd with thine—so may our mingling souls
[illegible] bliss supernal wing our happy——Oh! [*Dies.*

SCENE THE LAST—Angus, Ramsay, Athol, etc. *Prisoners*

Ang. Bright deeds of glory hath thine arm atchiev'd,
[illegible] Ramsay: and thy name shall live
[illegible] ever in the annals of renown.
—But see, where silent as the noon of night
These lovers lie!—rest—rest ill-fated pair!
Your dear remembrance shall for ever dwell
Within the breast of Angus; and his love
[illegible] with paternal tears bedew your tomb!
Ram. O fatal scene of innocence destroy'd.

Ang. [*To Athol.*] O bloody author of this night's mishap!
Whose impious hands are with the sacred blood
Of majesty distain'd!—Comtemplate here
The havock of thy crimes! and then bethink thee,
What vengeance craves.
Athol. With insolence of speech
How dares thy tongue licentious thus insult
Thy sov'reign, Angus?—Madly hath thy zeal
Espous'd a sinking cause. But thou may'st still
Deserve my future favour.
Ang. O thou stain
Of fair nobility!—Thou bane of faith!
Thou woman-killing coward, who hast crept
To the unguarded throne, and stabb'd thy prince!
What hath thy treason, blasted as it is,
To bribe the soul of Angus to thy views?
Athol. Soon shalt thou rue th' indignity now thrown
On me thy lawful prince. Yes, talking lord!
The day will soon appear, when I shall rise
In majesty and terror, to assert
My country's freedom; and at last avenge
My own peculiar wrongs. When thou, and all
Those grov'ling sycophants, who bow'd the knee
To the usurper's arbitrary sway,
Will fawn on me. Ye temporizing slaves!
Unchain your king; and teach your humble mouths
To kiss the dust beneath my royal feet. [*To the Guard.*
Ang. The day will soon appear!—Day shall not thrice
Return, before thy carcase be cast forth,
Unbury'd, to the dogs and beasts of prey.
Or, high-exalted, putrify in air,

The monument of treason.

Athol. Empty threat!
Fate hath foretold that Athol shall be crown'd.

Ang. Then hell hath cheated thee. Thou shalt be crown'd——
An iron crown, intensely hot, shall gird
Thy hoary temples; while the shouting crowd
Acclaims thee king of traitors.

Athol. Lakes of fire!—
Ha! said'st thou, lord, a glowing iron crown
Shall gird my hoary temples!—Now I feel
Myself awake to misery and shame!
Ye sceptres, diadems, and rolling trains
Of flatt'ring pomp, farewell!—Curse on those dreams
Of idle superstition, that ensnare
Th' ambitious soul to wickedness and woe!
Curse on thy virtue, which hath overthrown
My elevated hopes! and may despair
Descend in pestilence on all mankind!

Ang. Thy curse just Heav'n retorts upon thyself!
To sep'rate dungeons lead the regicides.

[*Exit Guard with the Prisoners.*

From thirst of rule what dire disasters flow!
How flames that guilt ambition taught to glow!
Wish gains on wish, desire surmounts desire;
Hope fans the blaze, and envy feeds the fire.
From crime to crime aspires the madd'ning soul;
Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage controul;
Till Heav'n at length awakes, supremely just,
And levels all its tow'ring schemes in dust!

THE REPRISAL:

OR THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND

A COMEDY OF TWO ACTS

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE, IN 1757

PERSONS REPRESENTED

[redacted] a young gent. of Devonshire, in love with Harriet.

[redacted], his servant.

[redacted], commander of a French frigate.

[redacted], an Irish lieutenant in the French service.

[redacted], a Dutch smuggler in the French service.

[redacted], lieutenant of an English man-of-war.

[redacted], a midshipman.

[redacted], a sailor.

[redacted], a young lady of Devonshire, betrothed to Heartly.

[redacted], Sailors, &c.

SCENE.—*In board a French ship lying at anchor on the coast of Normandy.*

THE REPRISAL

PROLOGUE

antient sage, when death approach'd his bed,
aign'd to Pluto his devoted head;
d, that no fiend might hiss, or prove uncivil,
th vows and pray'rs, he fairly brib'd the devil:
t neither vows nor pray'rs, nor rich oblation,
d always save the sinner—from damnation.
Thus authors, tottering on the brink of fate,
e critick's rage with prologues deprecate;
t oft the trembling bard implores in vain,
e wit profess'd turns out a dunce in grain:
plea can then avert the dreadful sentence,
must be d——n'd—in spite of all repentance.
Here justice seems from her straight line to vary,
guilt attends a fact involuntary;
is maxim the whole cruel charge destroys,
poet sure was ever dull—by choice.
pleads our culprit in his own defence,
n cannot prove his dullness is—prepense.
He means to please—he owns no other view;
d now presents ye with—a sea ragout.
lish—howe'er you relish his endeavours,
plete with a variety of flavours:

THE REPRISAL

A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,
Together boiled in our inchanted pot;
To taint these viands with the true fumet,
He shreds a musty, vain, French—martinet.
This stale ingredient might our porridge marr
Without some acid juice of English tar:
To rouse the appetite the drum shall rattle,
And the desert shall be a bloodless battle.

What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
When Britain's wrath arous'd begins to lighten!
Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,
And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flowers of France.

Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,
When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallick shore;
When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurl'd,
And Drake diffus'd her fame around the world:
Still shall that godlike flame your bosom fire,
The gen'rous son shall emulate the sire:
Her antient splendor England shall maintain,
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,
And rise—th' unrival'd empress of the main.

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I—Heartly, Brush

Brush. Well, if this be taking diversion on the water, send me safe on English ground! and if ever I come sight of the sea again, may a watry grave be my tion: first, to be terrified with the thoughts of drown-: secondly, to be tossed and tumbled about like a -ball: thirdly, to be drenched with sea-water: rthly, to be stunk to death with pitch and tar and the ury scent of my fellow-sufferers: fifthly, to be ed with perpetual puking, till my guts are turned ide out: and, sixthly and lastly, to be taken prisoner plundered by the French.

Heartly. Enough——enough——

Brush. Enough!—aye, and to spare—I wish I could e part to those who envy my good fortune: but, how the good Lady Bloomwell moralize when she finds daughter Miss Harriet is fallen into the hands of nsieur de Champignon!

Heartly. No more—that reflection alarms me!—yet I re nothing to fear—as there is no war declared, we ll soon be released; and, in the mean time, the French treat us with their usual politeness.

Brush. Pox on their politeness! ah master! commend

me to the blunt sincerity of the true surly British mastiff. The rascallion that took my purse bowed so low, and paid me so many compliments, that I ventured to argue the matter, in hopes of convincing him he was in the wrong; but he soon stopped my mouth with a vengeance, by clapping a cocked pistol to my ear, and telling me he should have the honour to blow my brains out. Another of these polite gentlemen begged leave to exchange hats with me: a third fell in love with my silver shoe-buckles; nay, that very individual nice buttock of beef, which I had just begun to survey with looks of desire, after the dismal evacuation I had undergone, was ravished from my sight by two famished French wolves, who beheld it with equal joy and astonishment.

Heartly. I must confess they plundered us with great dexterity and despatch; and even Monsieur de Champignon, the commander, did not keep his hands clear of the pillage, an instance of rapaciousness I did not expect to meet with in a gentleman and an officer. Sure he will behave as such to Harriet!

Brush. Faith! not to flatter you, sir, I take him to be one of those fellows who owe their good fortune to nothing less than their good works. He first rifled your mistress, and then made love to her with great gallantry; but you was in the right to call yourself her brother; if he knew you were his rival, you might pass your time very disagreeably.

Heartly. There are two officers on board, who seem to disapprove of his conduct; they would not be concerned in robbing us, nor would they suffer their soldiers to take any share of the prey, but condoled Harriet and me on our misfortune, with marks of real concern.

Husk. You mean Lieutenant Oclabber and Ensign Maclaymore, a couple of d——ned renegadoes!—you rely upon a broken reed, if you trust to their compassion.

Heartily. Oclabber I knew at Paris, when I travelled with my brother, and he then bore the character of an honest man and a brave officer. The other is a Highlander, excluded, I suppose, from his own country on account of the late rebellion; for that reason, perhaps, he may be apt to pity the distressed. I see them walking this way in close conference. While I go down to the cabin to visit my dear Harriet, you may lounge about and endeavour to overhear their conversation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II—Oclabber, Maclaymore

Ocl. Arrah, for what?—I don't value Monsieur de champignon a rotten potatoe; and when the ship goes ashore, I will be after asking him a shivel question, as I will him to his face, when he turned his back upon me in the cabin.

Macl. Weel, weel, Maister Oclabber, I wonna tak' upon me to say a'together ye're in the wrang; but ye ken there's a time for a' things; and we man gang hooly and warily, while we're under command.

Ocl. You may talk as you please, Mr Maclaymore—you're a man of learning, honey. Indeed, indeed I am always happy when you are spaiking, whether I am asleep or awake, a gra. But, by my shoul, I will maintain, after the breath is out of my body, that the English treasure-boat had no right to be taken before the declaration of war; much more the prisoners to be plundered, which you know is the prerogative of pyrates and privateers.

Macl. To be sure, the law of nations does na precisely that privilege in actual war; for ye ken, in ancient times, the victor teuk the *spolia opima*; and in my country, to this very day, we follow the auld practice, *pecudum praedas agere*. But then, ye man take notice, nae gentleman wad plunder a leddy—awa', awa'!—fie for shame! and a right sonsy damsel too. I'm sure it made my heart wae to see the saut brine come happin o'er her winsome cheeks.

Ocl. Devil burn me! but my bowels wept salt water to see her sweet face look so sorrowful!—och! the delicate creature!—she's the very moral of my own honey, dear Sheelah O'Shannaghan, whom I left big with child in the county of Fermanaghan, grammachree! —Ochone, my dear Sheelah! Look here, she made me this sword-belt, of the skin of a sea-wolf that I shot at the mouth of the Shannon; and I gave her at parting a nun's discipline to keep her sweet flesh in order—och! my dear honey captain, cried she, I shall never do penance, but I will be thinking of you. Ah! poor Sheelah, she once met with a terrible misfortune, gra. We were all a merry-making at the castle of Ballyclough. And so Sheelah having drank a cup too much, honey, fell down stairs out of a window. When I came to her, she told me, she was speechless; and by my shoul it was tree long weeks before she got upon her legs again. Then I composed a lamentation in the Irish tongue—and sung it to the tune of Drimmendoo; but a friend of mine, of the order of St Francis, has made a relation of it into English, and it goes very well to the words of Elen-a-Roon.

Macl. Whether is't an elegy or an ode?

THE REPRISAL

[illegible] How the devil can it be odd, when the verses are even?

[illegible] Gif it be an elegy, it must be written in the [illegible] *elegiacum;* or, gif it be an ode, it may be monodicolos, tetrastrophos, or, perhaps, it's loose [illegible].

[illegible] Arrah, upon my conscience, I believe it is simple [illegible], honey. But, if you'll hold your tongue, you [illegible] see with your own eyes.

SONG

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ochone my dear jewel,
Why was you so cruel,
Amidst my companions to leave me alone?

Tho' Teague shut the casement in Ballyclough hall;
Tho' Teague shut the casement in Ballyclough hall;
In the dark she was groping;
And found it wide open;
Och! the devil himself could not stand such a fall.

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more;
In beholding your charms, I can see them no more;
If you're dead, do but own it;
Then you'll hear me bemoan it;
For in loud lamentations your fate I'll deplore.

Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
O! the month of November,
She'll have cause to remember,
As a black letter day all the days of her life.

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!
With a rope I could catch the dear creature I've lost!
But, without a dismission,
I'd lose my commission,
And be hang'd with disgrace for deserting my post.

Shall I never see you, my lovely Sheelah, these seven [illegible]ng years? An it plaised God to bring us within forty

miles of each other, I would never desire to be nearer all the days of my life.

Macl. Hoot-fie! Captain Oclabber, whare's a' your philosophy? did ye never read Seneca *de Consolatione?* or Volusenus, my countryman, *de Tranquilitate Animi?* I'se warrant we have left a bonny lass too, in the braes of Lochaber—my yellow-hair'd deary that wont to meet me amang the hether. Heigh, sirs! how she grat and cried, "Waes my heart that we should sunder." Whisht, what's a' that rippet? [*A noise of drums.*

Ocl. Arra-mon-deaul! they are beating our grenadier's march, as if the enemy was in view; but I shall fetch them off long enough before they begin to charge; or, by St Patrick! I'll beat their skulls to a pancake.

Macl. [*to a bagpiper crossing the stage.*] Whare are ye ga'ane with the moosic, Donald?

Piper. Guid fait! an please your honour, the commander has sent for her to play a spring to the sasenach damsel; but her nain sell wad na pudge the length of her tae, without your honour's order; and she'll gar a' the men march before her with the British flag and the rest of the plunder.

Macl. By my saul! he's a gowk, and a gauky, to ettle at diverting the poor lassy with the puppet-show of her ain misfortune; but, howsomever, Donald, ye may gang and entertain her with a pibroch of Macreemon's composition; and, if she has any taste for moosic, ye'll soon gar her forget her disaster.

Ocl. Arrah, now since that's the caase, I would not be guilty of a rude thing to the lady; and if it be done to compose her spirits, by my saoul! the drum shall beat

till she's both deaf and dumb, before I tell it to leave off —but we'll go and see the procession. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III—A Procession

[*First the bagpipe—then a ragged dirty sheet for the French colours—a file of soldiers in tatters—the English prisoners—the plunder, in the midst of which is an English buttock of beef carried on the shoulders of four meagre Frenchmen. The drum, followed by a crew of French sailors.*]

Champignon, Harriet

Champ. Madame, you see de fortune of de war—my fate be admirable capricieux—you be de prisonier of my arm—I be de cautive of your eye—by gar! my glorie turn to my disgrace!

Har. Truly, I think so too—for nothing can be more disgraceful than what you have done.

Champ. Den vat I ave done!—parbleu! I not understand vat you mean, madam—I ave de honour to carry off one great victoire over de Englis.

Har. You have carried off an unarmed boat, contrary to the law of nations; and rifled the passengers in opposition to the dictates of justice and humanity—I should be glad to know what a common robber could do worse.

Champ. Common robber! madam, your serviteur tres humble—de charm of your esprit be as brilliant as de attraits of your personne. In one and t'oder you be perfaitement adorable—souffrez den dat I present my art at your altar.

Har. If you have any heart to present, it must be a very stale sacrifice—for my own part, I have no taste for the *fumet;* so you had better keep it for the ladies of your own country.

Champ. Ah cruelle!—de ladies en France will felcite

demselves dat you renounce de tendre of Monsieur de Champignon. Madame la duchesse—mais taisons—alte la—et la belle marquise! ah quelles ames! vanité apart, madam, I ave de honneur to be one man a bonnes fortunes. Diable m'emporte! till I rencontre your invincible eye, I ave alway de same succes in love as in war.

Har. I dare say you have been always equally lucky and wise.

Champ. A ma charmante;—dat is more of your bonté den of my merite—permettez donc, dat I amuse you wid the transports of my flame.

Har. In a proper place, I believe, I should find them very entertaining.

Champ. How you ravish me, my princesse!—avouez donc, you ave de sentimens for my personne—parbleu it is all your generosité—dere is noting extraordinary in my personne, diable m'emporte! hai, hai.

[*Cuts a caper.*

Har. Indeed, monsieur, you do yourself injustice; for you are certainly the most extraordinary person I had ever the honour to see.

Champ. Ah, ah, madame! I die under the charge of your politesse—your approbation ave dissipé de brouillard dat envelope my fantasie—your smile inspire me wid allegresse—allons! vive l'amour! la, la, la, la——

Har. What a delicate pipe! I find, monsieur! you're alike perfect in all your accomplishments.

Champ. Madame, your slave eternellement—personnes of gout ave own dat me sing de chansonettes not altogether too bad, before I ave de honour to receive one

ball de pistolet in my gorge, wen I board de Englis man of war, one, two, tree, four, ten year ago. I take possession sabre a la main; but, by gar, de ennemi be opiniatre!—dey refuse to submit, and carry me to Plimount—dere I apprehend your tongue, madame—dere I dance, and ave de gallanteries parmi les belles filles Angloises. I teash dem to love—they teash me to sing your jollies vaudevilles. "A coblere dere vas, and he live in one stall." Hai, hai! how you taste my talens, madame?

Har. Oh! you sing enchantingly; and so natural, one would imagine you had been a cobler all the days of your life. Ha, ha, ha!

Champ. Hai, hai, hai; if you not flatter me, madame, I be more happy dan Charlemagne—but I ave fear dat you mocquez de moi—tell a me of grace, my princesse, vat sort of lover you shoose—I vil transform myself for your plaisir.

Har. I will not say what sort of lover I like; but I'll sing what sort of lover I despise.

Champ. By gar, she love me eperduement. [*Aside.*

SONG

From the man whom I love, tho' my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise,
And if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks:
As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet, if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

Champ. Morbleu, madame, you sing a marveilles—but by gar, de figure be ver singulier.

SCENE IV—Harriet, Champignon, Heartly

Champ. Mons Artlie, I ave de honeur to be your most umble serviteur—mademoiselle your sister aves des perfections of an ange; but she be cold as de albatre. You do me good office—I become of your alliance—you command my service.

Heartly. I hope my sister will set a proper value upon your addresses. And you may depend upon my best endeavours to persuade her to treat your passion as it deserves.

Champ. As it deserve!—mardy! dat is all I desire—den I treat you as one prince. [*A servant whispers and retires.*] Comment! que m'importe—madame, I must leave you for one moment to de garde of Monsieur your broder; but I return in one twinkle. [*Exit.*

SCENE V—Heartly, Harriet

Heartly. My dear Harriet, have you good nature enough to forgive me for having exposed you to all these dangers and misfortunes?

Har. I can't but be pleased with an event which has introduced me to the acquaintance of the accomplished Champignon, ha, ha, ha!

Heartly. You can't imagine how happy I am to see you bear your misfortune with such good humour, after the terror you underwent at our being taken.

Har. I was indeed terribly alarmed when a cannon shot came whistling over our heads; and not a little dejected when I found myself a prisoner—but I imagine all danger diminishes, or at least loses part of its terror, the nearer you approach it. And as for this Champignon, he is such a contemptible fellow, that, upon recollection, I almost despise myself for having been afraid of him—O' my conscience! I believe all courage is acquired from practice. I don't doubt but in time I should be able to stand a battery myself.

Heartly. Well, my fair Thalestris, should you ever be attacked, I hope the aggressor will fall before you—Champignon has certainly exceeded his orders, and we shall be released as soon as a representation can be made to the French court.

Har. I should be loth to trouble the court of France with matters of so little consequence. Don't you think it practicable to persuade the captain to set us at liberty? There is one figure in rhetoric which I believe he would hardly resist.

Heartly. I guess your meaning, and the experiment shall be tried, if we fail of success from another quarter; I intend to make myself known to Oclabber, with whom I was formerly acquainted, and take his advice. He and the Scotch ensign are at variance with Champignon, and disapprove of our being made prisoners.

SCENE VI—Heartly, Harriet, Brush

Heartly [*to Brush*]. Well, sir, you have been fishing the bonny Scot. Have you caught any intelligence?

Brush. Sir, I have done your business—Captain Maclaymore and I have been drinking a bottle of

sour wine to the health of Miss Harriet and your worship; in a word, he is wholly devoted to your service.

Har. Pray, Mr Brush, what method did you take to ingratiate yourself with that proud stalking Highlander?

Brush. I won his heart with some transient encomiums on his country. I affected to admire his plaid as an improvement on the Roman toga; swore it was a most soldierly garb; and said, I did not wonder to see it adopted by a nation equally renowned for learning and valour.

Heartly. These insidious compliments could not fail to undermine his loftiness.

Brush. He adjusted his bonnet, rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, threw his plaid over his left shoulder with an air of importance, strutted to the farther end of the deck; then returning with his hard features unbended into a ghastly smile, "By my saul, mon," says he, "ye're na fule; I see you ken foo weel how to mak proper distinctions—you and I man be better acquainted." I bowed very low in return for the great honour he did me—hinted, that though now I was in the station of a servant, I had some pretensions to family; and sighing, cried, *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

Heartly. That scrap of Latin was a home thrust—You see, sirrah, the benefit of a charity school.

Brush. Ay, little did I think, when I was flogged for neglecting my accidence, that ever my learning would turn to such account—Captain Maclaymore was surprised to hear me speak Latin. Yet he found fault with my pronunciation. He shook me by the hand,

though I was a little shy of that compliment, and said he did not expact to find flowers under a nettle. But I put him in mind of the singat cat, for I was better than I was bonny—then he carried me to his cabin, where we might discourse more freely; told me the captain was "a light-headed guse," and expressed his concern at your captivity, which he said was a flagrant infraction of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Har. There, I hope, you backed his opinion with all your eloquence.

Brush. I extolled his understanding; interested his gallantry in the cause of a distressed lady; and, in order to clinch my remonstrance, told him that my master's great grandmother's aunt was a Scotchwoman of the name of Macintosh, and that Mr Heartly piqued himself on the Highland blood that ran in his veins.

Heartly. I'm obliged to your invention for the honour of that alliance—I hope the discovery had a proper effect upon my cousin Maclaymore.

Brush. He no sooner heard that particular, than he started up, crying, "What the deel say ye? Macintosh! —swunds mon! that's the name of my ain mither—who kens but Mester Heartly and I may be coozens seventeen times removed?" Then he gave me a full account of his pedigree for twelve generations, and hawked up the names of his progenitors till they set my teeth on edge. To conclude, he has promised to give you all the assistance in his power, and even to favour our escape; for, over and above his other motives, I find he longs to return to his own country, and thinks a piece of service done to an English gentlemen may enable him to gratify that inclination.

Heartly. But what scheme have you laid for our escape?

Brush. The boat is along-side—our men are permitted to walk the deck:—when the captain retires to rest, and the watch is relieving, nothing will be more easy than to step on board of our own galley, cut the rope, hoist the sails, and make the best of our way to Old England.

Heartly. But, you don't consider that Monsieur de Champignon, if alarmed, may slip his cable and give us chace—nay, compliment us with a dish of sugar-plums that may be very hard of digestion.

Brush. There the friendship of Maclaymore will be of service. For, as soon as our flight is known, he and his men, on pretence of being alert, will make such a bustle and confusion, that nothing can be done until we are out of their reach; and then we must trust to our own canvass and the trim of our vessel, which is a prime sailer.

Harriet. The project is feasible, and may be the more practicable, if the Irish lieutenant can be brought to cooperate with the ensign.

Heartly. Odso! there he comes—Brush, go and wait upon Miss Harriet to her cabin, while I accost this Hibernian.

SCENE VII—Heartly, Oclabber

Ocl. Your humble servant, sir,—I hope the lady is plaised with her accommodation—don't you begin to be refreshed with the French air blowing over the sea!—upon my conscience! now, it's so delicate and keen, that for my own part, honey, I have been as hungry as an Irish wolf-dog ever since I came to this kingdom.

Heartly. Sir, I thank you for your kind inquiry—I am

no stranger to the French air, nor to the politeness of Captain Oclabber.—What! have you quite forgot your old acquaintance?

Ocl. Acquaintance, honey—by my saoul! I should be proud to recollect your countenance, though I never saw you before in the days of my life.

Heartly. Don't you remember two Englishmen at Paris, about three years ago, of the name of Heartly?

Ocl. Ub ub oo!—by Shaint Patrick, I remember you as well as nothing in the world—Arrah, now, whether is it your own self or your brother?

Heartly. My brother died of a consumption soon after our return to England.

Ocl. Ah! God rest his soul, poor gentleman—but it is a great comfort to a man to be after dying in his own country—I hope he was your elder brother, gra.—Oh! I remember you two made one with us at the hotel de Bussy—by my saoul! we were very merry and frolicksome; and you know I hurt my ancle, and my foot swelled as big as tree potatoes—by the same token I sent for a rogue of a surgeon, who subscribed for the cure and wanted to make a hand of my foot. Mr Heartly, the devil fly away with me but I am proud to see you, and you may command me without fear or affection, gra.

Heartly. Sir, you are extremely kind; and may, I, apprehend, do me a good office with Captain Champignon, who, I cannot help saying, has treated us with very little ceremony.

Ocl. I'll tell you what, Mr Heartly, we officers don't choose to find fault with one another; because there's a discipline and subordination to be observed, you know; —therefore I shall say nothing of him as an officer,

honey; but, as a man, my dear, by the mass, he's a meer baist.

Heartly. I'm glad to find your opinion of him so comformable to my own.—I understand by my servant too, that Mr Maclaymore agrees with us, in his sentiments of Monsieur de Champignon; and disapproves of his taking our boat, as an unwarrantable insult offered to the British nation.

Ocl. By my saoul! I told him so before you came a-board.—As for ensign Maclaymore, there is not a prettier fellow in seven of the best counties in Ireland—as brave as a heron, my dear—arrah, the devil burn him if he fears any man that never wore a head.—Ay, and a great scholar to boot—he can talk Latin and Irish as well as the Archbishop of Armagh—didn't you know we were sworn brothers—tho' I'm his senior officer, and spaik the French more fluid, gra.

SCENE VIII—Heartly, Oclabber, Brush

Brush. O Lord, Sir! all the fat's in the fire.

Ocl. Arrah, what's a-fire, honey?

Brush. All our fine project gone to pot!—We may now hang up our harps among the willows, and sit down and weep by Babel's streams.

Heartly. What does the blockhead mean?

Brush. One of our foolish fellows has blabbed that Miss Harriet is not your sister, but your mistress; and this report has been carried to Monsieur de Champignon, whom I left below in the cabin, taxing her with dissimulation, and threatening to confine her for life.—He sings, capers, swears, and storms in a breath!—I have seen Bedlam; but an English lunatic, at full moon, is a very

...er animal when compared to a Frenchman in a ...ion.

...artly. I care not for his passion or power.—By ...en! he shall not offer the least violence to my Har..., while a drop of blood circulates in my veins!—I'll ...ult him, though unarm'd, and die in her defence.—

[*Going.*

Od. Won't you be easy now!—your dying signifies ...hing at all, honey; for, if you should be killed in the ...y, what excuse would you make to the young lady's ...tions, for leaving her alone in the hands of the ...my!—by my saoul! you'd look very foolish.—Take ... notice at all, and give yourself no trouble about the ...tter—and if he should ravish your mistress, by my ...lvation! I would take upon me to put him under ...rrest.

Heartly. The villain dares not think of committing such an outrage.

Od. Devil confound me! but I'd never desire a better joke—Och then, my dear, you'd see how I'd trim him—you should have satisfaction to your heart's content.

Heartly. Distraction!—If you will not give me your assistance, I'll fly alone to her defence.

Brush. Zooks, Sir, you're as mad as he.—You'll ruin us past all redemption.—What the deuce are you afraid of?—Ravish!—An atomy like that pretend to ravish! No, no: He'll ravish nothing but our goods and chattels, and these he has disposed of already. Besides, Miss Harriet, when his back was turned, desired me to conjure you in her name to take care of yourself; for Champignon would have no pretence to confine her, if you was out of the way.

Ocl. O' my conscience, a very sensible young woman! When there are two lovers in the caase, 'tis natural to wish one of them away.—Come along with me, honey; we'll hold a council of war with Ensign Maclaymore—perhaps he may contrive mains to part you.—No man knows better how to make a soldierly retreat.

Brush. Soldierly or unsoldierly, it signifies not a button—so we do but escape; I shall be glad to get away at any rate, even if I should fly like a thief from the gallows.

Ocl. Devil fire you, my dear! your a wag—Arrah, who told you that my friend Maclaymore escaped from the gallows?—By my saoul! 'tis all *fortune de la guerre*—Indeed, indeed, I would never desire to command a better corps than what I could form out of the honest gentlemen you have hanged in England.

Heartly. I'm so confounded and perplexed, in consequence of this unlucky discovery, that I can't start one distinct thought, much less contribute to any scheme that requires cool deliberation.

Ocl. Arrah faith, my dear, we must leave those things to wiser heads—for my own part, I'm a soldier, and never burden my brain with unnecessary baggage.

I won't pretend to lead, but I follow in the throng;
And as I don't think at all, I can never think wrong.

THE REPRISAL

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I.—*A great noise and bustle behind the Scenes.* Maclaymore, Champignon

Champ. [*running upon the stage in a ridiculous dishabille.*]—Prenez garde qu'elle ne vous echappe!—aux armes!—Mons. le Second—contre maitre—la chaloupe! la chaloupe!

Macl. [*overturning him, as if through mistake.*] As I shall answar, the folks are a' gaen daft!—deel stap out your een! I'm nae sic midge but ye might a seen me in your porridge.

Champ. Ah meurtre! assassin! vous avez tué votre commandant!—holla ho! mes gens, a moi.

Macl. Hout, na! it canna be our commander Monsieur de Champignon, running about in the dark like a worricow!—Preserve us a'! it's the vara mon—weel I wot, sir, I'm right sorry to find you in sic a pickle—but wha thought to meet with you playing at blind Harry on deck?

Champ. [*rising.*] Ventre saingris! my whole brain be derangee!—traitre! you be in de complot.

Macl. Traiter, me nae traiter! Mester Champignon, or gude faith! you and I man ha' our kail through the reek.

Champ. Were be de prisoniers? tell a me dat—ha!—mort de ma vie! de Englis vaisseau!—de prise! de prisoniers!—sacrebleu! ma gloire! mes richesses! rendez moi les prisoniers—you be de enseigne, you be de officier.

Macl. Troth, I ken fool weel I'm an officer—I wuss

sootemh er people, who haud their heeds unco high, ken'd the respact due to an officer, we should na be fash'd with a' this din.

Champ. Tell a me au moment, were be Monsieur Artlie? were be de prisoniers? wat you beat my brains wid your sottises?

Macl. Nay, sin ye treat me with sa little ceremony, I man tell you, Mester Heartly was na committed to my charge, and sae ye may gang and leuk after him; and as for prisoners, I ken of nae prisoners but your ain valet, whom you ordered to be put in irons this morning for supping part of your bouillon, and if the poor fallow had na done the deed, I think he must have starved for want of victuals.

Champ. Morbleu! Monsieur Maclaimore, you distrait me wid your babil. I demand de Englis prisoniers—m'intendez vous?

Macl. Monsieur de Champignon, je vous entens bien—there was nae English prisoner here; for I man tell you, sir, that if ever you had read *Grotius de Jure Belli ac Pacis*, or *Puffendorf de Officio Hominis et Civis*, ye wad a' seen he could na be in the predicament of a *captus in bello*, or an *obses* or *vades*—for what? ye'll say—because he was na teuk *flagrante bello—ergo* he was nae prisoner of war—now what says the learned Puffendorf?

Champ. Comment! you call me Puff-and-horf? ventre bleu! you be one impertinent.

Macl. What, what!—that's a paughty word, sir—that's nae langage for a gentleman—nae mair o' that, or guid faith we'll forget where we are.

Champ. Morbleu! you ave forgot dat I be your general your chief.

Macl. By my saul, mon, that's strange news indeed. Ye my chief! you chief of the Maclaymores!

Champ. Si, moi, rustre—moi qui vous parle.

Macl. Donna rustre me, sir, or deel dam my saul, but I'll wrast your head aff your shoulders, if ye was the best Champignon in France.

[*They draw, and fight.*

SCENE II—Oclabber, Champignon, Maclaymore

Ocl. Devil fire you, my lads! what's the maining of all this disturbance?—o' my conscience! there's no such thing as resting below—a man would lie as quiet at the bottom of the sea—I've been abed these tree hours, but I could not close an eye, gra; for you waked me before I fell asleep. [*Pretending to discover Champignon.*] Arrah now, don't I dream, honey? What, is it your own self Monsieur de Champignon, going to attack my ensign? By my saoul! that's not so shivel now, aboard of your own ship. Gentlemen, I put you both under arrest in the king's name—you shall see one another locked in your cabins with your own hands; and then, if you cut one another's troats, by the blessed virgin! you shall be brought to a court-martial, and tried for your lives, agra.

Macl. [*sheathing his sword.*] Weel, weel, sir—ye're my commanding officer; *tuum est imperare*—but, he and I sall meet before mountains meet, that's a'.

Champ. [*to Ocl.*] Vat! you presume to entremettre in mes affaires d'honneur—you have the hardiesse to dispute wid me de command of dis vaisseau de guerre?—tell a me if you know my condition, ha?

Ocl. Indeed, indeed, my dear, I believe your present condition is not very savoury; but, if Ensign Maclaymore had made you shorter by the head, your condition would have been still worse; and yet, upon my conscience! I have seen a man command such a frigate as this, without any head at all.

Champ. Monsieur O-claw-bear, you mocquez de moi—you not seem to know my noblesse—dat I descend of de bonne famille—dat my progeniteurs ave bear de honourable cotte—de cotte of antiquité.

Ocl. By my saoul! when I knew you first, you bore a very old coat yourself, my dear; for it was threadbare and out at elbows.

Champ. Ah! la mauvaise plaisanterie—Daignez, my goot lieutenant O-claw-bear, to onderstand dat I ave de grands alliances—du bien—de rente—dat I ave regale des princes in my chateau.

Ocl. Och! I beg your chateau's pardon, grammachree! I have had the honour to see it on the banks of the Garonne—and by my saoul! a very venerable building it was—aye, and very well bred to boot, honey; for it stood always uncovered; and never refused entrance to any passenger, even though it were the wind and the rain, gra.

Champ. You pretendez to know my famille, ha?

Ocl. By Shaint Patrick, I know them as well as the father that bore them. Your nephew is a begging brother of the order of St Francis; Mademoiselle, your sister, espoused an eminent savatier in the county of Bearne; and your own shelf, my dear, first mounted the stage as a charlatan, then served the Count de Bardasch for your diversion, and now, by the king's

[illegible]our, you command a frigate of twelve guns, lying at [illegible]hor within the province of Normandy.

Champ. Ah quelle medisance!—que vous imaginez [illegible]n, Monsieur—but I vill represent your conduit to des [illegible]rechaux of France; and dey vil convince you dat [illegible]onsieur de Champignon is one personne of some con-[illegible]deration—un charlatan!—mardy! dat be ver plaisant. [illegible]onsieurs, serviteur—I go to give de necessaires ordres [illegible]ur rattraper de Englis chaloupe—jusque au revoir—[illegible]harlatan!—savatier!—Morte de ma vie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III—Oclabber, Maclaymore

Ocl. Faith and troth, my dear, you'll see the chaloupe [illegible]r enough out of sight by this time.

Macl. By my saul! captain, ye sent him awa' with a [illegible]ee in his bonnet. He'll no care to wrestle anither fa' with you in a hurry—he had the wrang sow by the lug.

Ocl. If he will be after playing at rubbers, he must expect to meet with bowls—pooh! I main, he must look to meet with bowls, if he will be playing at rubbers —arra man deaul! that's not the thing neither; but you know my maining, as the saying is.

Macl. Hoot aye—I'se warrant I ken how to gar your bools row right—and troth I canna help thinking but I played my part pretty weel for a beginner.

Ocl. For a beginner! Devil fetch me, but you played like a man that jokes in earnest. But your joke was like to cut too keen, honey, when I came to part you; and yet I came as soon as you tipped me the wink with your finger.

Macl. Let that flie stick i' the wa'—when the dirt's dry it will rub out. But now we man tak care of the

poor waff lassy that's left under our protection, and defend her from the maggots of this daft Frenchman.

Od. I will be after confining him to his cabin, if he offers to touch a hair of her beard, agra.

Mac. It's now break of day—donna you see the bonny grey-eyed morn blinking o'er yon mossy craig? We'll e'en gang down and tak a tasse of whisky together, and then see what's to be done for Miss Harriet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—Harriet, Brush

Har. O Lord! I'm in such a flutter—What was the meaning of all that noise?—Brush, are you sure your master is out of all danger of being retaken?

Brush. Yes, yes, Madam, safe enough for this bout. The two land officers performed their parts to a miracle. My master and our people slipped into the boat, without being disturbed by the sentries, who were tutored for the purpose; and they were almost out of sight, before Champignon was alarmed by a starved Frenchman, whose hunger kept him awake. But now they have doubled the point of land, and in four hours or so will be in sight of sweet Old England. I'm sure I sent many a wishful look after them.

Har. What! you are sorry then for having staid behind with me?

Brush. O! by no manner of means, Ma'am—to be sure you did me an infinite deal of honour, Ma'am, in desiring that I might be left, when you spoke to my master thro' the barricado; but yet, Ma'am, I have such a regard for Mr Heartly, Ma'am, that I should be glad to share all his dangers, Ma'am—tho', after all is done and said, I don't think it was very kind in him to

leave his mistress and faithful servant in such a dilemma.

Har. Nay, don't accuse your master unjustly. You know how unwillingly he complied with my request. We could not guess what villanous steps this fellow, Champignon, might have taken to conceal his rapine, which Mr Heartly will now have an opportunity to represent in its true colours.

Brush. Well—Heaven grant him success, and that speedily. For my own part, I have been so long used to his company, that I grow quite chicken-hearted in his absence. If I had broke my leg two days ago, I should not have been in this quandary. God forgive the man that first contrived parties of pleasure on the water.

Har. Hang fear, Brush, and pluck up your courage. I have some small skill in physiognomy, and can assure you it is not your fate to die by water—Ha! I see the captain coming this way—I must bear the brunt of another storm.

Brush. Odso! I'll run down to Lieutenant Oclabber, and his ensign, and give them notice, in case there should be occasion to interpose. [*Exit Brush.*

SCENE V—Champignon, Harriet

Champ. Madame, you pardon my presomption dat I pay my devoirs in dishabille—bot it be all for your service. Monsieur your amant ave decampé sans façon. I take de alarm, and make all my efforts to procure you de plaisir of seeing him again—Ah! he be de gallant homme to abandon his maitresse!

Har. Is there no possibility of bringing him back?

Champ. By gar! it be tout a fait impossible. He steal

comme one thief into de chaloupe, and vanish in de obscurité!

Har. I'm heartily glad to hear it!

Champ. For wat you be glad, my princess, ha?

Har. That he's no longer in your power.

Champ. Bon!—juste ciel!—how you make me happy to see you glad, Madame! la, la, la, ra, ra—Ventre bleu! he be one fugitif—if we rencontre again, revanche! revanche! la, la, la, ra, ra. Permettez donc, madame, dat I ave de honeur to languisse before your feet—ave pitie of me—take my sword—plongez dans my bosom. Ah! larron! perfide! la, la, ra, ra.

[*He sings, kneels, and dances by turns.*

Monsieur Artlie is not in my power—bon—but, by gar, madame, you know who is, hah!

Har. As for me, my sex protects me. I am here, indeed, a prisoner, and alone; but you will not, you dare not treat me with indignity.

Champ. Dare not!—Bravo!—Show to me de man vil say I dare not—ça, ha, ha! [*Capers about.*

Har. You're in such a dancing humour, 'tis pity you should want musick. Shall I sing you a song?

Champ. Ah cruelle! you gouverne wid souverain empire over my art—you rouse me into one storm—you sing me into one calm.

SONG

Let the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain,
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown,
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierced to the heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;

Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe,
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers, will flow.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But, when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

SCENE VI—Champignon, Harriet, Brush

Brush. News! news! there's an English man-of-war's boat along-side, with a flag of truce.

Champ. Comment!—madame, you ave de bonté to retire to your cabane—I go dress myself, and give de audience. [*Exit Champignon.*

SCENE VII—Harriet, Brush

Har. O Brush! Brush! how my little heart palpitates with fear and suspense! What does the arrival of this boat portend?

Brush. Our deliverance from the hands of the Philistines, I hope. It could not arrive at a more seasonable juncture; for my spirits are quite flagged—not that I am so much concerned on my own account, ma'am—but I can't be insensible to your danger, ma'am. I should be an ungrateful wretch, if I did not feel for one that is so dear to Mr Heartly, ma'am.

Har. Really, Mr Brush, you seem to have improved mightily in politeness, since you lived among these French gentlemen.

Brush. Lived, Ma'am—I have been dying hourly since I came abroad; and that politeness which you are pleased to mention, Ma'am, is nothing but sneaking fear and hen-heartedness, which I believe, God forgive me, is the true source of all French politeness; a kind of

poverty of spirit, or want of sincerity. I should be very proud to be drubbed in England for my insolence and ill-breeding.

Har. Well, I hope you'll soon be drubbed to your heart's content. When we revisit our own country, you shall have all my interest towards the accomplishment of your wish. Meanwhile, do me the favour to make further inquiry about this same flag of truce, and bring an account of what shall pass, to my cabin, where I shall wait for you with the utmost impatience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII—Block, *and another Seaman*

Block. Smite my limbs, Sam, if the lieftenant do clap her aboard, here is no plunder; nothing but rags and vermin, as the saying is. We shall share nothing but the guns and the head-money, if you call those heads that have no bodies belonging to 'un.—Mind that there scarecrow—see how his cloth hangs in the wind—Adzooks! the fellow has got no stowage; he's all upper-work and head-sail. I'll be d—ned if the first hard squall don't blow him into the air like the peeling of an onion.

To him, Brush

Heh?—how!—no sure!—Yes faith but it is—Odso! cousin Block, who thought to meet with you among the French?

Block. What cheer, ho? How does mother Margery? Meet me among the French! Agad! I'd never desire better pastime, than to be among 'em with a good cutlash in my hand, and a brace of pistols in my girdle. Why, look you, brother, hearing as how you and your

[illegible]press were windbound, we are come along-side to [illegible]r you into the offing.

Brush. The Lord reward you, cousin. But what if [illegible]n d—ned Frenchman should refuse to part with us?

Block. Why then Lieftenant Lyon is a cruising to [illegible]ward of that there head-land; he'll be along-side in [illegible]f a glass, full under your stern, clap his helm a star-[illegible]rd, rake you fore and aft, and send the Frenchman [illegible]d every soul on board to the devil, in the turning of an [illegible]ndspike.

Brush. The devil he will! But, cousin, what must become of me, then?

Block. Thereafter as it may be—You must take your [illegible]ng, I do suppose. We sailors never mind those things. Every shot has its commission, d'ye see—we must all [illegible]e one time, as the saying is—if you go down now, it may save your going aloft another time, brother.

Brush. O! curse your comfort.

Block. Hark ye, brother, this is a cold morning—have you picked up never a runlet along shore—What d'ye say to a slug?

Brush. Slug!—O, I understand you.

[*Fetches a keg of brandy, which Block sets to his head.*

Block. Right Nantz, strike my topsails!—Odds heart! this is the only thing in France that agrees with an Englishman's constitution. Let us drink out their brandy, and then knock out their brains. This is the way to demolish the spirit of the French. An Englishman will fight at a minute's warning, brother; but a Frenchman's heart must be buoyed up with brandy. No more keg, no more courage.

Brush. T'other pull, cousin.

Block. Avast, avast—no more canvass than we can carry—we know the trim of our own vessel. Smite my cross-trees! we begin to yaw already—Hiccup.

Brush. Odso! our commander is coming upon deck to give audience to your midshipman.

Block. Steady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX—Champignon, Oclabber, Maclaymore, Brush, Tom Haulyard, *an English Midshipman*

Champ. Eh bien, Monsieur, qui souhaite-il?

Haul. Anan, Monseer sweat he!—Agad! I believe, if we come along side of you, we'll make you all sweat.

Macl. That's mair than ye can tell, my lad. Ye may gar me sweat with fetching; but it's no in your breeks to gar me sweat with fear.

Ocl. You may sweat me after I'm dead, honey; but, by the blessed virgin! you shall not sweat me alive; and so you may be after delivering your message, gra.

Haul. If it wa'n't for such as you that show your own country the fore top-sail, wold our enemy's cable, and man their quarters, they would never ride out the gale, or dare to show their colours at sea; but, howsomever, we'll leave that bowling i' the block, as the saying is. If so be as how that there Frenchman is commander of this here vessel, I have orders from my officer to demand an English young woman, with all her baggage and thingumbobs, that he took yesterday out of a pleasure-boat, belonging to one Mr Heartly, of Dorsetshire, who slipped the painter this morning.

Champ. Mardy! de commission be very peremptoire!—ecoute mon ami, vat you call monsieur your commandant?

Haul. I don't take in your palaver, not I; and mayhap you don't know my lingo; but, egad! we'll soon make you understand plain English.

Ocl. Monsieur Champignon wants to know who is your commanding officer, honey.

Haul. Who should it be, but Lieftenant Lyon, of the Triton man-of-war, of sixty guns! as bold a heart as every crack'd biscuit.

Champ. Bon!—suppose dat I refuse de command of Monsieur Lionne?

Haul. Suppose!—if you do, he'll run you along side, yard-arm and yard-arm, and blow you out of the water; that's all.

Champ. By gar! he vil find himself mistaken; here is not vater for one sixty-gun ship [*aside.*] Heark you me, monsieur, vat is your name—tell Monsieur Lioni, dat I am called Michel Sanson Goluat de Champignon, Marquis de Vermisseau; dat I ave de honeur to serve de king; dat fear be one bagatelle of which I ave de mepris; dat I regard you ambassade as de galimatias; dat my courage suffice to attack one whole Englis escadre; and dat if Monsieur Lionne be disposed to rendre moi un visite, I shall ave de glorie to chastise his presomption; so I permitte you go your way.

Macl. Dissentio.—Bide you, Billy—there's nae clerk here, I trow. Weel, Lieutenant Oclabber, I tak instruments in your haund against the proceedings of Captain Champignon, wha has incarcerate the English leddy, contrair to the law of nature and nations. Now, cocky, ye may gang about your business; when ye come back, I'se tauk with you in another stile.

Ocl. For my own part, honey, I shall be after show-

ing you some diversion in the way of my duty; but I take you to witness that I have no hand in detaining the lady, wo is plaised to favour us with her company against her own consent, gra.

Haul. Mayhap you may trust to your shoal-water—if you do, you're taken all aback, brother; for Lieftenant Lyon commands a tender of twelve guns, and fifty stout hands, that draws less than this here frigate by the streak—and—heh!—agad! yonder she comes round the point, with a flowing sail. B'w'ye, Monseer Champignon! all hands to quarters; up with your white rag; I doubt, my officer and I will taste some of your soup-meagre by that time you pipe to dinner. [*Exit.*

SCENE X—Champignon, Oclabber, Maclaymore, Brush

Champ. Mort de ma vie! je ne vous attendois par sitot, a quelle cote faut-il que je me tourne? sacrebleu! [*Aside.*

Messieurs, I demand your counseil; you protest against my conduite; if you tink me ave done de injustice, you will find me tout a fait raisonable; we render mademoiselle to de Englis; for I judge it bien mal-a-propos to engage de enemi, vere de spirit of contradiction reign among ourselves.

Ocl. Faith and troth! my dear, the contradiction is all over; you have nothing to do but to station your men; and as for Mr Maclaymore and my own shelf, the English cannon may make our legs and arms play at loggerhead in the air, honey, but we'll stand by you for the glory of France, in spite of the devil and all his works, gra.

Macl. Never fash your noddle about me; conscience! I'se no be the first to cry barley.

Ocl. Ensign Maclaymore, I order you to go and take possession of the forecastle with your division, honey. I wish they may stand fire till you're all knock'd o' the head, gra; but I'm afraid they're no better than dung-hills; for they were raised from the canaille of Paris. And now I'll go and put the young lady below water, where she may laugh in her own sleeve, gra; for if the ship should be blown up in the engagement, she is no more than a passenger, you know; and then she'll be released without ransom.

Brush. God bless you, Captain Oclabber, for your generosity to my poor lady. I was ordered by my master to give her close attendance; and though I have a great curiosity to see the battle, Miss Harriet must by no means be left alone.

[*Exeunt Oclabber, Maclaymore, and Brush.*

SCENE XI

Champ. Ventre saingris! que ferai-je! Je me sens tout embrouillé—ces autre Anglois sont si precipitées! que diable les etouffe. Allons! Aux armes! matelots—mes enfans! chardon—chison—ortie—fumiere—l'hibou—la faim—allons—vite, vite—aux armes! [*A crew of tatterdemallions running up and down the deck in confusion—the noise of cannon and musketry.*

A mon bon Dieu! ayez pitie de moi encore—qu'on m'apporte de l'eau de vie. Ah miserable pecheur!—je suis mort!—je suis enterré!—ah! voila assez mes enfans—cessez—desistez—il faut amener—Monsieur O-claw-bear—Lieutenant O-claw-bear!

SCENE XII

Ocl. Holloa! [*Behind the scenes.*

Champ. Laissez—laissez—leave off your fire—le ennemi be too strong—we ave abaissee le drapeau—I command you leave off.

Ocl. Leave off!—arrah, for what?

Champ. De ennemi vil accord no quartier.

Ocl. Devil burn your quarter!—what signifies quarter when we're all kill'd? The men are lying along the deck like so many paise; and there is such an abominable stench, gra—by my saoul! I believe they were all rotten before they died.

[*Coming upon the stage.*] Arrah, mon deaul! I believe the English have made a compact with the devil, to do such execution; for my ensign has lost all his men, too, but the piper, and they two have cleared the forecastle, sword in hand.

Brush. [*in great trepidation.*] O Lord! Mr Oclabber, your ensign is playing the devil—hacking and hewing about him like a fury; for the love of God interpose; my master is come aboard, and if they should meet, there will be murder!

Ocl. By my saoul! I know he has a regard for Mr Heartly, and if he kills him, it will be in the way of friendship, honey; howsoemever, if there's any mischief done, I'll go and prevent it. [*Exit Oclabber.*

SCENE XIII—Champignon, *Lieutenant* Lyon, Heartly, Haulyard, Brush, Block, *and English sailors*

Champ. [*throwing himself on his knees and presenting his sword.*] Ah! misericorde, Monsieur Artlie, quartier—quartier, pour l'amour de Dieu!

Heartly. I have no time to mind such trifles—where is Harriet!

Brush. I'll show you the way to the poor solitary one—master, this is a happy day!

[*Exeunt Heartly and Brush.*

SCENE XIV—Oclabber, Maclaymore, *Lieutenant* Lyon, Haulyard, Champignon, etc

Ocl. [*delivering his sword.*] Gentlemen, yours is the game of the day. You ought to be kind to us, for we have given you very little trouble. Our commander there is a very shivil person, gra; he don't turst after the blood of his enemy. As for the soldiers, I shall say nothing; but upon my saoul! now they're the nimblest set men I ever saw in the days of my life! about two minutes agone they were lying like so many slaughtered sheep, and now they are all scampered off about their business.

Macl. As I sall answer, its a black burning shame! and I hope the king will order them to be decimated, that is, every tenth man to be hanged *in terrorem.*

Ocl. By my shalvation! if the king will take my advice, every single man of them shall be decimated.

SCENE THE LAST—*To them* Heartly, *leading in* Harriet

Heartly. [*embracing Ocl. and Macl.*] Gentlemen, I'm heartily glad of having an opportunity to return, in some measure, the civilities you have shown to this young lady. Mr Lyon, I beg you'll order their swords to be restored; they were in no shape accessary to our elevances.

Ocl. [*receiving his sword.*] Mr Lyon, you're extraimely polite; and I hope I shall never die till I have an opportunity to return the compliment. Madam, I wish you joy of our misfortune, with all my saoul.

Lyon. I a'n't used to make speeches, madam, but I'm very glad it was in my power to serve such a fine lady, especially as my old schoolfellow Heartly is so much concerned in your deliverance. As for this fair-weather spark, Monsieur de Champignon, if he can't show a commission authorizing him to make depredations on the English, I shall order him to be hoisted up to the yard's arm by the neck, as a pyrate; but if he can produce his orders, he shall be treated as a prisoner of war, though not before he has restored what he pilfered from you and Mr Heartly.

Har. At that rate, I'm afraid I shall lose an admirer. You see, Monsieur de Champignon, the old proverb fulfilled; "Hanging and marriage go by destiny;" yet, I should be very sorry to occasion even the death of a sinner.

Champ. Madame, I implore your pitie and clemence; Monsieur Artlie, I am one pauvre miserable, not worth your revanche.

[*Enter* Block *drunk, with a portmanteau on his shoulder.*

Block. Thus and no near—bear a hand, my hearts—

[*Lays it down, opens it, takes out and puts on a tawdry suit of Champignon's cloaths.*

By your leave, Tinsey—odds heart! these braces are so taught, I must keep my yards square, as the saying is.

Lyon. Ahey! what the devil have we got here? how now, Block?

Block. All's fair plunder between decks—we ha'n't broke bulk, I'll assure you—stand clear—I'll soon overhaul the rest of the cargo.

[*Pulls out a long leather queue with red ribbons.*

What's here? the tiller of a monkey!—s'blood, the fellow has no more brains than a noddy, to leave the red ropes hanging over his stern, whereby the enemy may board him on the poop.

[*The next thing that appears, is a very coarse canvass shirt, with very fine laced ruffles.*

This here is the right trim of a Frenchman—all gingerbread work, flourish and compliment aloft, and all rags and rottenness alow.

[*Draws out a plume of feathers.*

Adzooks! this is Mounseer's vane, that, like his fancy, veers with every puff to all the points of the compass—mark'ee, Sam—the nob must needs be damnably light that's rigged with such a deal of feather. The French are so well fledged, no wonder they're so ready to fly.

[*Finds a pocket glass, a paper of rouge and Spanish wool, with which he daubs his face.*

Swing the swivel-eyed son of a whore! he fights under false colours, like a pirate—here's a lubberly dog; he dares not show his own face to the weather.

Champ. Ah! Monsieur de Belokke, ave compassion—

Block. Don't be afraid, Frenchman—you see I have hoisted your jacket, thof I struck your ensign—we Englishmen never cut throats in cold blood. The best way of beating the French is to spare all their Shampinions—odd's heart! I would all their commanders were of your trim, brother; we'd soon have the French navy at Spithead.

Lyon. But, in the mean time, I shall have you to the gangway, you drunken swab.

Block. Swab! I did swab the forecastle clear of the enemy, that I must confess.

Lyon. None of your jaw, you lubber.

Block. Lubber!—man and boy, twenty years in the service—lubber!—Ben Block was the man that taught thee, Tom Lyon, to hand, reef, and steer—so much for the service of Old England; but, go thy ways, Ben, thy timbers are crazy, thy planks are started, and thy bottom is foul. I have seen the day when thou wouldst have shown thy colours with the best o'un.

Lyon. Peace, porpus.

Block. I am a porpus; for I spout salt water, d'ye see. I'll be d—ned if grief and sorrow ha'n't set my eye-pumps a-going.

Har. Come, Mr Block, I must make you friends with Lieutenant Lyon. As he has been your pupil, he must be an able navigator; and this is no time for our able seamen to fall out among themselves.

Block. Why, look ye here, mistress, I must confess, how, he's as brisk a seaman as ever greased a marlin-spike—I'll turn'un adrift with e'er a he that reefed a foresail—A will fetch up his leeway with a wet sail, as the saying is—and as for my own part, d'ye see, I have stood by him with my blood—and my heart—and my liver, in all weathers—blow high—blow low.

Har. Well, I hope you'll live to see and sail with him as an admiral.

Block. I doubt a must be hove down first, keel out of the water, mistress, and be well scrubbed, d'ye see, then a may to sea when a wool, and hoist the Union

flag.—Stand clear John Frenchman—"The Royal Sovereign of England will ride triumphant over the waves," as the song goes.

Lyon. And now for you, Monsieur Champignon.

Champ. Monsieur Lionne, I ave not altogether contradicted, but, perhaps, a littel exceeded my ordres, which were to take one English chaloupe for intelligence.

Heartly. Well, I'm persuaded Mr Lyon will not be very severe in his scrutiny; and, to show that we Englishmen can forgive injuries, and fight without malice, give me your hand—I can't part with my mistress; but in other respects I am Monsieur de Champignon's humble servant.

Lyon. I was once taken by the French, who used me nobly. I'm a witness of their valour, and an instance of their politeness; but there are Champignons in every service. While France uses us like friends, we will return her civilities. When she breaks her treaties, and grows insolent, we will drub her over to her good behaviour—Jack Haulyard, you have got a song to the purpose, that won't, I believe, be disagreeable to the company.

SONG

Behold! my brave Britons, the fair springing gale,
Fill a bumper and toss off your glasses:
Buss and part with your frolicsome lasses;
Then aboard and unfurl the wide flowing sail.

CHORUS

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

THE REPRISAL

Our canvass and cares to the winds we display,
Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;
And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.

CHORUS

While British oak, etc.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!
We must mind other music than catches;
Mann our quarters, and handle our matches
Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

CHORUS

While British oak, etc.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
So victory follows with riches and fame.

CHORUS

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

THE REPRISAL

EPILOGUE

Aye—now I can with pleasure look around,
Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English ground—
In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger and dismay;
Expos'd to fire and water, sword, and bullet—
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet—
I dread to think what might have come to pass,
Had not the British Lyon quell'd the Gallic ass—
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent:
As nun or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, so confident and eager,
Had prov'd a mess of delicate soup—maigre;
To bootless longings I had fall'n a martyr:
But, heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a tartar.
  Yet soft—our author's fate you must decree:
Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.
Ye wits above restrain your awful thunder:
In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder,
[*To the gal.*
Safe from your shot he fears no other foe,
Nor gulph, but that which horrid yawns below. [*To the pit.*
The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,

THE REPRISAL

Have here been tam'd with—pippin and potatoe.
Our bard embarks in a more christian cause;
He craves not mercy; but he claims applause.
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him, is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform,
[*Looking round the house.*
And hollow groans portend the approaching storm:
Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,
[*To the gal.*
And these rough billows hiss, and boil, and bubble,
He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.
[*To the pit.*

A Faithful

NARRATIVE

of the

Base and Inhuman Arts

that were lately practised upon the

BRAIN

of

IABBAKKUK HILDING,

Justice, Dealer, and Chapman,

Who now lies at his House in *Covent-Garden*, in a deplorable State of Lunacy; a dreadful monument of *false Friendship* and *Delusion*.

BY DRAWCANSIR ALEXANDER,

Fencing-Master and *Philomath*.

—— *tribus anticyris caput insanabile.*

I wage not war with *Bedlam* and the *Mint*.

London:

Printed for J. SHARP, near Temple-Bar.

MDCCLII.

(Price Six Pence.)

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE "great first cause" of this displeasing production was Smollett's tragedy, *The Regicide*. In my Introduction *passim* I have shown the hopes he based upon that feeble and hapless piece, the store he set by it, the frenzy of wrath and resentment engendered in him by its failure: even as I have shown the arrogance with which he considered his own performances in art, and the angry fatuity in which he was wont to regard the performances of others. Now, in art his sole rival was Henry Fielding; and inasmuch as Fielding was, further, the friend of Lyttelton and Garrick, to whose united effort the damnation of *The Regicide* was (so Smollett held) beyond question due, it was clearly necessary that he should be made to know his place. Accordingly, in the First Edition of *Peregrine Pickle* (1751), Smollett, who seems to have clung to the fond belief that the Partridge of *Tom Jones* (1749) was certainly cribbed from the Strap of *Roderick Random* (1748), went out of his way to insult his rival in the terms set forth in my Introduction (pp. xx., xxi., and Notes). The passage was "expunged" in the Second Edition (1751); but in the meantime Fielding had published *Amelia* (December, 1751), had started *The Covent Garden Journal*, and in the second number of that print (7th January, 1752), writing as Sir Alexander Drawcansir, generalissimo of the forces of

PREFATORY NOTE

Literature arrayed against the army of Grub Street, had fallen foul of Smollett. His artifice is simple, his satire, if you consider the provocation, not extravagantly unkind. In his first number (4th January, 1752) Sir Alexander relates the causes of the war, enumerates his forces, describes the enemy, and reviews his battle. In the second, as aforesaid, he sets forth some early incidents of his campaign. Here are his opening paragraphs, in the second of which is the very matter of his offence :—

> Having taken all precautions, and given all the necessary orders, on the 4th instant, at break of day, we marched into Covent Garden, and fixed our headquarters at the Universal Register Office opposite unto Cecil Street in the Strand.
>
> A little before our march, however, we sent a large body of forces, under the command of General A. Millar, to take possession of the most eminent printing houses. The greater part of these were garrisoned by detachments from the regiment of Grub Street, who all retired at the approach of our forces. A small body, indeed, under the command of one Peeragrin Puckle, made a slight show of resistance; but his hopes were soon found to be in Vain; and, at the first report of the approach of a younger brother of General Thomas Jones, his whole body immediately disappeared, and totally overthrew some of their own friends, who were marching to their assistance, under the command of one Rodorick Random. This Rodorick, in a former skirmish with the people called critics, had owed some slight success more to the weakness of the critics, than to any merit of his own.

The rest does not concern us. Fielding, apparently, grew tired of his jest, and *The Covent Garden Journal* for the 14th January contained the last of it. There were, in any case, no further references to Smollett. But those that had been were enough, and this *Faithful Narrative* was the instant result. It is reminiscent, of course, of another *Narrative*—that of "Dr. Robert Norris"—*Concerning the Frenzy of Mr. John Dennis* and

of the same great writer's lampoon on Edmund Curle: at the same time that it retorts in terms of caricature upon the piece that called it into being. But, like everything that Smollett did, 'tis done with a certain spirit; and one is genuinely sorry for his sake that this is all he saw in the greatest artist of his time.

Scott, in the "Fielding" included in his *Lives of the Novelists*, would have you believe that Fielding began the quarrel, and that he did so in *The Covent Garden Journal*, and his statement of the case is repeated by Mr. Leslie Stephen, in the excellent *Fielding* contributed by him to *The Dictionary of National Biography*. Both writers, however, overlook the fact that the first offender was Smollett, and that the original offence was contained in—not *The Covent Garden Journal* of 1752, but —the First Edition of *Peregrine Pickle*, which was issued not so late in 1751 but that there was time for a Second, revised and expurgated, in the same year. It remains to add that, thanks to Lyttelton's interest with the Duke of Bedford, Fielding was made a justice of the peace for Westminster in the December of 1748; that in the May of '49 he was "unanimously chosen chairman of quarter sessions"; and that he had distinguished himself by the vigilance and activity of his practice, and by the soundness and intelligence of his theory of magistracy: so that on this as on the other score Smollett's fury was not less misplaced than ill-timed.[1]

W. E. H.

[1] For my quotation from *The Covent Garden Journal*, which does not seem to have been used before, I am indebted to Mr. Austin Dobson, that pious and unresting champion of Fielding: who is so fortunate as to possess a volume of the *Journal*, not always to be found at the British Museum.

A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE, ETC.

Sorry am I—yea very grievous it is unto me, that the unchristian treatment I have lately undergone, compelleth me to complain of that malevolence which meseemeth hath soured the milk of human kindness, and engendered rancour and envy in the room of peace and brotherly affection.

An office of humanity in which I was lately concerned, hath been so cruelly, not to call it heathenishly misrepresented to my prejudice, that I were more insensible than the beasts that perish, could I sit tamely under the spout of slander, without seeking to justify the uprightness of my intention in the face of God and man. It having been industriously whispered about, that I was aiding and abetting in a confederacy against the peace and conscience of my neighbour Habbakkuk Hilding, Justice, Chapman and Dealer, whereby the brain of the said Hilding was miserably distempered, so as to render him incapable of carrying on his trade, or providing for his wife and numerous family; I, in justice to my own character, as well as to the intent that those persons who were guilty of this base and enormous crime, may be properly stigmatized and punished for their barbarity —I say, being moved by these considerations, I will now, with the utmost sincerity and regard to truth, narrate

the particulars of this heinous transaction, that the public may see whether I have not acted as became an honest man, a good neighbour, and zealous Christian.

First, then, it will be necessary to premise that I have for some time past lived on the foot of friendly intercourse with the above mentioned Hilding, being thereunto moved by the report of divers substantial and creditable housekeepers in the neighbourhood, who assured me that he had quitted all the vicious and abandoned courses of his former life, and now behaved in every respect like a sober subject and vigilant magistrate; and although, during the term of our acquaintance, I have known him break out into sundry irregularities both in life and conversation, I cannot help owning that he was, upon the whole, more calm and moderate than one could well expect of a person so long accustomed to riot, outrage, and all manner of profligacy. His latter excesses I charitably imputed to a small residue of the old leaven working with the infirmities of old age; and with regard to some temporary paroxysms of delirium to which he was subject, I was given to understand that they proceeded from a disordered imagination, originally produced by some unlucky overthrows he had sustained in the warfare of an author.

It was to this cause I ascribed divers extravagancies which I of late observed in his private deportment; such as mixing tobacco with his beer, and insisting upon our pledging him in that unpalatable composition; swearing with horrid imprecations that, if we refused to do him justice, we should be forthwith committed to Bridewell. He was also seized with the unaccountable whim of smoking his pipe at his posterior chimney, of leaking in

his favourite constable's hat, and one night at the club, where he always used to fabricate our punch, instead of sugar he dissolved a large quantity of purging salts. When we complained of the sophistication he swore that what he had done was for the preservation of health, on the authority of one Dr Thumpscull, whom he represented as the greatest physician upon earth, who had at length discovered the universal catholicon, which was no other than Acton water impregnated with these salts. Sometimes he would sink into a state of profound musing, during which he would neither reply to our interrogations nor drink off his glass, which formerly he never used to neglect; but shift his chew from one cheek to another, and twist his mouth into various contortions without intermission; then he would, all of a sudden, snap his fingers, pronounce some incoherent curse, and tilting himself upon one hip, emit a very audible explosion—which indeed every member had the privilege of doing, in as much as the club is styled the "Free and Easy."

"Assuredly," said I to myself, "these symptoms indicate a total subversion of intellect; for they have continued for several days successively, whereas his former fits seldom lasted longer than a few hours. I must observe his conduct more narrowly, before I venture to declare myself, lest I should incur the penalty of the law for defamation; and so soon as I shall be convinced that he is in reality *non compos*, perform the duties of my own conscience, in warning the rest of his friends and relations, so as that he may be properly restrained from doing mischief." Actuated by these Christian considerations, and none other, I redoubled

my visits to his house, and in one of these, seeing two persons enter, with very important countenances, I retired to another apartment on the supposition that they were come upon business; and when they withdrew, returned to the room they had left, where I found Mr Hilding foaming at the mouth, with a very particular wildness in his looks, and other marks of extreme agitation, which was the more remarkable as he had been perfectly sober and sedate when I quitted the room.

I could not help suspecting that this violent emotion was the effect of what had happened between him and those strangers; and even began to be apprehensive that they had been tampering with him on the score of religion, according to the practice of some Roman Catholic priests, who lie in wait for those symptoms of a decayed understanding, in order to make converts to their damnable communion; for my poor neighbour raved exceedingly about St Paul and the Apocalypse, and with many oaths pronounced the reproachful terms of rogue, rascal, hypocrite, goose, etc., which I suppose were bestowed upon the said visitants. He who seemed to be the principal figure was a long, lean, lank, misshapen spectre, with an awkward, shambling, goose-like gait, a neck of prodigious extension, and a most simple physiognomy, which at that time I really took to be the result of consummate dissimulation. In a word, I dreaded some Jesuitical conspiracy, and resolved to watch them more narrowly in their future visitations.

I accordingly hinted my suspicions to Mrs Hilding, who thanked me for my kind concern, and actually gave me notice the very next day that the same persons were

turned. I then, for my own justification, engaged two of my neighbours to accompany and assist me in this charitable work, and repairing to my friend Habbakkuk's house, we were privately introduced into an apartment where we could overhear the conversation that passed between him and his guests. The first voice we heard was that of his Worship, who in a very vehement tone spoke to the following purpose: "Blood and thunder! Sir Harding, don't tell me of your favours; I am sure I have purchased them at a damned dear price. Z——! I have been hooted at, beat and battered, lost my senses, my teeth, and reputation in your service; and the Devil confound me if I have the least inclination to re-embark in these years in such a desperate quarrel." The other having solemnly rebuked him for his profane swearing, as a practice altogether indecent and of evil example in a magistrate, desired him to recollect what he owed, in point of gratitude, to the man who had rescued him from the contempt of the world, and the horrors of indigence, from which all his talents could not defend him. "Have not I," said the remonstrant, "relieved you in your necessities, been the bawd to your performances, and in despite of all decorum erected you into a judge over your fellows; and now that I am insulted in public, do you refuse to stand forth in my behalf?" Habbakkuk, irritated by these upbraidings, replied in a furious accent, "Damme, sir, you must give me leave to act the remembrancer in my turn. Pray, am not I the person who, in defiance of his own conscience, hath been an humble and assiduous minister to your vanity and self-conceit? Have I not been your bully in private conversations, representing you as a mighty orator,

profound statesman, immense scholar, critic, and wit? Have I not even prostituted my own judgment and character so far as to celebrate you for these talents in the works I have published? Have not I played the part of your Zany or Jack-pudding in weekly lucubrations against the Jacobites, until the most zealous Whig was sick of my buffoonery, and totally discarded me and mine ass? I have not only buttered you, Sir Gosling, but, by G——, I have descended so low as to write panegyric upon the most contemptible of those who had scribbled in your praise; and what is my recompense for all this sacrifice? Why, truly, you have put me in a way of getting bread when I have no longer teeth to eat it. But granting, as you observe, my talents could scarce keep me from starving in my youth, when all my faculties were in perfection, what a figure should I now cut, were I to declare war against antagonists who are allowed to have health, strength, and dexterity on their side? Have you forgot what a scurvy Champion I proved in the character of Hercules Vinegar, when I was detected in playing Booty and hissed off the stage? Don't you still perceive in my countenance marks of repeated damnation? And will you persist in desiring me to expose myself to fresh dangers and disgrace by assuming the title of Censor of Great Britain, to which I have just as good a claim as the under-turnkey of Bridewell has to the government of Gibraltar? 'Sdeath! Sir Gosling, it but ill becomes me to attack those who really are the inhabitants of Grub Street!—Me, who at many different periods of my life have had no habitation at all; who was indeed literally the inhabitant of the first street that presented me with a dry bulk, or

convenient penthouse for the night's lodging; who would have rejoiced at being admitted into any garret in Grub Street or cellar in Thieving Lane, where I could have enjoyed the benefits of a clean straw couch, and a cover over my head; who have been fain to hire myself as author to a puppet-show man; and even to blow the trumpet in quality of herald to a collection of wild beasts at Bartholomew fair, rather than persevere in suffering the incredible fatigue, continual apprehension, and unnumbered drubbings annexed to the employment of a bawdy-house bully, which I exercised for the space of two whole years. Hath not the horse-laugh of the public been turned against me, by almost every person whom I have attempted to ridicule?—witness that facetious rascal who even disputed my existence, and actually proved me defunct, while his customers were treated with tea at my expense. With what face then can I take the field against antagonists whom you in your conscience know and have often owned to be soldiers of courage and proof, and who knew perfectly well how to manage those batteries of ridicule against me? Answer me that, Sir Gosling!"

I was much pleased and comforted at hearing this expostulation, which was not only sensible and discreet, but, moreover, fraught with a becoming modesty which I had never before marked in the conversation of my poor friend: for he was always observed to have that failing of low minds, which is shown by humility and fawning in the day of trouble; and by arrogance and over-weening conceit in his better fortune. But those evil counsellors were not thus to be baffled in their pernicious design.—Sir Gosling still proceeded in his incen-

tives, affirming that Habbakkuk would, in the war which he had projected, have divers considerable advantages over his adversaries, in as much as he was already rendered callous and insensible by the numberless disgraces he had undergone; consequently case-hardened against the weapons of the foe, who might perhaps sustain some accidental stroke in the course of the campaign, while he could not possibly suffer the least diminution in point of glory and importance; so happily was he placed below the level of ridicule or censure. "Let me illustrate this assertion," said he, "with the example of your friend and quondam companion Buckhorse, the shoe-cleaner and bruiser, whose character and situation bears a strong analogy with your own. Would not that indefatigable veteran, who hath been pummelled out of all the sensations, and indeed almost out of the appearance of human nature, have palpably the best of the match in engaging with an hero of superior sensibility and fame? Surely, yes; because there is something which by the chance of battle he might gain, and nothing which by being defeated he could lose. All that I require of you is to march forth in procession, like a sturdy prizefighter, who, with sword in hand and a number of patches on his skull, the marks of former prowess, challenges his rival warriors to single combat. Sound the trumpet of defiance against all those champions who are either your foes or mine; whatever talents they may have, or whatsoever may have been their success, treat them all as cowards, asses, grubs, and vermin; but let loose the chief torrent of your gall against that rascal Peregrine Pickle, who hath brought us both to ridicule and shame—if you should chance to

see him in your march, take post in the next kennel and bespatter him with dirt; that is an exercise in which I am sure he is not your equal. Should he decline the encounter, pursue him with abuse—your blind brother will join the cry, and ring the changes upon the words 'mean,' 'low,' 'stupid,' 'scandal,' and 'scurrility.'"

Here he was interrupted by the unfortunate Habbakkuk, who exclaimed in a most outrageous strain: "Death and the Devil and damnation! d'ye want to make me a laughing-stock to the lowest of the rabble? Does not all the world know that Habbakkuk Hilding was never heard of as an author until he opened an office for the sale of scurrility and personal abuse, which was known by the name of Hilding's Scandal Shop, and became as notorious as the oratory of Clare Market? Have you forgot what a stab the liberty of the press received, on account of my presumption and the insolence of certain persons? Sir Gosling, d—— my blood! we know one another!"—In this place he suffered another interruption by the knight, who, with some expressions of kind concern, took notice that Habbakkuk's countenance was changed, that his eyes seemed hollow, and one side of his mouth convulsed; and begged he would take a few drops of a salutary elixir, which he (Sir Gosling) always carried in his pocket for his own use, because he was subject to the same irregularity of spirits. I no sooner heard this offer made, than I applied one eye to a small hole in the partition, and saw the said Sir Gosling pour a quantity of that pernicious drug into a glass of water, and make a tender of it to the unhappy patient, who with much reluctance swallowed the dose, in consequence of the repeated en-

treaties and blandishments of the two strangers; and they seeing their train take effect, muttered something in a low voice, with many strange gesticulations, which I was equally astonished and afraid to behold.

In a few minutes the effect of this diabolical philtre was but too evident—the miserable patient seemed to undergo a momentary slumber, from which he started in a violent burst of laughter. Then he began to sing with great vociferation—kissed his visitants, swore they had inspired him with the spirit of Alexander; that he would fight Sir Gosling's quarrels, until he should have put all his enemies under his feet. Terrified at these sudden and amazing symptoms of frenzy and delusion, I poured forth an ejaculation to Heaven that I might be preserved from the power of such infernal sorcery, and retired without loss of time to my own house, being followed by my two friends, who as yet did not know the true source of my fears. I am not one of those incredulous people who will not believe that there are spells to take the reason prisoner; therefore I kept within doors, praying for my unhappy friend, and waiting to see the issue of those damnable arts that were practised upon him—when, lo! next morning, I had occasion to observe the power of infatuation in its full extent.

About eleven o'clock Hilding's door was beset with a strange crew of both sexes, who, I at first imagined, were assembled as usual in the characters of plaintiff and defendant; but I was soon undeceived, by venturing to go out, and taking my station among the spectators that stood at some distance from the skirts of this mob. The first person of consequence that appeared at the door was his own brother, who, as well as Habbakkuk,

the proprietor of a twelve-penny office, and commonly distinguished by the title of the blind Muster-master General of the Tag, Rag, and Bobtail. Sure I am he acted in that capacity, on this occasion, giving directions to an under-strapper to range the whole troop into different divisions, and appoint a leader to each. These dispositions being made, every individual was regaled with a large glass of Geneva, and then Habbakkuk appearing in person was saluted with three cheers, and the acclamation of "Long live the invincible Sir Alexander Drawcansir!"—I was not a little surprised to hear my unhappy neighbour dubbed with a title prefixed to an inversion of my own name—but this was doubtless the work of his instigators, who regarded me with an evil eye, because they probably knew I had cautioned him against their enormous practices.

They had by this time reduced him to a deplorable object—his whole face and upper garment were bedaubed with snuff, his mouth was crammed with tobacco, the tincture of which ran down his beard in divers yellow streams; his eyes seemed to reel, and he staggered into the street like an intoxicated tinker, exclaiming in a frantic strain: "Damn them for miscreants! I'll cut and carve and carbonado the whole race. Bring me my Bucephalus, ye slaves."—So totally was the judgment of this poor wretch perverted, that he mounted a jackass which they had prepared for the purpose, in the full persuasion that it was the identical steed of Alexander the Great. But in nothing was his frenzy more conspicuous than in his behaviour; while he rode round the ranks to review his forces, with a curtailed mopstick by way of leading staff in his hand, he

made obeisance to his blind brother, as to the author of the *Iliad*; shook hands with a constable, calling him by the name of Aristotle; imagined he saw Pindar in the person of a shoeblack, and Horace represented by a thief-taker: by the same infatuation he beheld the rest of the ancients in his army, personated by vagabonds, pick-pockets, and ballad-singers, whom his brother had enlisted into the service; and riding up to a draggle-tailed bunter, who had lost her nose in the exercise of her occupation, he addressed himself to her by the appellation of the adorable Amelia, swore by all the gods she was the pattern of all earthly beauty and perfection, and that he had exhausted his whole fancy in celebrating her name. To this compliment she answered in a snuffling tone, "Justice, you're a comical bitch; I wish you would treat me with a dram this cold morning"; and, before he could reply, he was accosted by a shabby fellow dressed in a soldier's old coat, who in a whimpering accent seconded the lady's request, giving his worship to understand that the divine Amelia had for three days tasted nothing stronger than some brown caudle of his own making. In consequence of this remonstrance, Habbakkuk presented him with an old iron tobacco-box, saying, "Well, Mr Booth, here is something you may pledge in her behalf at the next gin-shop."—He then put himself at their head, and ordered the whole cavalcade to march.

Accordingly they proceeded down Catherine Street to the Strand, in a most tumultuous manner, bellowing defiance to all who should presume to oppose them; their commander leading the van upon ass-back, and his brother bringing up the rear, under the guidance of

one who called himself Jones, and pretended to be a gentleman; though he was in reality no other than a player's bastard, and had been formerly transported under another name. His right-hand man was one Partridge, a notorious felon and impostor, and on his left stalked a strange, uncouth figure with a long beard, whom the said Jones styled the Philosopher of the Hill, but he afterwards proved to be a sheep-stealer in disguise; as for Amelia and her beloved Booth, they marched hand in hand immediately behind the general, the wife brandishing a broomstick, and the husband wielding a distaff, with a glyster-pipe fixed to his button-holes. He suffered a great many furious looks from a termagant oyster-wench called Matthews, who walked at a little distance from this fond couple, and frequently flourished her knife at them, with all the marks of jealousy and despair.

In this manner they continued their march without opposition, to the terror of his Majesty's peaceable subjects, and made a halt on the banks of the kennel that waters the new church in the Strand. Here they stopped with a view to send off detachments to different quarters of the town; when, all of a sudden, the above-mentioned Matthews seeing a decent gentlewoman crossing the streets, ran up to Habbakkuk with violent emotion, crying, "D—— my eyes! Justice, now is the time to stand by me, for there's the b—ch Miss Williams, waiting-maid to Madam Random, coming for a warrant to have me nabbed for nimming[1] her gown and capuchin." At the same instant Partridge, having descried a journeyman barber, with a remarkably long chin, passing by Somerset House, in conversation with

[1] *Nimming.* Cant word for thieving. Hence the descriptive name given by Shakespeare to Nym.

another man, roared out with uncommon symptoms of affright, "Blood! We shall all be grabbed, don't you see the dog Strap—the very cull who hath a warrant against me for snabbling his peeter [1] and queer Joseph—'tis time to shabb off, d—— my liver." With these words he betook himself to his heels, and fled with great expedition, being followed by the *pseudo* Jones and Man of the Hill, who, though they did not rightly conceive his meaning, knew themselves too well to hazard any explanation with the officers of justice. This defection produced an universal pannick among the soldiers and even officers of the second line; insomuch that a general rout ensued, and the blind chieftain was overthrown by Aristotle in his retreat.

Habbakkuk, seeing this disorder in his troops, clapped spurs to his ass and pursued the fugitives, cursing them for their cowardice and exhorting them to return; but they soon vanished, notwithstanding his remonstrances, and when he wheeled about to encourage the rest to persevere in their duty, the greatest part of them were already dispersed, and his chief friends and favourites in the custody of a constable, who at my solicitation had been detached by Justice Le Gard, to apprehend the ringleaders of such a riot against the laws of the land, and the peace of his Majesty's loyal subjects. This event, instead of calming, rather inflamed the delirium of the unfortunate Hilding, who uttered many frantic imprecations against the cowards who had betrayed him, swore, in imitation of his predecessor and name-

[1] Snabbling his peeter and queer Joseph, in the language of thieves and pick-pockets, signifies his knapsack and upper garment.
Vide *Dict. of Cant Words and Phrases.*

sake, that he would pursue his conquests in his own person, then couching his mopstick, with a strange and ridicrous distortion of feature, applied his heels to the sides of the supposed Bucephalus, with intent to charge his opponents, whom, it seems, he mistook for one Peregrine Pickle and his associates, in as much as he addressed himself to Mr Constable as to the said Pickle, exclaiming,—

"I know thee well, a blood thou art,

"Lord Pickle, so am I,"——With these words he would have assaulted the peace officer, had not myself and several of his neighbours laid hold on him, and carried him to his own house, where, by the advice of an able physician, he was immediately blooded, blistered, and purged.

But his frenzy still continues, and the doctor seems to despair of his recovery. For though by dint of the evacuations he hath undergone, the rage of his frenzy is in some measure abated, he still continues deprived of his senses, and is between whiles seized with shocking fits of horror and despair, during which he is often heard to cry, "Save me from that ruffian Pipes! bind him over; he shakes his cudgel at me—What, no evidence for love or money!—Ha! Polypheme approaches, with his Cyclopian eye! tie me under the belly of a ram. —I cry you mercy, a misnomer. Trunnion is the man—Spare me, spare me, good Commodore! I own I have wronged you, as well as your nephew Peregrine, and his cousin Random—I have robbed them both, and then raised a false report against them—But my poor conscience suffers for all—I have damned myself for the sake of that miscreant Scrag. Oh, that I could see him

scragged in good earnest!—Mercy! mercy! I will find bail—Gentlemen, I plead guilty—Don't pickle me—I shan't quit cost—I am poor carrion—Don't you perceive, I stink of mortality?" Such is the present situation of this wretched man. As for his aiders and abettors, they were forthwith committed to the House of Correction; and what is remarkable, Amelia and Booth, at the very first, performed the operation of milldolling, like persons well skilled and long experienced in that salubrious exercise.

This being a fair and impartial account of the whole transaction, I leave the world to judge whether I have been to blame in my conduct towards the said Hilding, which was purely the result of humanity and compassion; or whether the wrath of God and man will not, in all probability, pursue the infamous authors of his mishap, who, not contented with the misery they have already entailed upon him, have trumped up a false and scandalous account of certain victories which they pretend he obtained in the above narrated expedition; though they took care to consult their own safety, by keeping themselves without the reach of that tumult in which they had involved their innocent friend. But, doubtless, their design is to impose upon that vain lunatic, with feigned reports of his own prowess; that he may be incited to take the field again, and become subservient to their sordid and unchristian views of interest and revenge.

That the Father of Mercy would take pity on his deplorable condition, and deliver him, and all of us, from their perfidious arts and infernal snares, is the fervent prayer of his unfeigned wellwisher,

DRAWCANSIR ALEXANDER,

Fencing-Master and Philomath.

ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION AGAINST CARTHAGENA

IN THE WEST INDIES

BESIEGED BY THE ENGLISH IN THE YEAR 1741

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST CARTHAGENA

England having declared war against Spain in the year 1739, the government resolved to distress the enemy by attacking their possessions in the West Indies; and for that purpose, a plan was proposed by Colonel Spotswood, governor of Virginia, in consequence of which, he was empowered to raise a regiment of Americans, consisting of four battalions, to serve under his command against the Spaniards; but he dying before the scheme could be put in execution, this regiment was given to Colonel Gooch, who succeeded him in the government of that colony.

The lieutenants were appointed in England, at the recommendation of Lord Cathcart, who commanded all the land forces on the intended expedition; and he chose for this service young gentlemen of family, chiefly North Britons, who had learned the rudiments of the military art in Holland and other foreign services, and consequently were the better qualified to discipline a new raised regiment. These had commissions signed by his majesty's own hand, but the captains and ensigns were appointed by the governors of the different provinces in which the companies were levied, accord-

ing to a power vested in them by the king for that purpose.

While these officers were employed in raising and disciplining the companies in North America, six regiments of marines were levied in England, by means of draughts made from the foot-guards; the command of them bestowed upon gentlemen of character and capacity for military operations, and all possible pains taken to render them immediately fit for service in the West Indies, to which the seat of war was to be transferred. A squadron was equipped, and actually sailed under the auspices of Commodore Anson for the South Seas, in order to harass the Spaniards on the coast of Chili and Peru, and if possible, to establish a correspondence across the Isthmus of Darien, with the fleet and army destined for Carthagena, so as to co-operate for the advantage of the nation.

The marine regiments being well disciplined, and having for some time encamped in the Isle of Wight, were embarked on board of eighty transports, with all sorts of warlike utensils that might be necessary in the expedition; and detachments from three old regiments were sent on board of the men of war appointed to join Admiral Vernon on the same service. These were,

Ships.	Guns.	Commanders.
The Russell	80	Sir Chaloner Ogle, Rear-Admiral of the Blue, Captain Norris.
Torbay.	80	Captain Gascoyne, having on board Lord Cathcart, General of the land-forces.
Cumberland	80	Captain Stewart.
Boyne	80	Commodore Lestock.
Princess Amelia . .	80	Commodore Hemmington.

Ships.	Guns.	Commanders.
Chichester	80	Captain Robert Trevor.
Norfolk	80	Captain Graves.
Shrewsbury	80	Captain Townshend.
Princess Caroline	80	Captain Griffin.
Suffolk	70	Captain Davies.
Buckingham	70	Captain Mitchel.
Oxford	70	Lord Augustus Fitzroy.
Prince Frederick	70	Lord Aubrey Beauclerc.
Prince of Orange	70	Captain Osborne.
Lion	60	Captain Cotteril.
Weymouth	60	Captain Knowles.
Superb	60	Captain Harvey.
Montague	60	Captain Chalmers.
Deptford	60	Captain Mostyn.
Jersey	60	Captain Lawrence.
Augusta	60	Captain Dennison.
Dunkirk	60	Captain Cooper.
Ripon	60	Captain Joliff.
York	60	Captain Coates.
Lichfield	50	Captain Cleaveland.
Ætna	Fire Ships.	
Firebrand		
Phaeton		
Vesuvius		
Flame		
Vulcan		

Two bomb-ketches, and hospital-ship, store ships, etc.

This noble fleet sailed from St. Helen's on Sunday, October the 26th, in the year 1740, with a fine breeze at east north-east, which continued till Friday the 31st, when the weather looked squally astern, and at night it blew a hard gale; and this, in the morning of Saturday, November the 1st, increased to a violent storm, which did abundance of damage to several ships, splitting sails, carrying away masts, and throwing every thing in confusion.

The author of this account, who was on board of one of the largest ships in the fleet, says, he was waked

early in the morning, by a dreadful concert, produced from the clanking of chain-pumps, the creaking of gun-carriages, the cracking of cabins strained by the violent motion, the dashing of the sea, the howling of the wind, the rattling of the rigging, and the confused clamours of six hundred men, running up and down the deck in confusion.

Nor was the eye more agreeably entertained than the ear: for, when he got up, and mounted the accommodation ladder, he found the prospect altogether dismal. Of all the fleet, seven sail only were to be seen, and of these two had lost their masts, while the others scudded under reefed main-sails; the billows were incredibly vast and tremendous; there was nothing to be seen on board but tumult, uproar, and dismay; the ship pitched with such violence, that the masts quivered like slender twigs, a cask of water broke from its lashings on deck and maimed sixteen men before it could be staved; the main-sail was split into a thousand tatters, and the yard being manned to bend another in its room, one of the braces gave way with such a shock, as threw four men overboard, two of whom were lost, while the knee of a fifth was crushed in a terrible manner between the beril and the mast.

Nevertheless, the wind being fair, they made shift to lie their course under a balanced mizen, going at a great rate; and on Monday at noon, though the weather was still very boisterous, with rain and hail, forty sail of the fleet appeared in sight, and from this period assembled again gradually. On Saturday the 8th, the Orford gave chase to a vessel plying to the eastward, and brought her into the fleet under French colours. On Monday

Captain Lestock and Captain Hemmington hoisted broad blue pendants as commodores; and on Wednesday the line of battle was altered, because the Cumberland was still missing, since the storm of the 1st of November. All Monday the 17th, it rained and blew very hard: next day, the weather being mild, all hands diverted themselves with striking dolphins, which are a beautiful species of fish, as they swim alongside, and when first caught, exhibit a charming variety of bright colours. They are in continual pursuit of the flying-fish, which is about the size and make of a herring, furnished with membranous fins, by means of which it rises above the surface, and flies a considerable space in order to avoid its persecutors.

On Wednesday the 19th, the wind proved contrary, though in those latitudes where it generally blows from the east during the whole year.

On Tuesday the 25th, a man, belonging to the Chichester, jumped overboard and drowned himself, in resentment for having undergone the shameful discipline of the ship for vermin. The weather growing sultry and calm about this time, began to produce ardent fevers among the men, and in a few days, the fleet became very sickly; but nothing material occurred.

Friday, December the 19th, after having lain to several nights, on the supposition of their being in the neighbourhood of land, they sailed along the coast of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Marigalante, islands possessed by the French, and came to anchor in the bay of Dominica, which is a neutral island, though some parts of it were settled by French adventurers. The very day after their arrival at this island, the expedition

sustained an irreparable loss, by the death of Charles Lord Cathcart, a nobleman of distinguished valour, capacity, and experience in the military art, whose character was in all respects truly amiable, and whose fate was universally regretted, more especially as he was succeeded in command by Brigadier-general Wentworth, an officer who had neither knowledge, weight, nor self-confidence sufficient to conduct an enterprise of such importance.

The fleet remained seven days at Dominica, for the convenience of wooding and watering, during which period, tents were pitched along shore for the accommodation of the sick; and those afflicted with the scurvy recovered in a surprising manner, solely from their enjoying the land air, and plenty of fresh water; for the island produced no other refreshments, although the soil is fertile, and naturally abounds with lime, lemon, and orange trees; but the bloom had been destroyed by a hurricane, and the few planters who were on the island, had removed their provisions and stock, for fear of being plundered by the English.

On Friday the 26th, the whole fleet sailed from Dominica, and next day passed by Montserrat and Nevis, which saluted the Admiral with their cannon, and afforded a pleasant prospect of green, fruitful fields, level towards the shore, and swelling up into mountains farther in the country.

On Saturday, they arrived at St. Christopher's, and anchored in Basse-Terre road, where they found his Majesty's ship, the Leostoff, and a good number of vessels, which had parted from them in the storm, rendezvoused here, in pursuance of their instructions.

Next day the Admiral proceeded on his voyage, with fair weather, sailing in sight of the verdant islands of Sabe, Santa-Cruz, Porto-Rico, and Hispaniola, the fleet being by this time increased to one hundred and eighteen sail, till the afternoon of Wednesday, January the 7th, when they descried five large ships towards the shore.

The Admiral immediately made signal for the Orford, the Prince Frederick, the Weymouth, the Dunkirk, and the York to give chase, while he and the fleet continued their course for Jamaica. They accordingly came up with the five ships, which were French men-of-war; and Lord Augustus Fitzroy, who commanded the Orford, ordered their Commodore to hoist out his boat and come aboard. This order the French captain refusing to obey, his lordship gave him a broadside, and a very obstinate engagement ensued. The two squadrons being equally matched, fought all night with equal courage; and, in the morning, the English commodore seeing French colours displayed, hailed his antagonist, and pretended he had mistaken them for Spaniards; the battle was forthwith suspended, mutual compliments passed, and having treated each other with great marks of politeness, they parted, with the loss of about one hundred men killed on each side, among whom was Captain England, of the marines, a worthy gentleman, and a gallant officer.

Meanwhile, Sir Chaloner, with the rest of the fleet, sailed along the coast of Jamaica, from whence a pilot came on board, and on Friday the 9th, conducted them safely into the harbour of Port-Royal, where they found Admiral Vernon, with his squadron; and the regiment

of North Americans were by this time arrived, and quartered ashore.

While measures were taking for embarking this corps, and supplying the ships with proper refreshments, provision, and other necessaries, a council of war was held at Governor Trelawney's house, in Spanish Town, in which it was resolved, that the whole fleet should beat up to windward, and observe the motions of the French squadron, commanded for the Marquis d'Antin, then lying in the harbour of Port Louis, in the island of Hispaniola.

Accordingly, a body of negroes, raised by the governor, being put on board, the fleet sailed from Port-Royal harbour, in three divisions; the first of which, under the command of Sir Chaloner Ogle, weighed on the 22d day of January; the second, commanded by Commodore Lestock, sailed on the 26th; and Admiral Vernon, with the third division, took his departure on the 31st; when the three squadrons joining, plyed to windward, and, on the 7th of February, made Cape Tiberoon, where he was joined by the Wolf sloop, which he had previously detached for intelligence. Captain Dandridge, the commander of this vessel, gave him to understand, that he had looked into Port Louis, and seen nineteen ships of war, one of which carried a flag at the main-top-mast head.

In consequence of this information, the fleet steered for the isle of Vache, and coming to anchor about two leagues to the westward of Port Louis, on the 12th, Captain Laws, of the Spence sloop, was sent to reconnoitre the harbour, and pretty nearly confirmed the report of Dandridge.

Next day, Admiral Vernon, accompanied by General Wentworth, went in a barge, and sounded the depth of water between the isle of Vache and Hispaniola; and, on the 14th, Mr. Wentworth reconnoitred in person, from the Spence sloop, which had no sooner opened the harbour of Port Louis, than he plainly perceived that all the ships were merchantmen, mostly unrigged, except one frigate of forty guns; and that the supposed flag was no other than the white gable end of a house, in a line with the main-top-mast of this vessel. As a French officer had come off with a message from the governor, on the 14th, and was not admitted to the Admiral, Mr. Vernon now sent Captains Boscawen and Knowles to make an apology for having declined seeing that gentleman; to know what his proposals were, and to ask leave to wood and water in the bay. They returned with a polite answer, and brought an account of the Marquis d'Antin's having sailed for Europe, on the 26th day of January; a circumstance which was confirmed by the arrival of Captain Renton, in the Experiment, who had been cruising some time off Hispaniola. February the 16th, it was resolved, in a general council of war, that the fleet should, with all expedition, wood and water in Iros, Tiberoon, and Donna Maria bays, and thence proceed directly to Carthagena.

During the seven days which were thus employed, detachments from the American regiment and the negroes were daily sent ashore to cut fascines and pickets; and the Weymouth, Experiment, and Spence sloop, under the command of Captain Knowles, detached beforehand to sound Punta Canoa Bay, about two leagues to the windward of Carthagena.

February the 26th, the whole fleet was under sail, to the number of one hundred and twenty-four, and in the evening of Wednesday, March the 4th, anchored in Playa Grande, between the town of Carthagena and Point Canoa; the small frigates and fireships were ordered to lie in a line along the shore, as if the design had been to carry on the operations to the windward of the town; and this flint had such an effect upon the enemy, that they drew their forces from the remoter parts and began to intrench themselves where they seemed mostly threatened by the danger. The Dunkirk, Experiment, and Spence sloop, were immediately despatched to leeward to sound the coast of Tierra Bomba, as far as Boca-Chica, or entrance into the harbour, which was pitched upon as the first scene of action. March the 5th, a council of war was held to settle the distribution of plunder, according to his Majesty's instructions. Next day, the general went on board of the Lion to reconnoitre the shore and forts, on Tierra Bomba, when the swell was so great, that she rolled away her main-mast, and was in the utmost danger of perishing. A disposition was immediately formed for landing the troops; and in the morning of the 9th, Sir Chaloner Ogle proceeded, with his division, to destroy the small forts of St. Jago and St. Philip, which might otherwise have annoyed the troops in landing, and hindered the fleet from anchoring near the shore.

This piece of service was very effectually performed by the Norfolk, Captain Graves; the Russell, Captain Norris; and the Shrewsbury, Captain Townshend; for, after a brisk cannonading, the enemy were, before the evening, compelled to abandon the forts. Nor was this

success attained without some loss; for the Shrewsbury's cable being cut by a shot, she fell to leeward before they could let go another anchor; and being exposed to the fire of Boca-Chica, and a fascine battery, she received considerable damage in her hull and rigging, besides the loss of sixty men killed or wounded; whereas her two consorts did not lose above ten.

All obstruction being thus removed, Lieutenant Colonel Cochrane landed with the grenadiers that same evening, and took possession of the forts: the bomb-ketches began to play upon the castle of Boca-Chica; and next morning the grenadiers were formed on the beach, to cover the landing of the rest of the army, which was effected without opposition; though the troops were obliged to lie that night upon their arms.

On the 11th, the negroes, tools, and tents being put ashore, the ground was cleared, the tents were pitched, and the troops put under cover from the night dews, which are very dangerous in that climate. A coupure was made through the woods, to cut off the communication between the city and forts at the harbour's mouth, and another opening towards the fort of Boca-Chica, which they intended to batter in breach from a fascine battery, raised under the directions of Mr. Moor, the principal engineer, a man of capacity and experience. He, at the same time, planned out a mortar battery, defended from the enemy's fire by casks filled with sand, which began to play upon the castle on the 13th, in conjunction with the bomb-ketches.

As for the great gun battery, it could not be finished with such expedition; for the workmen were not only galled by the shot of the enemy, who fired with

great vigour, but so relaxed by the heat of the climate, that they could not bear much fatigue; and the negroes, upon whose labour there was great dependence, were so intimidated by the fire from Boca-Chica, that they threw down their burdens, and fled at the report of every gun.

For these reasons, the engineer represented to the council of war, that the work could not be carried on in a proper manner, without a reinforcement of one thousand six hundred men added to the troops already landed; and as there was a number of soldiers still on board of the fleet, the general demanded this supply; which the admiral refused, on the supposition that such a reinforcement could not be necessary.

March the 17th, when the parapet of the battery was raised almost up to the embrasures, the land officers, in a council of war, agreed to solicit the assistance of the admiral in destroying a fascine battery on the other side of the harbour, called the Barradera, from which they had received considerable damage and interruption; and in compliance with this request, a detachment of three hundred sailors, supported by a body of the soldiers that still remained on board of the fleet, were conveyed thither at night in boats, under the command of Captains Boscawen, Watson, Coats, Washington, Mr. Murray, and Lieutenant Forrest, who attacked the battery with great valour, repulsed the enemy, and spiked up the cannon.

On the 19th, an epaulement was raised on the left of the great gun battery, to cover it from the fire of the enemy's ships of war, which were moored between the forts of Boca-Chica and St. Joseph, so as entirely to block up the

entrance of the harbour; and that same day the enemy were perceived at work in repairing the Barradera battery, which having been imperfectly demolished, was soon in a condition to renew its fire, and annoy our troops; so that the admiral ordered a sixty-gun ship to beat it down; but her efforts had little effect.

March 22d, the battery being finished, began early in the morning to play upon the fort of Boca-Chica,[1] with four-and-twenty great guns, and forty small mortars and cohorns, that fired alternately with good effect; and the enemy returned the fire with great vigour from the castle, the fascine battery on the Barradera side, and their shipping.

Next day, Commodore Lestock, who lay with his squadron to the windward of the whole fleet, hoisted a broad red pendant, and weighed anchor in the Boyne, and with the Princess Amelia, the Prince Frederick, Hampton-Court, Suffolk, and Tilbury, went in to cannonade the forts of Boca-Chica, St. Joseph, the Spanish men of war, and the Barradera battery. As the commodore sailed along the whole line of the fleet, all the ships were manned to do him honour; every vessel saluted him with three cheers as he passed, and all the music played "Britons strike Home." This squadron having run in as near the forts as possible, each ship clapped a spring on her cable, and a terrible cannonad-

[1] The enemy having neglected to clear away the wood in the neighbourhood of Boca-Chica, the English engineer took advantage of the omission, to screen the workmen who were employed in raising the battery: for, as the Spaniards did not see them, they could not properly direct their fire; and the battery being finished, the trees were immediately knocked down; so that it rose to the view like the effects of magic.

ing ensued; as the reader may easily conceive, when he is informed that above five hundred great guns, besides a great number of bombs and cohorns, were incessantly plyed during the best part of the day. In the evening they were called off, after having sustained considerable loss, and next morning renewed their fire with fresh alacrity; though their shot did very little execution among the enemy, and had no effect at all on the face of the western bastion, which was battered in breach from the land-battery. In this engagement, Lord Aubrey Beauclerc, who commanded the Prince Frederic, lost his life, and was universally regretted; and Mr. Moor, the chief engineer, was killed ashore on the battery, to the great prejudice of the expedition. In the evening, another detachment of sailors and soldiers, commanded by Captain Watson, was transported in boats to the Barradera shore, and burned the battery without opposition, together with a sloop which lay on the other side of a neck of land, and supplied it with necessaries and ammunition.

Meanwhile the English battery fired night and day, without intermission, till the 25th, when the breach being reported practicable by an engineer, who had been sent to reconnoitre, it was resolved, in a council of war, to make the attack that same evening. A disposition was instantly made and communicated to the admiral, who, in order to make a favourable diversion, agreed to send his boats well manned and armed, under the command of Captain Knowles, to make an attempt upon Fort St. Joseph and the Spanish ships, while the land-forces should be employed in storming the breach of Boca-Chica. These precautions being taken, the troops

advanced to the assault about five in the afternoon. A serjeant and twelve grenadiers, accompanied by thirty volunteers, composed the forlorn hope; these were followed by two hundred and sixty grenadiers, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Macleod; then came Colonel Daniel, at the head of five hundred men, and some small parties, carrying scaling-ladders, pick-axes, &c. to be used if necessity should require. They again were sustained by five hundred men, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Cochrane; and Mr. Blakeney, brigadier of the day, had the direction of the attack.

Three bombs, fired from the battery, gave the signal for putting them in motion; upon which a volley of round shot was poured in upon the breach, and this succeeded by another of grape-shot, which obliged the sentinels upon the walls to put themselves under cover, and contributed to their not perceiving the troops when they first moved to the attack. But, before they reached the foot of the walls, they heard the Spanish drums beating to arms; the top of the breach was manned, and the enemy's ships, and Fort St. Joseph, began to fire with grape-shot upon the assailants, though with very little effect: but the commandant, Don Blas, being on board one of the ships, the garrison were struck with a panic, and fled with precipitation out of the gate as soon as the grenadiers began to mount the breach.

Immediately after the troops had taken possession of the fort, the Africa and San Carlos, two of the Spanish men of war, were sunk by the enemy, the San Philip being set on fire, either by the red hot balls from the land battery, or by the Spaniards, which continued

burning until the fire reached the magazine, and then blew up with a vast explosion.

During these transactions, the armed boats from the fleet, commanded by Captain Knowles, rowed to the Barradera side, while the soldiers and sailors landing, attempted to surprise Fort St. Joseph; but being discovered, they found themselves so much exposed to the artillery of that fortification, that they were fain to retire under cover of the bushes, until it was evacuated by the enemy, who foresaw it would be impossible to maintain this post after Boca-Chica was taken. In the mean time, the admiral sent orders to his detachment to attack it in their boats, and they accordingly entered it without opposition: then they boarded the Galicia, commanded by Don Blas, in which they found two officers and sixty men, who had not time to make their escape; and lastly, demolished a strong boom fixed across the harbour's mouth, the end of which had been already cut down by a party of the land-forces, under the command of Mr. Blane, an engineer, and Lieutenant Bennet, who was the first man that entered the breach. By this time, the English had made themselves masters of all the forts and defences at the harbour of Boca-Chica, in which the enemy placed their chief confidence; and indeed we must own the success of this afternoon and evening were altogether extraordinary, if we consider the situation of the harbour's mouth, and the manner in which it had been fortified.

This place takes its name of Boca-Chica, or Narrow Mouth, from the narrowness of the channel, and lies in such a manner upon the coast, that the trade wind blowing from the east, never affords a favourable breeze

which would enable a squadron of ships of war to enter by main force. At one side of this narrow channel, close to the shore, the Spaniards had erected the fort of Boca-Chica, which was a regular quadrangle, with four bastions, and mounted with eighty-four great guns, besides a very large mortar and cohorns. On the other side stood Fort San Joseph, in a small island detached by a narrow gut from the continent of the Barradera, mounting thirty-six cannon, mostly level with the surface of the water; between these two castles was fixed a very strong boom, consisting of cables, chains, and beams of wood, stretched across the harbour's mouth; and within this, four ships of war, mounting sixty-four guns each, were moored in a line to defend the passage: over and above these fortifications, we have already mentioned the fascine battery on the Barradera shore, which greatly galled the English in their approaches, and the small forts of San Philip and San Jago, which the ships demolished before the troops could be landed.

Immediately after the reduction of Boca-Chica, measures were taken for re-embarking the troops, artillery and stores; Commodore Lestock was appointed to remain with his squadron at the harbour's mouth; and the rest of the fleet entered the outward harbour, as soon as the channel could be cleared of the wrecks sunk there.

On Friday the 27th, the Griffin and Orford were ordered to advance, and post themselves across the mouth of the inner harbour called Surgidero; while the Weymouth and Cruizer sloop were detached to the other side of the harbour, to demolish two small batteries on each side of the Passo-Cavallos, or Horse-Ferry, a creek through which provisions were conveyed into the

Laguna, and from thence to the city. This piece of service was performed without opposition, under the direction of Captain Knowles, who at the same time took some hulks, and small craft that were serviceable in watering the fleet, at a very convenient wharf which they found by the side of an excellent spring.

This was a very welcome discovery to the people on board of the fleet, who had been hitherto restricted to a very scanty allowance of this element, namely, a purser's quart (about three half pints) per diem to every individual: in a climate where there is such a continual expense of animal fluid, that as many gallons might have been necessary to repair the waste of four and twenty hours, in a hard working man, sweating under the sun, which was vertical, and fed with putrid beef, rusty pork, and bread swarming with maggots. Nor could this restriction be owing to the fears of scarcity; for over and above all the water casks which were filled at Hispaniola, there was not an old empty pipe, puncheon, pork tub, or beef barrel that was not converted to this use; and in some ships, so little pains had been taken to cleanse these vessels, that the water was corrupted, and stunk so abominably, that a man was fain to stop his nose with one hand, while with the other he conveyed the can to his head.

Nay, if every cask of water had been started overboard, it is well known that it might have been easily supplied by an expedient which is often practised, and was actually adopted by the troops on shore; I mean that of sinking half tubs bored, in the beach, which are filled with potable water, strained through the pores of the sand.

With respect to the allowance of brandy granted to every individual, the admiral, in his great sagacity, ordered it to be mixed in a proportion of the water without sweetening or souring, so as to compose a most unpalatable drench, which no man could swallow without reluctance.

March the 30th, at a general council of war held on board of the admiral's ship, it was resolved that the soldiers, artillery, and stores, should be landed with all expedition, at a place called La Quinta, on the land side of Carthagena, within the Surgidero, or inner mouth of the anchoring place, which was defended by Castel Grande, a strong castle, on one side, and a small fort called Manzanillo, on the other, between which the enemy had sunk seven galleons and two large men-of-war, in order to block up the channel. At the same time, it was agreed that the army on shore should be reinforced by those detachments of the regiments which still remained on board of the ships of war.

The intention of this second landing, was to cut off all communication between the town and country, and besiege the fort of Lazar, which stood on the top of a hill, and commanded the city of Carthagena. Nor was it doubted that the admiral would co-operate with the army, by sending in some of his largest ships to batter the town.

Mean while, Captain Knowles was ordered to bring his guns to bear upon Castel Grande, which, as well as the fort on the opposite side, was abandoned; so that he took immediate possession, and was appointed governor of the castle, which mounted sixty-four pieces of cannon. During these transactions, Captain Renton of the

Experiment, having reconnoitred the channel in which the galleons and men-of-war had been sunk, found the stern of the Conquistador still afloat; so that they found means to heave it round, and open a passage into the Surgidero for two bomb vessels, which being covered by as many twenty-gun ships, began to play upon the town, though they were moored at too great a distance to do much execution: nevertheless, some shells took place, and even set some houses on fire, and the enemy seemed now to be in despair; for they themselves burned a French ship of war lying at anchor near the walls of the town, which they could never imagine would fall into the hands of the English, unless they had thought themselves on the eve of surrendering the city.

The admiral and his squadron having come to anchor near Castel Grande, no time was lost in pursuing the design of the second landing at La Quinta: the transports with the troops, stores, and artillery, sailed up the harbour from Boca-Chica, and a disposition being made for disembarking, on the morning of the 5th, the Weymouth, the cruiser sloop, and two or three fire-ships, which had passed through the channel, were ordered to fire with grape-shot all the preceding night, in order to scour the woods and shore adjoining to the landing place.

April the 5th, the first division of the soldiers, amounting to one thousand four hundred men, commanded by Brigadier Blakeney, rendezvoused alongside of the Weymouth; at five in the morning, Colonel Grant, at the head of the grenadiers, landed without opposition, and being followed by the rest, formed the whole in order of battle, to march against the enemy. These being joined by two hundred Americans as pioneers, the negroes and

a party of matrosses, with eight pattereroes, began to move forwards into the wood, and having reached the end of the defilée, with the loss of one man killed by the fire of a straggling party, they perceived the Spaniards, to the number of seven hundred, drawn up on the ground, in such a manner as to cover the road leading to the city. There they stood with a good countenance, seemingly determined to dispute the ground, from which the general ordered the grenadiers to dislodge them; but, as they were obliged to march through a narrow pass, bounded on the left by the lagoon, and on the right by a thick copse, a party of American soldiers were detached into this last, in order to fall upon the rear of any small parties which might have been posted among the bushes, to flank the English as they advanced.

The grenadiers marched up with great alacrity and very little loss, notwithstanding two fires from the enemy; then the front platoon poured in their fire at the distance of half a musket shot, and immediately wheeled to right and left, as in street firing, to make room for the next to advance; a circumstance from which the Spaniards supposing the whole body gave way, they expressed their joy in a loud huzza; but they were soon convinced of their mistake, by the close fire of the following platoons; in consequence of which, they soon fell into confusion, and fled towards the city, whither it was not thought proper to pursue them, because this party was justly supposed to be no other than a decoy to draw the English into an ambuscade, or within cannon shot of the town and Fort Lazaro.

The proper guards being posted, and the troops put under cover in some houses and sheds adjoining to La

Quinta, a party was detached to take possession of a convent situated on the top of a hill, called La Popa, where they found some prisoners, and left an officer's guard; from hence the general, accompanied by Brigadier Guise, next day reconnoitred the city, and it was debated in a council of war, whether or not the fort should be attacked the following night, before the enemy should have finished some works upon the hill, on which they were seen employed with great diligence; but this attempt was postponed, because no stores were as yet landed from the ordnance ships. That very evening, however, five pieces of cannon, with powder and ball, were put on shore, and a number of Americans and negroes being landed, with working tools, they began to clear the ground for an encampment; though in the mean time the Europeans suffered severely from the excessive heat; so that the work was greatly retarded.

April 7th, the council of war being re-assembled, the report of the principal engineer considered, and the intelligence given by deserters taken into consideration, the members were unanimously of opinion, that the fort ought not to be attempted without having first raised a battery, the scheme of which the engineer was ordered to lay before the council with all possible expedition. Meanwhile this resolution was immediately communicated to the admiral, together with the opinion of the members, importing that the success of such an enterprise would be much facilitated by the admiral's giving directions to the bomb-ketches to play upon fort San Lazaro, which might also be battered by one of the large ships of war, at that time lying altogether inactive.

The admiral treated the design of a battery with great contempt, alleging that cannon were not at all necessary for the taking of such a paltry fort, which would certainly be abandoned as soon as the English should appear in earnest to give the assault; but with respect to the bombarding and battering San Lazaro, he sent no determinate answer.

It is a melancholy truth, which, however, ought to be told, that a low, ridiculous, and pernicious jealousy subsisted between the land and sea-officers during this whole expedition; and that the chiefs of those were so weak or wicked as to take all opportunities of thwarting and manifesting their contempt for each other, at a time when the lives of so many brave fellow-subjects were at stake, and when the interest and honour of their country required the utmost zeal and unanimity. Instead of conferring personally, and co-operating with vigour and cordiality, they began to hold separate councils, draw up acrimonious remonstrances, and send irritating messages to each other; and while each of them piqued himself upon doing barely as much as would screen him from the censure of a court-martial, neither seemed displeased at the neglect of his colleague; but, on the contrary, both were in appearance glad of the miscarriage of the expedition, in hope of seeing one another stigmatised with infamy and disgrace. In a word, the admiral was a man of weak understanding, strong prejudices, boundless arrogance, and over-boiling passions; and the general, though he had some parts, was wholly defective in point of experience, confidence, and resolution.

The Spaniards, judging from the spirit with which the

attack had been hitherto carried on, that they could not be too alert in making preparations for the reception of such an enterprising enemy, employed all their endeavours and attention in strengthening the defences of San Lazaro, by mounting an extraordinary number of cannon upon the walls, and making new works upon the hill, in order to retard the operations of the siege; at the same time they brought some pieces of artillery to bear upon the English advanced-guard, and the general's quarters, which, however, received little damage.

By this time the rainy season had begun with such violence, that it was hardly practicable to keep the field, for it poured down in a deluge incessantly, from the rising to the setting of the sun; and then the lightning began to play in such continued flashing, that one might have read a small print all night long by the illumination. Such a change of the atmosphere is always attended with an epidemical distemper, in consequence of which the men dropped down so fast, that there was scarce a sufficiency to relieve the proper guards of the camp, much less to cut down the wood and raise a battery, so as to attack San Lazaro in form.

On these considerations it was resolved, in a council of war, to make an attempt for surprising the fort; and scaling-ladders, and other implements for this purpose were provided accordingly. A strange resolution! which seems to have been the result of a report made by some engineers, who having reconnoitred the place, affirmed that the walls were not high, nor secured by any ditch on the other side; but that there was an ample road, of an easy ascent, leading up the hill, and a wooden door on the left, which might be

forced without much difficulty. Though this representation, backed by a deserter, who offered himself as a guide, might have had some weight with the general, his chief incitement to hazard the lives of so many brave Britons, in the execution of such a rash enterprise, seems to have been the importunity of the admiral, who, in repeated letters, and taunting messages, vehemently pressed him to the attack, saying, that it was scarce possible to miscarry. In all likelihood Mr. Wentworth was afraid it would be alleged, and possibly credited at home, that the city must have been reduced had this experiment been tried.

Instead of sacrificing his own understanding, and his gallant soldiers, to such an idle punctilio of suspicion, he ought to have acted up to the dictates of his own judgment, and proposed in his turn, that, as the land-army could not proceed in their operations with any prospect of success, the admiral should attack the town with his great ships, which lay inactive, though the men longed for such an opportunity to signalise their courage. A report, indeed, was industriously circulated, that there was not water sufficient for the ships to lie near enough to batter in breach; and that the admiral was laudably averse to hazard his Majesty's ships upon an uncertainty. But it now plainly appears, from the attestation of the best pilots, and the soundings of the harbour, that four or five of the eighty gun ships might have been moored in a line close by the walls of Carthagena; and if this expedient had been practised, in all probability the town would have surrendered immediately; for it is well known that the inhabitants expected no other fate, and had by this time sent their wives and children,

together with their most valuable effects, into the country. With respect to Mr. Vernon's being averse to risk his Majesty's ships upon an uncertainty, I shall only observe, that this maxim, since adopted by other commanders, is a very ill-judged and suspicious tenderness; inasmuch as his Majesty's ships were made for service, and that they can hardly ever act at all, if they do not engage upon some sort of uncertainty. But to return to the land-forces.

A disposition being made for the attack of San Lazaro, and the necessary implements prepared; on the 8th of April, the troops appointed for this service were ordered to parade at two next morning on the strand, where being formed, they advanced towards the fort, and a little before day-break, began to mount the hill, the grenadiers being commanded by Colonel Grant, though Brigadier Guise had command of the attack. The division which was ordered to take the open accessible road upon the right of the fort, was, in the dark, by the mistake of the guide, conducted to the centre, where the ascent is very steep, and the ground broken; yet, notwithstanding these obstructions, a number of the soldiers gained the top, and pushed on to the enemy's entrenchments, where the greatest part of them was slaughtered, because they could not be immediately sustained by the rest of the platoons, which advanced but slowly with street-firing on account of the unevenness of the ground. Colonel Grant mounted on the left with great gallantry, but received a mortal wound before any advantage could be taken of his success; at the same time the guide was killed, and the men dropped very fast; so that the officer

post in command made no further progress, but remained on the side of the hill, exposed to a severe fire from the castle and the town, which did great execution. Nor could the scaling-ladders, wool-packs, or hand-grenades be of any service in this emergency, for the Americans who carried them in the rear, seeing the troops falling by whole platoons, refused to advance with their burdens; but though they would not advance as pioneers, many of them took up the firelocks which they found on the field, and, mixing among the troops, behaved very bravely.

It must be owned, for the honour of the army in general, that no officers or soldiers could act with more courage, alacrity, and perseverance, than that which was manifested on this unhappy occasion, although very few of them had ever seen the face of an enemy before this trial.

As soon as day light enabled the General to view the posture of the troops, he sent to inform Brigadier Guise, that if he could push forward he should be sustained by five hundred men, who were ordered to advance accordingly; but by this time the soldiers were disheartened, and the number of the enemy was every instant increased by reinforcements of fresh men from the city, until they equalled, if not exceeded, the assailants, for whom they waited on the hill without flinching.

It was therefore found necessary to effect a retreat, which was secured by means of those five hundred men who brought up the rear; but not before the loss of the English amounted to two hundred killed, and twice that number wounded, of which last the majority did not recover. Sixteen of these were taken prisoners by the

Spaniards, who treated them with great humanity, and loudly extolled the valour of the assailants; and a cessation of arms was immediately agreed upon for a few hours, during which time the dead were buried. Meanwhile a breast-work was raised at the advanced guard, to put the men under cover, and the entrenchment enlarged for the reception of two mortars, which in two days began to fire upon San Lazaro with good effect.

As for the sick and wounded, they were next day sent on board of the transports and vessels called hospital-ships, where they languished in want of every necessary comfort and accommodation. They were destitute of surgeons, nurses, cooks, and proper provision; they were pent up between decks in small vessels, where they had not room to sit upright; they wallowed in filth; myriads of maggots were hatched in the putrefaction of their sores, which had no other dressing than that of being washed by themselves with their own allowance of brandy; and nothing was heard but groans, lamentations, and the language of despair invoking death to deliver them from their miseries. What served to encourage this despondency, was the prospect of those poor wretches who had strength and opportunity to look around them; for there they beheld the naked bodies of their fellow-soldiers and comrades floating up and down the harbour, affording prey to the carrion crows and sharks, which tore them in pieces without interruption, and contributed by their stench to the mortality that prevailed.

This picture cannot fail to be shocking to the humane reader, especially when he is informed, that while those

miserable objects cried in vain for assistance, and actually perished for want of proper attendance, every ship of war in the fleet could have spared a couple of surgeons for their relief; and many young gentlemen of that profession solicited their captains in vain for leave to go and administer help to the sick and wounded. The necessities of the poor people were well known; the remedy was easy and apparent; but the discord between the chiefs was inflamed to such a degree of diabolical rancour, that the one chose rather to see his men perish, than ask help of the other, who disdained to offer his assistance unasked, though it might have saved the lives of his fellow-subjects.

Had the admiral, when the troops moved to the attack of San Lazaro, sent in a few ships against the town, to make a diversion in their favour, the enemy would have been distracted, and their fire so divided, that neither the land-forces nor the men of war could have suffered much damage, and in all probability the city would have been surrendered at discretion. Or, even without this diversion, had the soldiers been joined by a body of sailors when they marched to the assault, the attempt might have succeeded; for while the troops, by regular discharges, could have cleared the parapet of the enemy, the sailors being more accustomed to climbing and boarding, might have applied the ladders, scaled the walls, and forced the gate, so as to afford admission to the soldiers.

The sickness still increasing among the troops, and the admiral declining to land a reinforcement for supplying the loss by which the army was diminished; it was resolved, in a council of war, to desire the admiral to give directions for re-embarking the cannon, since his

silence, with regard to the demanded reinforcement, seemed to imply a denial.

Some acrimonious messages having passed between the chiefs on this subject, the land officers demanded a general council of war, which was accordingly held on board the admiral's own ship on the 14th day of April, when, after the condition of the army, and the posture of affairs, were taken into consideration, it was agreed, that as the troops were greatly diminished, weakened and fatigued, and as their supplies of water were almost exhausted, the siege of such a strong place as Carthagena could not be attempted with any probability of success; and therefore the artillery and forces should be re-embarked with all convenient expedition.

A disposition was immediately formed for a retreat; and next day the cannon, stores, and heavy baggage were put on board. Meanwhile Captain Knowles began to throw shells at fort St. Lazaro from two small mortars, in a battery which he had judiciously raised on the shore under cover of his ship, at the distance of two thousand six hundred yards from the castle, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Colonel Lewis of the train, who gave him to understand that this was the utmost distance a mortar can carry when the chamber is quite filled with powder; an expedient never practised but upon proof. But the captain piqued himself upon being an able engineer, and in the confidence of his own capacity expended a good number of shells to the amusement of the enemy.

April the 16th, the Galicia, one of the Spanish ships of war taken at Boca-Chica, having been by the admiral's directions fitted up as a floating battery, mounting six-

teen guns only, manned by detachments from the navy, and commanded by Captain Hoare, was warped up the harbour before day, and moored at some distance from the town, which she began to cannonade with great vigour and some success. After having lain above five hours exposed to the whole fire of Carthagena and fort Lazaro, the captain was ordered to cut her cables, and let her drive out broadside before the sea-breeze; but running a-ground on a shoal, the men and ammunition were removed in boats, and she was set on fire by order of the admiral.

This very extraordinary experiment of sending in a battery of sixteen guns against the whole fire of Carthagena, seems to have been calculated by Mr. Vernon to show the impracticability of attacking that city with ships only; but, unfortunately for him, it had a quite different effect; for if that vessel, with sixteen guns, could sustain such a fire for five hours, what might have been expected from five or six large men of war, moored in a line, within point-blank shot of the walls? If the partizans of Vernon insinuate that there is no water for such vessels, they must be referred again to the soundings of the harbour; they must be desired to take notice that the galleons lie in a bason close up to the walls; that the Spaniards have very lately erected a battery of forty large pieces of cannon for the defence of the town on the side of the harbour; a very unnecessary expense if the water is so shoal as to prevent the approach of large ships; and that Monsieur de Pointis, among other large ships, sent in the Sceptre of eighty-four guns to batter the place, which surrendered accordingly. At

seven in the evening of that same day on which the Galicia cannonaded the town, the tents were struck; at eight the troops marched from their ground, and embarked in three divisions in the boats prepared for their reception. The general in person brought up the rear; and perceiving that five tents belonging to the Americans were left standing, and some tools lying on the ground, he ordered them to be fetched off by a serjeant's guard, reinforced with some sailors by Lieutenant Forrest; so that there was nothing left as a trophy to the enemy, who did not think fit to molest them in the retreat.

The sickness still continued to increase among the troops,[1] and even infected the sailors to such a degree, that they died in great numbers, and universal dejection prevailed. In order, therefore, to prevent the total ruin of the army and fleet, preparations were made to quit this inhospitable climate. The Spanish forts in the possession of the English were all dismantled and blown up; and the whole fleet being wooded and watered for the voyage, fell down to Boca-Chica, from whence they set sail for Jamaica.

[1] The distemper which then raged among the English was the bilious fever, attended with such a putrefaction of the juices, that the colour of the skin, which at first is yellow, adopts a sooty hue in the progress of the disease, and the patient generally dies about the third day, with violent atrabilious discharges upwards and downwards. Nothing so effectually prevents or corrects this putrefaction as plenty of sweet water, fresh provision, and a liberal use of vegetable acids, such as limes, lemons, oranges, ananas, and other fruits natural to the West Indies. Of all these refreshments the people were in the utmost want, though both army and fleet might have been plentifully supplied by employing some of the transports, which lay inactive, to fetch turtle, live stock, and fruit, from the neigbouring islands.

ıus ended, in damage and disgrace, the ever-memor-
expedition to Carthagena, undertaken with an arma-
, which, if properly conducted, might have not only
d the Spanish settlements in America, but even
ed the whole West Indies under the dominion of
t Britain.

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IE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM

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FROM THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER

hese ticklish times, it may be necessary to give
n account of the following sheets, as will exempt
m the plague of prosecution.

the 7th of March, in the present year 1748,[1] they
offered to me for sale, by a tall thin woman, about
e of threescore, dressed in a gown of bombasine,
a cloak and bonnet of black silk, both a little the
for the wear. She called herself Dorothy
et, spinster, of the parish of Old-street, adminis-
of Mr Nathaniel Peacock, who died in the said
on the fifth day of last April, and lies buried in
urch-yard of Islington, in the north-west corner,
his grave is distinguished by a monumental board
ed with the following tristich:

Hic, hæc, hoc,
Here lies the block
Of old Nathaniel Peacock.

his particular, any person whatever may satisfy
f, by taking an afternoon's walk to Islington,
, at the White House, he may recreate and
a himself with excellent tea and hot rolls for so
a charge as eightpence.

o the MS. before I would treat for it, I read it

[1] Ellett's satire was actually written in 1768 and published in 1769, t bears the date 1748 upon the title-page.

ADVERTISEMENT

over attentively, and found it contained divers curi
particulars of a foreign history, without any allusion
or resemblance with, the transactions of these times
likewise turned over to Kempfer and the Unive
History, and found in their several accounts of Ja
many of the names and much of the matter specifie
the following sheets. Finally, that I might run no ri
of misconstruction, I had recourse to an emi
chamber-council of my acquaintance, who dilige
perused the whole, and declared it was no more act
able than the Vision of Ezekiel, or the Lamentatio
Jeremiah the prophet. Thus assured, I purchased
copy, which I now present in print, with my
respects, to the courteous Reader, being his
humble servant,

Bucklersbury. S. ETHERINGT

Vivant Rex et Regina.

HE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM[1]

THE EDITOR'S DECLARATION

I Nathaniel Peacock of the parish of St Giles, haber-sher and author, solemnly declare, That, on the third last August, sitting alone in my study, up three pair stairs, between the hours of eleven and twelve at ght, meditating upon the uncertainty of sublunary joyment, I heard a shrill, small voice, seemingly pro-eding from a chink or crevice in my own pericranium, ll distinctly three times,—"Nathaniel Peacock, Nath-iel Peacock, Nathaniel Peacock." Astonished, yea, en affrighted at this citation, I replied in a faltering ne, "In the name of the Lord, what art thou?" Thus ljured, the voice answered, and said, "I am an Atom." was now thrown into a violent perturbation of spirit, r I never could behold an atomy without fear and embling, even when I knew it was no more than a mposition of dry bones; but the conceit of being in resence of an atomy, informed with spirit, that is, nimated by a ghost or goblin, increased my terrors xceedingly. I durst not lift up mine eyes, lest I should ehold an apparition more dreadful than the hand-riting on the wall. My knees knocked together: my

[1] "The History and Adventures of an Atom, in two volumes. ondon: Printed for Robinson & Roberts, No. 25, in Pater-noster ow. MDCCXLIX" (really 1769).

teeth chattered: mine hair bristled up so as to raise a cotton night-cap from the scalp: my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth: my temples were bedewed with a cold sweat. Verily I was for a season entranced.

At length, by the blessing of God, I recollected myself, and cried aloud, "Avaunt, Satan, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." "White-livered caitiff!" said the voice, with a peculiar tartness of pronunciation, "what art thou afraid of, that thou shouldest thus tremble, and diffuse around thee such an unsavoury odour? What thou hearest is within thee—is part of thyself. I am one of those atoms, or constituent particles of matter, which can neither be annihilated, divided, nor impaired: the different arrangements of us, atoms, compose all the variety of objects and essences which nature exhibits, or art can obtain. Of the same shape, substance, and quality are the component particles, that harden in rock, and flow in water; that blacken in the negro, and brighten in the diamond; that exhale from a rose, and steam from a dunghill. Even now, ten millions of atoms were dispersed in air by that odoriferous gale which the commotion of thy fear produced; and I can foresee that one of them will be consolidated in a fibre of the olfactory nerve, belonging to a celebrated beauty, whose nostril is excoriated by the immoderate use of plain Spanish. Know, Nathaniel, that we, atoms, are singly endued with such efficacy of reason, as cannot be expected in an aggregate body, where we crowd and squeeze, and embarrass one another! Yet, those ideas which we singly possess, we cannot communicate, except once in a thousand years, and then only when we fill a certain place in the pineal

gland of a human creature, the very station which I now maintain in thine. For the benefit of you miserable mortals, I am determined to promulge the history of one period, during which I underwent some strange revolutions in the empire of Japan, and was conscious of some political anecdotes now to be divulged for the instruction of British ministers. Take up the pen, therefore, and write what I shall unfold.

By this time my first apprehension vanished; but another fear, almost as terrible, usurped its place. I began to think myself insane, and concluded that the voice was no other than the fantastic undulation of a disturbed brain. I therefore preferred an earnest orison at the throne of grace, that I might be restored to the fruition of my right understanding and judgment. "O incredulous wretch," exclaimed the voice, "I will now convince thee that this is no phantasma or hideous dream. Answer me, dost thou know the meaning and derivation of the word atom?" I replied, "No, verily." "Then I will tell thee," said the voice, "thou shalt write it down without delay, and consult the curate of the parish on the same subject. If his explanation and mine agree, thou wilt then be firmly persuaded that I am an actual, independent existence; and that this address is not the vague delirium of a disordered brain. *Atomos* is a Greek word, signifying an indivisible particle, derived from *alpha* privativa, and *temno* to cut."

I marvelled much at this injunction, which, however, I literally obeyed, and next morning sallied forth to visit the habitation of the curate; but in going thither, it was my hap to encounter a learned physician of my acquaintance, who hath read all the books that ever were

published in any nation or language; to him I referred for the derivation of the word atom. He paused a little, threw up his eyes to heaven, stroked his chin with great solemnity, and hemming three times, "Greek, sir," said he, "is more familiar to me than my native tongue. I have conversed, sir, with Homer and Plato, Hesiod and Theophrastus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Hippocrates, Aretæus, Pindar, and Sophocles, and all the poets and historians of antiquity. Sir, my library cost me two thousand pounds; I have spent as much more in making experiments, and you must know that I have discovered certain chemical specifics, which I would not divulge for fifty times the sum. As for the word *atomos* or *atime*, it signifies a scoundrel, sir, or as it were, sir, a thing of no estimation. It is derived, sir, from *alpha* privativa, and *time*, honour; hence we call a skeleton an atomy; because, sir, the bones are, as it were, dishonoured by being stripped of their cloathing, and exposed in their nakedness."

I was sorely vexed at this interpretation, and my apprehension of lunacy recurred; nevertheless I proceeded in my way to the lodgings of the curate, and desired his explanation, which tallied exactly with what I had written. At my return to my own house, I ascended to my study, asked pardon of my internal monitor; and, taking pen, ink, and paper, sat down to write what it dictated, in the following strain:—

It was in the aera of Foggien,[1] one thousand years ago, that fate determined I should exist in the empire of Japan, where I underwent a great number of vicissi-

[1] The history of Japan is divided into three different aeras, of which Foggien is the most considerable.

tudes, till, at length, I was enclosed in a grain of rice, eaten by a Dutch mariner at Firando, and, becoming a particle of his body, brought to the Cape of Good Hope; there I was discharged in a scorbutic dysentery, taken up in a heap of soil to manure a garden, raised to vegetation in a salad, devoured by an English supercargo, assimulated to a certain organ of his body, which, at his return to London, being diseased in consequence of impure contact, I was again separated, with a considerable portion of putrefied flesh, thrown upon a dunghill, gobled up, and digested by a duck, of which duck your father, Ephraim Peacock, having eaten plentifully at a feast of the cordwainers, I was mixed with his circulating juices, and finally fixed in the principal part of that animalcule which, in process of time, expanded itself in thee, Nathaniel Peacock.

Having thus particularized my transmigrations since my conveyance from Japan, I shall return thither, and unfold some curious particulars of state intrigue, carried on during the short period, the history of which I mean to record. I need not tell thee that the empire of Japan consists of three large islands; or, that the people who inhabit them are such inconsistent, capricious animals, that one would imagine they were created for the purpose of ridicule. Their minds are in continual agitation, like a shuttlecock tossed to and fro, in order to divert the demons of philosophy and folly. A Japonese, without the intervention of any visible motive, is, by turns, merry and pensive, superficial and profound, generous and illiberal, rash and circumspect, courageous and fearful, benevolent and cruel. They seem to have no fixed principle of action, no certain plan of conduct,

no effectual rudder to steer them through the voyage of life; but to be hurried down the rapid tide of each revolving whim, or driven, the sport of every gust of passion that happens to blow. A Japonese will sing at a funeral, and sigh at a wedding; he will this hour talk ribaldry with a prostitute, and the next immerse himself in the study of metaphysics or theology. In favour of one stranger, he will exert all the virtues of hospitality; against another he will exercise all the animosity of the most sordid prejudice: one minute sees him hazarding his all on the success of the most extravagant project; another beholds him hesitating in lending a few copans[1] to his friend on undeniable security. To-day, he is afraid of paring his corns; to-morrow, he scruples not to cut his own throat. At one season he will give half his fortune to the poor; at another he will not bestow the smallest pittance to save his brother from indigence and distress. He is elated to insolence by the least gleam of success; he is dejected to despondence by the slightest turn of adverse fortune. One hour he doubts the best established truths; the next, he swallows the most improbable fiction. His praise and his censure is what a wise man would choose to avoid, as evils equally pernicious; the first is generally raised without foundation, and carried to such extravagance, as to expose the object to the ridicule of mankind; the last is often unprovoked, yet usually inflamed to all the rage of the most malignant persecution. He will extol above Alexander the Great, a petty officer who robs a hen-roost; and damn to infamy a general for not performing

[1] Copan is a gold coin used in Japan, value about forty-three shillings.

impossibilities. The same man whom he yesterday flattered with the most fulsome adulation, he will to-morrow revile with the most bitter abuse; and, at the turning of a straw, take into his bosom the very person whom he has formerly defamed as the most perfidious rascal.

The Japonese value themselves much upon their constitution, and are very clamorous about the words liberty and property; yet, in fact, the only liberty they enjoy is to get drunk whenever they please, to revile the government, and quarrel with one another. With respect to their property, they are the tamest animals in the world; and, if properly managed, undergo, without wincing, such impositions as no other nation in the world would bear. In this particular they may be compared to an ass, that will crouch under the most unconscionable burden, provided you scratch his long ears, and allow him to bray his belly-full. They are so practicable, that they have suffered their pockets to be drained, their veins to be emptied, and their credit to be cracked, by the most bungling administrations, to gratify the avarice, pride, and ambition, of the most sordid and contemptible sovereigns that ever sat upon the throne.

The methods used for accomplishing these purposes are extremely simple. You have seen a dancing bear incensed to a dangerous degree of rage, and all at once appeased by firing a pistol over his nose. The Japonese, even in their most ferocious moods, when they denounce vengeance against the cuboy, or minister, and even threaten the throne itself, are easily softened into meekness and condescension. A set of tall fellows, hired for the purpose, tickle them under the noses with

long straws, into a gentle convulsion, during which they shut their eyes and smile, and quietly suffer their pockets to be turned inside out. Nay, what is still more remarkable, the ministry is in possession of a pipe, or rather bullock's horn, which being sounded to a particular pitch, has such an effect on the ears and understanding of the people, that they allow their pockets to be picked with their eyes open, and are bribed to betray their own interests with their own money, as easily as if the treasure had come from the remotest corner of the globe. Notwithstanding these capricious peculiarities, the Japonese are become a wealthy and powerful people, partly from their insular situation, and partly from a spirit of commercial adventure, sustained by all the obstinacy of perseverance, and conducted by repeated flashes of good sense, which almost incessantly gleam through the chaos of their absurdities.

Japan was originally governed by monarchs who possessed an absolute power, and succeeded by hereditary right, under the title of Dairo; but in the beginning of the period Foggien, this emperor became a cypher, and the whole administration devolved into the hands of the prime minister, or cuboy, who now exercises all the power and authority, leaving the trappings of royalty to the inactive Dairo. The prince, who held the reins of government in the short period which I intend to record, was not a lineal descendant of the ancient Dairos, the immediate succession having failed, but sprung from a collateral branch which was invited from a foreign country in the person of *Bupo*, in honour of whom the Japonese erected Fakku-basi,[1] or the temple of the

[1] Vid. Kempfer, Lib. I.

white horse. So much were all his successors devoted to the culture of this idol, which, by the by, was made of the vilest materials, that, in order to enrich his shrine, they impoverished the whole empire, yet still with the connivance and by the influence of the cuboy, who gratified this sordid passion or superstition of the Daïro, with a view to prevent him from employing his attention on matters of greater consequence.

Nathaniel, you have heard of the transmigration of souls, a doctrine avowed by one Pythagoras, a philosopher of Crotona. This doctrine, though discarded and reprobated by Christians, is nevertheless sound and orthodox, I affirm on the integrity of an atom. Further I shall not explain myself on this subject, though I might with safety set the convocation and the whole hierarchy at defiance, knowing, as I do, that it is not in their power to make me bate one particle of what I advance; or, if they should endeavour to reach me through your organs, and even condemn you to the stake at Smithfield, verily, I say unto thee, I should be a gainer by the next remove. I should shift my quarters from a very cold and empty tenement, which I now occupy in the brain of a poor haberdasher, to the nervous plexus situated at the mouth of the stomach of a fat alderman fed with venison and turtle.

But to return to Pythagoras, whom one of your wise countrymen denominated *Peter Grove, the wiseacre* of Crotona; you must know that philosopher was a type, which hath not yet been fully unveiled. That he taught the metempsychosis, explained the nature and property of harmonies, demonstrated the motion of the earth, discovered the elements of geometry and arithmetic,

enjoined his disciples silence, and abstained from eating any thing that was ever informed by the breath of life, are circumstances known to all the learned world; but his veneration for beans, which cost him his life, his golden thigh, his adventures in the character of a courtezan, his golden verses, his epithet of αὐτὸς ἔφα, the fable of his being born of a virgin, and his descent into hell, are mysteries in which some of the most important truths are concealed. Between friends, honest Nathaniel, I myself constituted part of that sage's body; and I could say a great deal—but there is a time for all things. I shall only observe, that Philip Tessier had some reason for supposing Pythagoras to have been a monk; and there are shrewd hints in Meyer's dissertation, *Utrum Pythagoras Judæus fuit, an monachus Carmelita.*

Waiving these intricate discussions for the present (though I cannot help disclosing that Pythagoras was actually circumcised), know, Peacock, that the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, is the method which nature and fate constantly pursue in animating the creatures produced on the face of the earth; and this process, with some variation, is such as the Eleusinian mysteries imported, and such as you have read in Dryden's translation of the sixth book of Virgil's Æneid. The gods have provided a great magazine or diversorium, to which the departed souls of all animals repair at their dismission from the body. Here they are bathed in the waters of oblivion until they retain no memory of the scenes through which they have passed; but they still preserve their original crasis and capacity. From this repository, all new created beings are

supplied with souls; and these souls transmigrate into different animals, according to the pleasure of the great disposer. For example, my good friend Nathaniel Peacock, your own soul has within these hundred years threaded a goat, a spider, and a bishop; and its next stage will be the carcase of a brewer's horse.

In what manner we atoms come by these articles of intelligence, whether by intuition or communication of ideas, it is not necessary that you should conceive. Suffice it to say, the gods were merry on the follies of mankind, and Mercury undertook to exhibit a mighty nation ruled and governed by the meanest intellects that could be found in the repository of pre-existing spirits. He laid the scene in Japan, about the middle of the period Foggien, when that nation was at peace with all her neighbours. Into the mass destined to sway the sceptre, he infused, at the very article of conception, the spirit which in course of strangulation had been expelled *à posteriori* from a goose, killed on purpose to regale the appetite of the mother. The animalcule, thus inspired, was born, and succeeded to the throne, under the name of Got-hama-baba. His whole life and conversation was no other than a repetition of the humours he had displayed in his last character. He was rapacious, shallow, hot-headed, and perverse; in point of understanding, just sufficient to appear in public without a slavering bib; imbued with no knowledge, illumed by no sentiment, and warmed with no affection; except a blind attachment to the worship of Fakku-basi, which seemed, indeed, to be a disease in his constitution. His heart was meanly selfish, and his disposition altogether unprincely.

Of all his recreations, that which he delighted in most

was kicking the breech of his Cuboy, or prime minister, an exercise which he every day performed in private. It was therefore necessary that a Cuboy should be found to undergo this diurnal operation without repining. This was a circumstance foreseen and provided for by Mercury, who, a little after the conception of Got-hama-baba, impregnated the ovum of a future Cuboy, and implanted in it a changling soul, which had successively passed through the bodies of an ass, a dottril, an apple-woman, and a cow-boy. It was diverting enough to see the rejoicings with which the birth of this Quanbuku[1] was celebrated; and still more so to observe the marks of fond admiration in the parents, as the soul of the cow-boy proceeded to expand itself in the young Cuboy. This is a species of diversion we atoms often enjoy. We at different times behold the same spirit hunted down in a hare, and cried up in an Hector; fawning in a prostitute, and bribing in a minister; breaking forth in a whistle at the plough, and in a sermon from the pulpit; impelling a hog to the sty, and a counsellor to the cabinet; prompting a shoe-boy to filch, and a patriot to harangue; squinting in a goat, and smiling in a matron.

Tutors of all sorts were provided betimes for the young Quanbuku, but his genius rejected all cultivation; at least, the crops it produced were barren and ungrateful. He was distinguished by the name of Fika-kaka, and caressed as the heir of an immense fortune. Nay, he was really considered as one of the most hopeful young Quanbukus in the empire of Japan; for his want of ideas was attended with a total absence of pride, insolence, or any other disagreeable vice; indeed, his

[1] Quanbuku is a dignity of the first order in Japan.

character was founded upon negatives. He had no understanding, no œconomy, no courage, no industry, no readiness, no discernment, no vigour, no retention. He was reputed generous and good-humoured; but was really profuse, chicken-hearted, negligent, fickle, wandering, weak, and leaky. All these qualifications were agitated by an eagerness, haste, and impatience, that completed the most ludicrous composition which human nature ever produced. He appeared always in hurry and confusion, as if he had lost his wits in the morning, and was in quest of them all day. Let me whisper a secret to you, my good friend Peacock. All his bustle and trepidation proceeded from a hollowness in the brain, forming a kind of eddy, in which his animal spirits were hurried about in a perpetual swirl. Had it not been for this *lusus naturæ*, the circulation would not have been sufficient for the purposes of animal life. Had the whole world been searched by the princes thereof, it would not have produced another to have matched this half-witted original, to whom the administration of a mighty empire was wholly consigned. Notwithstanding all the care that was taken of his education, Fika-kaka never could comprehend any art or science, except that of dancing bare-headed among the Bonzas[1] at the great festival of Cambadoxi. The extent of his knowledge in arithmetic went no farther than the numeration of his ten fingers. In history, he had no idea of what preceded a certain treaty with the Chinese, in the reign of Queen Syko, who died within his own remembrance; and was so ignorant of geography, that he did not know that his

[1] Smollett sometimes has "Bonzas," but more often "Bonzes."

native country was surrounded by the sea. No system of morality could he ever understand; and of the fourteen sects of religion that are permitted in Japan, the only discipline he could imbibe was a superstitious devotion for Faku-basi, the temple of the white horse. This, indeed, was neither the fruit of doctrine, nor the result of reason; but a real instinct, implanted in his nature for fulfilling the ends of Providence. His person was extremely aukward; his eye vacant, though alarmed; his speech thick and embarrassed; his utterance ungraceful; and his meaning perplexed. With much difficulty he learned to write his own name, and that of the Dairo; and picked up a smattering of the Chinese language, which was sometimes used at court. In his youth, he freely conversed with women; but as he advanced in age, he placed his chief felicity in the delights of the table. He hired cooks from China at an enormous expence, and drank huge quantities of the strong liquor distilled from rice, which, by producing repeated intoxication, had an unlucky effect upon his brain, that was naturally of a loose, flimsy texture. The immoderate use of this potation was likewise said to have greatly impaired his retentive faculty; inasmuch as he was subject upon every extraordinary emotion of spirit to an involuntary discharge from the last of the intestines.

Such was the character of Fika-kaka, entitled by his birth to a prodigious estate, as well as to the honours of Quanbuku, the first hereditary dignity in the empire. In consequence of his high station, he was connected with all the great men in Japan, and used to the court from his infancy. Here it was he became acquainted with

young Got-hama-baba, his future sovereign; and their souls being congenial, they soon contracted an intimacy, which endured for life. They were like twin particles of matter, which having been divorced from one another by a most violent shock, had floated many thousand years in the ocean of the universe, till at length meeting by accident, and approaching within the spheres of each other's attraction, they rush together with an eager embrace, and continue united ever after.

The favour of the sovereign, added to the natural influence arising from a vast fortune and great alliances, did not fail to elevate Fika-kaka to the most eminent offices of the state, until, at length, he attained to the dignity of Cuboy, or chief minister, which virtually comprehends all the rest. Here then was the strangest phaenomenon that ever appeared in the political world. A statesman without capacity, or the smallest tincture of human learning; a secretary who could not write; a financier who did not understand the multiplication table; and the treasurer of a vast empire who never could balance accounts with his own butler.

He was no sooner, for the diversion of the gods, promoted to the Cuboyship, than his vanity was pampered with all sorts of adulation. He was in magnificence extolled above the first Meckaddo, or line of emperors, to whom divine honours had been paid; equal in wisdom to Tensio-dai-sin, the first founder of the Japonese monarchy; braver than Whey-vang, of the dynasty of Chew; more learned than Jacko, the chief pontiff of Japan; more liberal than Shi-wang-ti, who was possessed of the universal medicine; and more religious than *Bupo*, alias *Kobot*, who, from a foreign country,

brought with him on a white horse, a book called Kio, containing the mysteries of his religion.

But, by none was he more cultivated than by the Bonzas or clergy, especially those of the university Frenoxena,[1] so renowned for their learning, sermons, and oratory, who actually chose him their supreme director, and every morning adored him with a very singular rite of worship. This attachment was the more remarkable, as Fika-kaka was known to favour the sect of Nem-buds-ju, who distinguished themselves by the ceremony of circumcision. Some malicious people did not scruple to whisper about, that he himself had privately undergone the operation: but these, to my certain knowledge, were the suggestions of falsehood and slander. A slight scarification, indeed, it was once necessary to make, on account of his health; but this was no ceremony of any religious worship. The truth was this. The Nem-buds-ju, being few in number, and generally hated by the whole nation, had recourse to the protection of Fika-kaka, which they obtained for a valuable consideration. Then a law was promulgated in their favour; a step which was so far from exciting the jealousy of the Bonzas, that there was not above three, out of one hundred and fifty-nine thousand, that opened their lips in disapprobation of the measure. Such were the virtue and moderation of the Bonzas, and so loth were they to disoblige their great director Fika-kaka.

What rendered the knot of connexion between Dairo Got-hama-baba, and this Cuboy, altogether indissoluble, was a singular circumstance, which I shall now explain. Fika-kaka not only devoted himself entirely to the grati-

[1] Vid. Hist. Eccles. Japan, Vol. I.

fication of his master's prejudices and rapacity, even when they interfered the most with the interest and reputation of Japan; but he also submitted personally to his capricious humours with the most placid resignation. He presented his posteriors to be kicked as regularly as the day revolved; and presented them not barely with submission, but with all the appearance of fond desire: and truly this diurnal exposure was attended with such delectation as he never enjoyed in any other attitude.

To explain this matter, I must tell thee, Peacock, that Fika-kaka was from his infancy afflicted with an itching of the podex, which the learned Dr Woodward would have termed *immanis αἰδοίων pruritus*. That great naturalist would have imputed it to a redundancy of cholicky salts, got out of the stomach and guts into the blood, and thrown upon these parts, and he would have attempted to break their colluctations with oil, &c.; but I, who know the real causes of this disorder, smile at these whims of philosophy.

Be that as it may, certain it is, all the most eminent physicians in Japan were consulted about this strange tickling and tingling, and among these the celebrated Pan-acy, whose spirit afterwards informed the body of Rabelais. This experienced leech, having prescribed a course of cathartics, balsamics, and sweeteners, on the supposition that the blood was tainted with a scorbutical itch, at length found reason to believe that the disease was local. He therefore tried the method of gentle friction: for which purpose he used almost the very same substances which were many centuries after applied by Gargantua to his own posteriors; such as a night-cap, a pillow-bier, a slipper, a poke, a pannier, a beaver, a hen,

a cock, a chicken, a calf-skin, a hare-skin, a pigeon, a cormorant, a lawyer's bag, a lamprey, a coif, a lure, nay, even a goose's neck, without finding that *volupté merifique au trou de cul*, which was the portion of the son of Grangousier. In short, there was nothing that gave Fika-kaka such respite from this tormenting titillation as did smearing the parts with thick cream, which was afterwards licked up by the rough tongue of a boar-cat. But the administration of this remedy was once productive of a disagreeable incident. In the mean time, the distemper gaining ground became so troublesome, that the unfortunate Quanbuku was incessantly in the fidgets, and ran about distracted, cackling like a hen in labour.

The source of all this misfortune was the juxtaposition of two atoms quarrelling for precedency, in this the Cuboy's seat of honour. Their pressing and squeezing and elbowing and jostling, though of no effect in discomposing one another, occasioned all this irritation and titillation in the posteriors of Fika-kaka. What! dost thou mutter, Peacock? dost thou presume to question my veracity? now, by the indivisible rotundity of an atom, I have a good mind, caitiff, to raise such a buzzing commotion in thy glandula pinealis, that thou shalt run distracted over the face of the earth, like Io when she was stung by Juno's gadfly! What! thou who hast been rapt from the cradle in visions of mystery and revelation, swallowed impossibilities like lamb's wool, and digested doctrines harder than iron three times quenched in the Ebro! thou to demur at what I assert upon the evidence and faith of my own consciousness and consistency! Oh! you capitulate! well, then beware of a relapse—you know a relapsed heretic finds no mercy.

impossibilities. The same man whom he yesterday flattered with the most fulsome adulation, he will to-morrow revile with the most bitter abuse; and, at the turning of a straw, take into his bosom the very person whom he has formerly defamed as the most perfidious rascal.

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The methods used for accomplishing these purposes are extremely simple. You have seen a dancing bear incensed to a dangerous degree of rage, and all at once appeased by firing a pistol over his nose. The Japonese, even in their most ferocious moods, when they denounce vengeance against the cuboy, or minister, and even threaten the throne itself, are easily softened into meekness and condescension. A set of tall fellows, hired for the purpose, tickle them under the noses with

undulation, or vibration. Were these essential discoveries communicated, human philosophy would become too arrogant. It was but the other day that Newton made shift to dive into some subaltern laws of matter; to explain the revolution of the planets, and analyze the composition of light; and ever since that reptile man has believed itself a demi-god. I hope to see the day when the petulant philosopher shall be driven back to his Categories and the Organum Universale of Aristotle, his *οὔσια*, his *ὕλη*, and his *ὑποκείμενον*..

But waiving these digressions, the pleasure which the Cuboy felt from the application of the Dairo's toe-nail was succeeded by a kind of tension or stiffness, which began to grow troublesome just as he reached his own palace, where the Bonzas were assembled to offer up their diurnal incense. Instinct, on this occasion, performed what could hardly have been expected from the most extraordinary talents.

At sight of a grizzled beard belonging to one of those venerable doctors, he was struck with the idea of a powerful assuager; and taking him into his cabinet, proposed that he should make oral application to the part affected. The proposal was embraced without hesitation, and the effect even transcended the hope of the Cuboy. The osculation itself was soft, warm, emollient, and comfortable; but when the nervous papillæ were gently stroaked, and, as it were, fondled by the long elastic, peristaltic, abstersive fibres that composed this reverend verriculum, such a delectable titillation ensued, that Fika-kaka was quite in raptures.

That which he intended at first for a medicine he now converted into an article of luxury. All the Bonzas who

enrolled themselves in the number of his dependants, whether old or young, black or fair, rough or smooth, were enjoined every day to perform this additional and posterior rite of worship, so productive of delight to the Cuboy, that he was every morning impatient to receive the Dairo's calcitration, or rather his pedestrian digitation; after which he flew with all the eagerness of desire to the subsequent part of his entertainment.

The transports thus produced seemed to disarrange his whole nervous system, and produce an odd kind of revolution in his fancy; for though he was naturally grave, and indeed overwhelmed with constitutional hebetude, he became, in consequence of this periodical tickling, the most giddy, pert buffoon in nature. All was grinning, giggling, laughing, and prating, except when his fears intervened; then he started and stared, and cursed and prayed by turns. There was but one barber in the whole empire that would undertake to shave him, so ticklish and unsteady he was under the hands of the operator. He could not sit above one minute in the same attitude, or on the same seat, but shifted about from couch to chair, from chair to stool, from stool to close-stool, with incessant rotation, and all the time gave audience to those who solicited his favour and protection. To all and several he promised his best offices, and confirmed those promises with oaths and protestations. One he shook by the hand; another he hugged; a third he kissed on both sides the face; with a fourth he whispered; a fifth he honoured with a familiar horse-laugh. He never had courage to refuse even that which he could not possibly grant; and at last his tongue actually forgot how to pronounce the negative

particle: but as in the English language two negatives amount to an affirmative, five hundred affirmatives in the mouth of Fika-kaka did not altogether destroy the efficacy of simple negation. A promise five hundred times repeated, and at every repetition confirmed by oath, barely amounted to a computable chance of performance.

It must be allowed, however, he promoted a great number of Bonzas, and in this promotion he manifested an uncommon taste. They were preferred according to the colour of their beards. He found, by experience, that beards of different colours yielded him different degrees of pleasure in the friction we have described above; and the provision he made for each was in proportion to the satisfaction the candidate could afford. The sensation ensuing from the contact of a grey beard was soft and delicate, and agreeably demulcent, when the parts were unusually inflamed; a red, yellow, or brindled beard, was in request when the business was to thrill or tingle; but a black beard was of all others the most honoured by Fika-kaka, not only on account of its fleecy feel, equally spirited and balsamic, but also for another philosophical reason, which I shall now explain. You know, Peacock, that black colour absorbs the rays of light, and detains them as it were in a repository. Thus a black beard, like the back of a black cat, becomes a phosphorus in the dark, and emits sparkles upon friction. You must know that one of the gravest doctors of the Bonzas, who had a private request to make, desired an audience of Fika-kaka in his closet at night, and the taper falling down by accident, that very instant when his beard was in contact with the Cuboy's seat of honour, the electrical snap was heard, and the part illuminated.

to the astonishment of the spectators, who looked upon it as a prelude to the apotheosis of Fika-kaka. Being made acquainted with this phenomenon, the minister was exceedingly elevated in his own mind. He rejoiced in it as a communication to some divine efficacy, and raised the happy Bonza to the rank of Pontifex Maximus, or chief priest, in the temple of Fakku-basi. In the course of experiments, he found that all black beards were electrical in the same degree, and being ignorant of philosophy, ascribed it to some supernatural virtue, in consequence of which they were promoted as the holiest of the Bonzas. But you and I know, that such a phosphorus is obtained from the most worthless and corrupted materials, such as rotten wood, putrefied veal, and stinking whiting.

Fika-kaka, such as I described him, could not possibly act in the character of Cuboy without the assistance of counsellors and subalterns, who understood the detail of government and the forms of business. He was accordingly surrounded by a number of satellites, who reflected his lustre in their several spheres of rotation; and though their immersions and emersions were apparently abrupt and irregular, formed a kind of luminous belt as pale and comfortless as the ring of Saturn, the most distant, cold, and baleful of all the planets.

The most remarkable of these subordinates was Stiphi-rum-poo, a man who, from a low plebeian origin, had raised himself to one of the first offices of the empire, to the dignity of *Quo*, or nobleman, and a considerable share of the Dairo's personal regard. He owed his whole success to his industry, assiduity, and circumspection. During the former part of his life he

studied the laws of Japan with such severity of application, that, though unassisted by the least gleam of genius, and destitute of the smallest pretension to talent, he made himself master of all the written ordinances, all the established customs and forms of proceeding in the different tribunals of the empire. In the progress of his vocation he became an advocate of some eminence, and even acquired reputation for polemical eloquence, though his manner was ever dry, laboured, and unpleasant. Being elevated to the station of a judge, he so far justified the interest by which he had been promoted, that his honesty was never called in question; and his sentences were generally allowed to be just and upright. He heard causes with the most painful attention, seemed to be indefatigable in his researches after truth; and though he was forbidding in his aspect, slow in deliberation, tedious in discussion, and cold in his address; yet I must own, he was also unbiassed in his decisions. I mean, unbiassed by any consciousness of sinister motive; for a man may be biassed by the nature of his disposition, as well as by prejudices acquired, and yet not guilty of intentional partiality. Sti-phi-rum-poo was scrupulously just, according to his own ideas of justice, and consequently well qualified to decide in common controversies. But in delicate cases, which required an uncommon share of penetration; when the province of a supreme judge is to mitigate the severity, and sometimes even deviate from the dead letter of the common law, in favour of particular institutions, or of humanity in general; he had neither genius to enlighten his understanding, sentiment to elevate his mind, nor courage to surmount the petty inclosures of ordinary practice. He

was accused of avarice and cruelty, but, in fact, these were not active passions in his heart. The conduct which seemed to justify these imputations was wholly owing to a total want of taste and generosity. The nature of his post furnished him with opportunities to accumulate riches, and as the narrowness of his mind admitted no ideas of elegance or refined pleasure, he knew not how to use his wealth so as to avoid the charge of a sordid disposition. His temper was not rapacious but attentive; he knew not the use of wealth, and therefore did not use it at all, but was in this particular neither better nor worse than a strong box for the convenience and advantage of his heir. The appearance of cruelty remarkable in his counsels, relating to some wretched insurgents who had been taken in open rebellion, and the rancorous pleasure he seemed to feel in pronouncing sentence of death by self-exenteration,[1] was in fact the gratification of a dastardly heart, which had never acknowledged the least impulse of any liberal sentiment. This being the case, mankind ought not to impute that to his guilt which was, in effect, the consequence of his infirmity. A man might, with equal justice, be punished for being purblind. Sti-phi-rum-poo was much more culpable for seeking to shine in a sphere for which nature never intended him, I mean for commencing statesman, and intermeddling in the machine of government; yet even into this character he was forced, as it were, by the opinion and injunctions of Fika-kaka, who employed him at first in making speeches for the Dairo, which that prince used to pronounce in public, at certain seasons of

[1] A gentleman capitally convicted in Japan is allowed the privilege of anticipating the common executioner, by ripping out his own bowels.

the year. These speeches being tolerably well received by the populace, the Cuboy conceived an extraordinary opinion of his talents, and thought him extremely well qualified to ease him of great part of the burden of government. He found him very well disposed to engage heartily in his interests. Then he was admitted to the osculation *à posteriori*; and though his beard was not black, but rather of a subfuscan hue, he managed it with such dexterity, that Fika-kaka declared the salute gave him unspeakable pleasure, while the bystanders protested that the contact produced, not simply electrical sparks or scintillations, but even a perfect irradiation, which seemed together supernatural. From this moment Sti-phi-rum-poo was initiated in the mysteries of the cabinet, and even introduced to the person of the Dairo Got-hama-baba, whose pedestrian favours he shared with his new patron. It was observed, however, that even after his promotion and nobilitation, he still retained his original aukwardness, and never could acquire that graceful ease of attitude with which the Cuboy presented his parts averse to the contemplation of his sovereign. Indeed this minister's body was so well moulded for the celebration of the rite, that one would have imagined nature had formed him expressly for that purpose, with his head and body projecting forwards, so as to form an angle of forty-five with the horizon, while the glutæi muscles swelled backwards as if ambitious to meet half way the imperial encounter.

The third connexion that strengthened this political band was Nin-kom-poo-po, commander of the *Fune*, or navy of Japan, who, if ever man was, might surely be termed the child of fortune. He was bred to the sea

from his infancy, and, in the course of pacific service, rose to the command of a jonkh, when he was so lucky as to detect a crew of pyrates employed on a desolate shore, in concealing a hoard of money which they had taken from the merchants of Corea. Nim-kom-poo-po falling in with them at night, attacked them unawares, and having obtained an easy victory, carried off the treasure. I cannot help being amused at the folly of you silly mortals when I recollect the transports of the people at the return of this fortunate officer, with a paltry mass of silver, parading in covered waggons, escorted by his crew in arms. The whole city of Meaco resounded with acclamation; and Nin-kom-poo-po was extolled as the greatest hero that ever the empire of Japan produced. The Cuboy honoured him with five kisses in public, accepted of the osculation in private, recommended him in the strongest terms to the Dairo, who promoted him to the rank of Sey-seo-gun, or general at sea. He professed himself an adherent to the Cuboy, entered into a strict alliance with Sti-phi-rum-poo, and the whole management of the *Fune* was consigned into his hands. With respect to his understanding, it was just sufficient to comprehend the duties of a common mariner, and to follow the ordinary route of the most sordid avarice. As to his heart, he might be said to be in a state of total apathy, without principle or passion, for I cannot afford the name of passion to such a vile appetite as an insatiable thirst of lucre. He was, indeed, so cold and forbidding, that, in Japan, the people distinguished him by a nick-name equivalent to the English word Salamander; not that he was inclined to live in fire, but that the coldness of his heart would

have extinguished any fire it had approached. Some individuals imagined that he had been begot upon a mermaid by a sailor of Kamschatka, but this was a mere fable. I can assure you, however, that when his lips were in contact with the Cuboy's posteriors, Fika-kaka's teeth were seen to chatter. The pride of this animal was equal to his frigidity. He affected to establish new regulations at the council where he presided; he treated his equals with insolence, and his superiors with contempt. Other people generally rejoice in obliging their fellow-creatures when they can do it without prejudice to their own interest. Nin-com-poo-po had a repulsive power in his disposition, and seemed to take pleasure in denying a request. When this vain creature, selfish, inelegant, arrogant, and uncouth, appeared in all his trappings at the Dairo's court, upon a festival, he might have been justly compared to a Lapland idol of ice, adorned with a profusion of brass leaf and trinkets of pewter. In the direction of the Fune, he was provided with a certain number of assessors, counsellors, or coadjutors, but these he never consulted more than if they had been wooden images. He distributed his commands among his own dependants, and left all the forms of the office to the care of the scribe, who thus became so necessary, that his influence sometimes had well nigh interfered with that of the president, nay, they have been seen, like the electrical spheres of two bodies, repelling each other. Hence, it was observed, that the office of the Sey-seo-gun-siality resembled the serpent called Amphisbæna, which, contrary to the formation of other animals in head and tail, has a head where the tail should be. Well, indeed, might they compare them to

a serpent, in creeping, cunning, coldness, and venom; but the comparison would have held with more propriety had nature produced a serpent without ever a head at all.

The fourth who contributed his credit and capacity to this coalition, was Foksi-roku, a man who greatly surpassed them all in the science of politicks, bold, subtle, interested, insinuating, ambitious, and indefatigable. An adventurer from his cradle, a latitudinarian in principle, a libertine in morals, without the advantages of birth, fortune, character, or interest; by his own natural sagacity, a close attention to the follies and foibles of mankind, a projecting spirit, an invincible assurance, and an obstinacy of perseverance, proof against all the shocks of disappointment and repulse; he forced himself, as it were, into the scale of preferment; and being found equally capable and compliant, rose to high offices of trust and profit, detested by the people as one of the most desperate tools of a wicked administration, and odious to his colleagues in the m——y for his superior talents, his restless ambition, and the uncertainty of his attachment.

As interest prompted him he hovered between the triumvirate we have described, and another knot of competitors for the ad——n, headed by Quamba-cun-dono, a great Quo related to the Dairo, who had borne the supreme command in the army, and was styled Fatzman,[1] κατ' ἐξοχήν, or by way of eminence. This accomplished prince was not only the greatest in his mind, but also the greatest in his person of all the subjects of Japan; and whereas your Shakspeare makes Falstaff urge it as a

[1] Vide Kempfer, Amænitat. Japan.

plea in his own favour, that as he had more flesh, so likewise he had more frailty than other men; I may justly convert the proposition in favour of Quamba-cundono, and affirm, that as he had more flesh, so he had more virtue than any other Japonese; more bowels, more humanity, more beneficence, more affability. He was undoubtedly, for a Fatzman, the most courteous, the most gallant, the most elegant, generous and munificent Quo that ever adorned the court of Japan. So consummate in the art of war, that the whole world could not produce a general to match him in foresight, vigilance, conduct, and ability. Indeed his intellects were so extraordinary and extensive, that he seemed to sentimentize at every pore, and to have the faculty of thinking diffused all over his frame, even to his fingers' ends; or, as the Latins call it, *ad unguem*; nay, so wonderful was his organical conformation, that, in the opinion of many Japonese philosophers, his whole body was enveloped in a kind of poultice of brain, and that if he had lost his head in battle, the damage with regard to his power of reflection would have been scarce perceptible. After he had achieved many glorious exploits in a war against the Chinese on the continent, he was sent with a strong army to quell a dangerous insurrection in the northern parts of Ximo, which is one of the Japonese islands. He accordingly by his valour crushed the rebellion; and afterwards, by dint of clemency and discretion, extinguished the last embers of disaffection. When the insurgents were defeated, dispersed, and disarmed, and a sufficient number selected for example, his humanity emerged, and took full possession of his breast. He considered them as wretched men, misled

by false principles of honour, and sympathised with their distress; he pitied them as men and fellow-citizens; he regarded them as useful fellow-subjects, who might be reclaimed and reunited to the community. Instead of sending out the ministers of blood, rapine, and revenge, to ravage, burn, and destroy, without distinction of age, sex, or principle; he extended the arms of mercy to all who would embrace that indulgence; he protected the lives and habitations of the helpless, and diminished the number of the malcontents much more effectually by his benevolence than by his sword.

The southern Japonese had been terribly alarmed at this insurrection, and in the first transports of their deliverance, voluntarily taxed themselves with a considerable yearly tribute to the hero Quamba-cun-dono. In all probability, they would not have appeared so grateful, had they staid to see the effects of his merciful disposition towards the vanquished rebels; for mercy is surely no attribute of the Japonese, considered as a people. Indeed, nothing could form a more striking contrast than appeared in the transactions in the northern and southern parts of the empire at this juncture. While the amiable Quamba-cun-dono was employed in the godlike office of gathering together, and cherishing under his wings the poor, dispersed, forlorn widows and orphans, whom the savage hand of war had deprived of parent, husband, home, and sustenance; while he, in the north, gathered these miserable creatures even as a hen gathereth her chickens; Sti-phirum-poo, and other judges in the south, were condemning such of their parents and husbands, as survived the sword, to crucifixion, cauldrons of boiling oil, or exentera-

studied the laws of Japan with such severity of application, that, though unassisted by the least gleam of genius, and destitute of the smallest pretension to talent, he made himself master of all the written ordinances, all the established customs and forms of proceeding in the different tribunals of the empire. In the progress of his vocation he became an advocate of some eminence, and even acquired reputation for polemical eloquence, though his manner was ever dry, laboured, and unpleasant. Being elevated to the station of a judge, he so far justified the interest by which he had been promoted, that his honesty was never called in question; and his sentences were generally allowed to be just and upright. He heard causes with the most painful attention, seemed to be indefatigable in his researches after truth; and though he was forbidding in his aspect, slow in deliberation, tedious in discussion, and cold in his address; yet I must own, he was also unbiassed in his decisions. I mean, unbiassed by any consciousness of sinister motive; for a man may be biassed by the nature of his disposition, as well as by prejudices acquired, and yet not guilty of intentional partiality. Sti-phi-rum-poo was scrupulously just, according to his own ideas of justice, and consequently well qualified to decide in common controversies. But in delicate cases, which required an uncommon share of penetration; when the province of a supreme judge is to mitigate the severity, and sometimes even deviate from the dead letter of the common law, in favour of particular institutions, or of humanity in general; he had neither genius to enlighten his understanding, sentiment to elevate his mind, nor courage to surmount the petty inclosures of ordinary practice. He

was accused of avarice and cruelty, but, in fact, these were not active passions in his heart. The conduct which seemed to justify these imputations was wholly owing to a total want of taste and generosity. The nature of his post furnished him with opportunities to accumulate riches, and as the narrowness of his mind admitted no ideas of elegance or refined pleasure, he knew not how to use his wealth so as to avoid the charge of a sordid disposition. His temper was not rapacious but attentive; he knew not the use of wealth, and therefore did not use it at all, but was in this particular neither better nor worse than a strong box for the convenience and advantage of his heir. The appearance of cruelty remarkable in his counsels, relating to some wretched insurgents who had been taken in open rebellion, and the rancorous pleasure he seemed to feel in pronouncing sentence of death by self-exenteration,[1] was in fact the gratification of a dastardly heart, which had never acknowledged the least impulse of any liberal sentiment. This being the case, mankind ought not to impute that to his guilt which was, in effect, the consequence of his infirmity. A man might, with equal justice, be punished for being purblind. Sti-phi-rum-poo was much more culpable for seeking to shine in a sphere for which nature never intended him, I mean for commencing statesman, and intermeddling in the machine of government; yet even into this character he was forced, as it were, by the opinion and injunctions of Fika-kaka, who employed him at first in making speeches for the Dairo, which that prince used to pronounce in public, at certain seasons of

[1] A gentleman capitally convicted in Japan is allowed the privilege of anticipating the common executioner, by ripping out his own bowels.

was kicking the breech of his Cuboy, or prime minister, an exercise which he every day performed in private. It was therefore necessary that a Cuboy should be found to undergo this diurnal operation without repining. This was a circumstance foreseen and provided for by Mercury, who, a little after the conception of Got-hama-baba, impregnated the ovum of a future Cuboy, and implanted in it a changling soul, which had successively passed through the bodies of an ass, a dottril, an apple-woman, and a cow-boy. It was diverting enough to see the rejoicings with which the birth of this Quanbuku[1] was celebrated; and still more so to observe the marks of fond admiration in the parents, as the soul of the cow-boy proceeded to expand itself in the young Cuboy. This is a species of diversion we atoms often enjoy. We at different times behold the same spirit hunted down in a hare, and cried up in an Hector; fawning in a prostitute, and bribing in a minister; breaking forth in a whistle at the plough, and in a sermon from the pulpit; impelling a hog to the sty, and a counsellor to the cabinet; prompting a shoe-boy to filch, and a patriot to harangue; squinting in a goat, and smiling in a matron.

Tutors of all sorts were provided betimes for the young Quanbuku, but his genius rejected all cultivation; at least, the crops it produced were barren and ungrateful. He was distinguished by the name of Fika-kaka, and caressed as the heir of an immense fortune. Nay, he was really considered as one of the most hopeful young Quanbukus in the empire of Japan; for his want of ideas was attended with a total absence of pride, insolence, or any other disagreeable vice; indeed, his

[1] Quanbuku is a dignity of the first order in Japan.

other. In an assembly of sensible men, his talents would have shone with superior lustre; but at the council of Twenty-eight, they were obscured by the thick clouds of ignorance that enveloped his brethren. The Dario had a personal respect for him, and is said to have conferred frequent favours on his posteriors in private. He kicked the Cuboy often *ex officio*, as a husband thinks it incumbent upon him to caress his wife; but he kicked the president for pleasure, as a voluptuary embraces his mistress. Soo-san-sin-o, conscious that he had no family interest to support him in cabals among the people, and, careless of his country's fate, resolved to enjoy the comforts of life in quiet. He laughed and quaffed with his select companions in private; received his appointments thankfully; and swam with the tide of politics as it happened to flow. It was pretty extraordinary that the wisest man should be the greatest cypher; but such was the will of the gods.

Besides these great luminaries that enlightened the cabinet of Japan, I shall have occasion, in the course of my narrative, to describe many other stars of an inferior order. At this board there was as great a variety of characters, as we find in the celebrated table of Cebes. Nay, indeed, what was objected to the philosopher, might have been more justly said of the Japonese councils. There was neither invention, unity, nor design among them. They consisted of mobs of sauntering, strolling, vagrant, and ridiculous politicians. Their schemes were absurd, and their deliberations like the sketches of anarchy. All was bellowing, bleating, braying, grinning, grumbling, confusion, and uproar. It was

more like a dream of chaos than a picture of human life. If the *ΔΑΙΜΩΝ*, or genius, was wanting, it must be owned that Fika-kaka exactly answered Cebes's description of *ΤΥΧΗ*, or fortune, blind and frantic, running about every where; giving to some and taking from others, without rule or distinction; while her emblem of the round stone, fairly shows his *giddy* nature; καλῶς μηνύει φύσιν αὐτῆς. Here, however, one might have seen many other figures of the painter's allegory; such as Deception tendering the cup of ignorance and error, opinions and appetites; Disappointment and Anguish; Debauchery, Profligacy, Gluttony, and Adulation; Luxury, Fraud, Rapine, Perjury, and Sacrilege; but not the least traces of the virtues which are described in the group of true education, and in the grove of happiness.

The two factions that divided the council of Japan, though inveterate enemies to each other, heartily and cordially concurred in one particular, which was the worship established in the temple of Fakku-basi, or the White Horse. This was the orthodox faith in Japan, and was certainly founded, as St. Paul saith of the Christian religion, upon the evidence of things not seen. All the votaries of this superstition of Fakku-basi subscribed and swore to the following creed, implicitly, without hesitation or mental reservation, "I believe in the White Horse, that he descended from Heaven, and sojourned in Jeddo, which is the land of promise. I believe in *Bupo* his apostle, who first declared to the children of Niphon, the glad tidings of the gospel of Fakku-basi. I believe that the White Horse was begot by a black mule, and brought forth by a green dragon;

hat his head is of silver, and his hoofs are of brass; hat he eats gold as provender, and discharges diamonds s dung; that the Japonese are ordained and pre-lestined to furnish him with food, and the people of Jeddo to clear away his litter. I believe that the island f Niphon is joined to the continent of Jeddo, and that whoever thinks otherwise shall be damned to all ternity. I believe that the smallest portion of matter may be practically divided *ad infinitum:* that equal quan-ities taken from equal quantities, an unequal quantity will remain; that two and two make seven; that the un rules the night, the stars the day; and the moon is made of green cheese. Finally, I believe that a man cannot be saved without devoting his goods and his chattels, his children, relations, and friends, his senses, nd ideas, his soul and his body, to the religion of the White Horse, as it is prescribed in the ritual of Fakku-basi." These are the tenets which the Japonese ministers swallowed as glib as the English clergy swal-lowed the thirty-nine articles.

Having thus characterised the chiefs that disputed the administration, or, in other words, the empire of Japan, I shall now proceed to a plain narration of histori-cal incidents, without pretending to philosophize like H[um]e, or dogmatize like S[molle]tt. I shall only tell thee, Nathaniel, that Britain never gave birth but to two historians worthy of credit, and they were Taliessin and Geoffrey of Monmouth. I'll tell you another secret. The whole world has never been able to produce six good historians. Herodotus is fabulous, even to a proverb; Thucydides is perplexed, obscure, and unim-portant; Polybius is dry and inelegant; Livy super-

ficial; and Tacitus a coxcomb. Guicciardini wants interest; Davila digestion; and Sarpi truth. In the whole catalogue of French historians, there is not one of tolerable authenticity.

In the year of the period Foggien one hundred and fifty-four, the tranquillity of Japan was interrupted by the incroachments of the Chinese adventurers, who made descents upon certain islands belonging to the Japonese, a great way to the southward of Xicoco. They even settled colonies, and built forts on some of them, while the two empires were at peace with each other. When the Japonese governors expostulated with the Chinese officers on this intrusion, they were treated with ridicule and contempt; then they had recourse to force of arms, and some skirmishes were fought with various success. When the tidings of these hostilities arrived at Meaco, the whole council of Twenty-eight was overwhelmed with fear and confusion. The Dairo kicked them all round, not from passion, but by way of giving an animating fillip to their deliberative faculties. The disputes had happened in the island of Fatsissio; but there were only three members of the council who knew that Fatsissio was an island, although the commerce there carried on was of the utmost importance to the empire of Japan. They were as much in the dark with respect to its situation. Fika-kaka, on the supposition that it adjoined to the coast of Corea, expressed his apprehension that the Chinese would invade it with a numerous army; and was so transported when Foksi-roku assured him it was an island at a vast distance from any continent, that he kissed him five times in the face of the whole council: and his royal master, Got-

hama-baba, swore he should be indulged with a double portion of kicking at his next private audience. The same counsellor proposed, that as the Fune, or navy of Japan, was much more numerous than the fleet of China, they should immediately avail themselves of this advantage. Quamba-cun-dono the Fatzman was of opinion that war should be immediately declared, and an army transported to the continent. Sti-phi-rum-poo thought it would be more expedient to sweep the seas of the Chinese trading vessels, without giving them any previous intimation; and to this opinion Admiral Nin-kom-poo-po subscribed, not only out of deference to the superior understanding of his sage ally, who undertook to prove it was not contrary to the law of nature and nations to plunder the subjects of foreign powers, who trade on the faith of treaties; but also from his own inclination, which was much addicted to pillage without bloodshed. To him, therefore, the task was left of scouring the seas, and intercepting the succours which, they had received intelligence, were ready to sail from one of the ports of China to the island of Fatsissio. In the mean time junks were provided for transporting thither a body of Japonese troops, under the command of one Koan, an obscure officer, without conduct or experience, whom the Fatzman selected for this service; not that he supposed him possessed of superior merit, but because no leader of distinction cared to engage in such a disagreeable expedition.

Nin-kom-poo-po acted according to the justest ideas which had been formed of his understanding. He let loose his cruisers among the merchant ships of China, and the harbours of Japan were quickly filled with

prizes and prisoners. The Chinese exclaimed against these proceedings as the most perfidious acts of piracy; and all the other powers of Asia beheld them with astonishment. But the consummate wisdom of the sea Sey-seo-gun appeared most conspicuous in another stroke of generalship which he now struck. Instead of blocking up in the Chinese harbour the succours destined to reinforce the enemy in Fatsisio, until they should be driven from their encroachments on that island, he very wisely sent a strong squadron of Fune to cruise in the open sea, midway between China and Fatsissio, in the most tempestuous season of the year, when the fogs are so thick and so constant in that latitude as to riva the darkness of a winter night; and supported the feasibility of this scheme in council, by observing, that the enemy would be thus decoyed from their harbour, and undoubtedly intercepted in their passage by the Japonese squadron. This plan was applauded as one of the most ingenious stratagems that ever was devised; and Fika-kaka insisted upon kissing his posteriors, as the most honourable mark of his approbation.

Philosophers have observed, that the motives of actions are not to be estimated by events. Fortune did not altogether fulfil the expectations of the council. General Koan suffered himself and his army to be decoyed into the middle of a wood, where they stood like sheep in the shambles, to be slaughtered by an unseen enemy. The Chinese succours perceiving their harbour open, set sail for Fatsissio, which they reached in safety, by changing their course about one degree from the common route; while the Japonese Fune continued cruising among the fogs, until the ships were shattered

by storms, and the crews more than half destroyed by cold and distemper.

When the news of these disasters arrived, great commotion arose in the council. The Dairo Got-hama-baba fluttered, and clucked, and cackled, and hissed, like a goose disturbed in the act of incubation. Quamba-cundono shed bitter tears; the Cuboy snivelled and sobbed; Sti-phi-rum-poo groaned; Gotto-mio swore; but the sea Sey-seo-gun Nin-kom-poo-po underwent no alteration. He sat as the emblem of insensibility, fixed as the north star, and as cold as that luminary, sending forth emanations of frigidity. Fika-kaka, mistaking this congelation for fortitude, went round and embraced him where he sat, exclaiming, "My dear Day, Sey-seo-gun, what would you advise in this dilemma?" But the contact had almost cost him his life; for the touch of Nin-kom-poo-po, thus congealed, had the same effect as that of the fish called Torpor. The Cuboy's whole body was instantly benumbed; and if his friends had not instantly poured down his throat a considerable quantity of strong spirit, the circulation would have ceased. This is what philosophers call a generation of cold, which became so intense, that the mercury in a Japonese thermometer, constructed on the same principles which were afterwards adopted by Fahrenheit, and fixed in the apartment, immediately sunk thirty degrees below the freezing point.

The first astonishment of the council was succeeded by critical remarks and argumentation. The Dairo consoled himself by observing, that his troops made a very soldierly appearance as they lay on the field in their new clothing, smart caps, and clean buskins; and that

the enemy allowed they had never seen beards and whiskers in better order. He then declared, that should a war ensue with China, he would go abroad and expose himself for the glory of Japan. Foksi-roku expressed his surprise that a general should march his army through a wood in an unknown country, without having it first reconnoitred; but the Fatzman assured him that was a practice never admitted into the discipline of Japan. Gotto-mio swore the man was mad to stand with his men, like oxen in a stall, to be knocked on the head, without using any means of defence. "Why the devil," said he, "did not he either retreat, or advance to close engagement with the handful of Chinese who formed the ambuscade?" "I hope, my dear Quan-buku," replied the Fatzman, "that the troops of Japan will always stand without flinching. I should have been mortified beyond measure, had they retreated without seeing the face of the enemy:—that would have been a disgrace which never befel any troops formed under my direction; and as for advancing, the ground would not permit any manœuvre of that nature. They were engaged in a *cul de sac*, where they could not form either in hollow square, front line, potence, column, or platoon. It was the fortune of war, and they bore it like men:—we shall be more fortunate on another occasion." The president Soo-san-sin-o took notice, that if there had been one Spaniel in the whole Japonese army, this disaster could not have happened, as the animal would have beat the bushes, and dicovered the ambuscade. He therefore proposed, that if the war was to be prosecuted in Fatsissio, which is a country overgrown with wood, a number of bloodhounds might be provided and sent

ever, to run upon the foot in the front and on the flanks of the army, when it should be on its march through such impediments. Quamba-cun-dono declared, that soldiers had much better die in the bed of honour, than be saved and victorious, by such an unmilitary expedient; that such a proposal was so contrary to the rules of war, and the scheme of enlisting dogs so derogatory from the dignity of the service, that if ever it should be embraced, he would resign his command, and spend the remainder of his life in retirement. This canine project was equally disliked by the Dairo, who approved of the Fatzman's objection, and sealed his approbation with a pedestrian salute of such momentum, that the Fatzman could hardly stand under the weight of the compliment. It was agreed that new levies should be made, and a new squadron of Fune equipped with all expedition; and thus the assembly broke up.

Fortune had not yet sufficiently humbled the pride of Japan. That body of Chinese which defeated Koan, made several conquests in Fatsissio, and seemed to be in a fair way of reducing the whole island. Yet the court of China, not satisfied with this success, resolved to strike a blow that should be equally humiliating to the Japonese, in another part of the world. Having by specious remonstrances already prepossessed all the neighbouring nations against the government of Japan, as the patrons of perfidy and piracy, they fitted out an armament, which was intended to subdue the island of Motao on the coast of Corea, which the Japonese had taken in a former war, and now occupied at a very great expense, as a place of the utmost importance to the

commerce of the empire. Repeated advices of the enemy's design were sent from different parts to the m——y of Japan; but they seemed all overwhelmed by such a lethargy of infatuation, that no measures of prevention were concerted.

Such was the opinion of the people; but the truth is, they were fast asleep. The Japonese hold with the ancient Greeks and modern Americans, that dreams are from heaven; and in any perplexing emergency, they, like the Indians, Jews, and natives of Madagascar, have recourse to dreaming as to an oracle. These dreams or divinations are preceded by certain religious rites analogous to the ceremony of the ephod, the Urim and the Thummim. The rites were religiously performed in the council of Twenty-Eight; and a deep sleep overpowered the Dairo and all his counsellors.

Got-hama-baba, the emperor, who reposed his head upon the pillowy sides of Quamba-cun-dono, dreamed that he was sacrificing in the temple of Fakku-basi, and saw the deity of the White Horse devouring pearls by the bushel at one end, and voiding corruption by the ton at the other. The Fatzman dreamed that a great number of Chinese cooks were busy buttering his brains. Gotto-mio dreamed of lending money, and borrowing sense. Sti-phi-rum-poo thought he had procured a new law for clapping padlocks upon the chastity of all the females in Japan, under twenty, of which padlocks he himself kept the keys. Nin-com-poo-po dreamed he was metamorphosed into a sea-lion, in pursuit of a shoal of golden gudgeons. *One did laugh in's sleep, and one cried murder.* The first was Soo-san-sin-o, who had precisely the same vision

that disturbed the imagination of the Cuboy. He thought he saw the face of a right reverend prelate of the Bonzas, united with, and growing to the posteriors of the minister. Fika-kaka underwent the same disagreeable illusion, with this aggravating circumstance, that he already felt the teeth of the said Bonza. The president laughed aloud at the ridiculous phenomenon: the Cuboy exclaimed in the terror of being encumbered with such a monstrous appendage. It was not without some reason he cried, "Murder!" Foksi-roku, who happened to sleep on the next chair, dreamed of money-bags, places, and reversions; and in the transport of his eagerness, laid fast hold on the trunk-breeches of the Cuboy, including certain fundamentals, which he grasped so violently, as to excite pain, and extort the exclamation from Fika-kaka even in his sleep.

The council being at last waked by the clamours of the people, who surrounded the palace, and proclaimed that Motao was in danger of an invasion; the sea Seyseo-gun Nin-kom-poo-po, was ordered to fit out a fleet of Fune, for the relief of that island; and directions were given that the commander of these Fune should, in his voyage, touch at the garrison of Foutao, and take on board from thence a certain number of troops, to reinforce the Japonese governor of the place, that was in danger. Nin-kom-poo-po for this service chose the commander Bihn-goh, a man who had never signalised himself by an act of valour. He sent him out with a squadron of Fune ill manned, wretched provided, and inferior in number to the fleet of China, which was by this time known to be assembled, in order

to support the invasion of the island of Motao. He sailed, nevertheless, on this expedition, and touched at the garrison of Foutao, to take in the reinforcement; but the orders sent for this purpose from Nob-od-i, minister for the department of war, appeared so contradictory and absurd, that they could not possibly be obeyed; so that Bihn-goh proceeded without the reinforcement towards Motao, the principal fortress of which was by this time invested. He had been accidentally joined by a few cruisers, which rendered him equal in strength to the Chinese squadron which he now descried. Both commanders seemed afraid of each other. The fleets, however, engaged; but little damage was done to either. They parted as if by consent. Bihn-goh made the best of his way back to Foutao, without making the least attempt to succour, or open a communication with Fi-de-ta-da, the governor of Motao, who, looking upon himself as abandoned by his country, surrendered his fortress, with the whole island, to the Chinese general. These disgraces happening on the back of the Fatsissian disasters, raised a prodigious ferment in Japan, and the ministry had almost sunk under the first fury of the people's resentment. They not only exclaimed against the folly of the administration, but they also accused them of treachery; and seemed to think that the glory and advantage of the empire had been betrayed. What increased the commotion, was the terror of an invasion, with which the Chinese threatened the islands of Japan. The terrors of Fika-kaka had already cost him two pair of trunk hose, which were defiled by sudden sallies or irruptions from the postern of his microcosm; and these were attended with such noisome

effluvia, that the Bonzas could not perform the barbal abstersion without marks of abhorrence. The emperor himself was seen to stop his nose, and turn away his head, when he approached him to perform the pedestrian exercise.

Here I intended to insert a dissertation on trowsers or trunk-breeches, called by the Greeks, *Βρακοι*, et *περίζωματα*; by the Latins, *braccæ laxæ*; by the Spaniards, *bragas anchas*; by the Italians, *calzone largo*; by the French, *haut de chausses*; by the Saxons, *brœcce*; by the Swedes, *brackor*; by the Irish, *briechan*; by the Celtæ, *brag*; and by the Japonese, *bra-ak*. I could make some curious discoveries touching the analogy between the *Περιζώματα* and *Ζώνιον γυναικεῖον*, and point out the precise time at which the Grecian women began to wear the breeches. I would have demonstrated that the *cingulum muliebre* was originally no other than the wife's literally wearing the husband's trowsers at certain *orgia*, as a mark of dominion transferred *pro tempore*, to the female. I would have drawn a curious parallel between the *Ζώνιον* of the Greek, and the *shim* or middle cloth worn by the black ladies in Guinea. I would have proved that breeches were not first used to defend the central parts from the injuries of the weather, inasmuch as they were first worn by the Orientals in a warm climate; as you may see in Persius, *Braccatis illita medis—porticus.* I would have shown that breeches were first brought from Asia to the northern parts of Europe, by the Celtæ, sprung from the ancient Gomanaus: that trowsers were worn in Scotland long before the time of Pythagoras; and indeed we are told by Jamblychus, that Abaris, the famous High-

land philosopher, cotemporary, and personally acquainted with the sage of Crotona, wore long trowsers. I myself can attest the truth of that description, as I well remember the person and habit of that learned mountaineer. I would have explained the reasons that compelled the posterity of those mountaineers to abandon the breeches of their forefathers, and expose their posteriors to the wind. I would have convinced the English antiquaries that the inhabitants of Yorkshire came originally from the Highlands of Scotland, before the Scots had laid aside their breeches, and wore this part of dress, long after their ancestors, as well as the southern Britons, were unbreeched by the Romans. From this distinction they acquired the name of *Brigantes, quasi Braganies*; and hence came the verb to *brag*, or boast contemptuously; for the neighbours of the Brigantes being at variance with that people, used, by way of contumelious defiance, when they saw any of them passing or repassing, to clap their hands on their posteriors, and cry *Brag-Brag*. I would have drawn a learned comparison between the shield of Ajax and the seven-fold breeches of a Dutch Skipper. Finally, I would have promulgated the original use of trunk-breeches, which would have led me into a discussion of the rites of Cloacina, so differently worshipped by the southern and northern inhabitants of this kingdom. These disquisitions would have unveiled the mysteries that now conceal the origin, migration, superstition, language, laws, and connexions of different nations—*sed nunc non erit his locus*. I shall only observe, that Linschot and others are mistaken in deriving the Japonese from their neighbours the Chinese; and that Dr. Kempfer is right

in his conjecture, supposing them to have come from Media immediately after the confusion of Babel. It is no wonder, therefore, that being *Braccatorum filii*, they should retain the wide breeches of their progenitors.

Having dropped these hints concerning the origin of breeches, I shall now return to the great personage that turned me into this train of thinking. The council of Twenty-eight being assembled in a great hurry, Fika-kaka sat about five seconds in silence, having in his countenance nearly the same expression which you have seen in the face and attitude of Felix on his tribunal, as represented by the facetious Hogarth, in his print done after the Dutch taste. After some pause, he rose, and surveying every individual of the council through a long tube, began a speech to this effect. "Imperial Got-hama-baba, my ever glorious master; and you, ye illustrious nobles of Japan, Quanbukus, Quos, Days, and Daygos, my fellows and colleagues, in the work of administration; it is well-known to you all, and they are rascals that deny it, I have watched and fasted for the public weal. By G—d, I have deprived myself of two hours of my natural rest every night for a week together. Then I have been so hurried with state affairs, that I could not eat a comfortable meal in a whole fortnight: and what rendered this misfortune the greater, my chief cook had dressed an olio *à la Chine*. I say an olio, my Lords, such an olio as never appeared before upon a table in Japan—by the Lord, it cost me fifty obans; and I had not time to taste a morsel. Well, then, I have watched, that my fellow-subjects should sleep; I have fasted, that they should feed. I have not only watched and fasted, but I have prayed—no, not much of that—yes, by the Lord, I have prayed, as it were—I

have ejaculated—I have danced and sung at the Matsuris, which, you know, are religious rites—I have headed the multitude, and treated all the ragamuffins in Japan. To be certain, I could not do too much for our most excellent and sublime emperor, an emperor unequalled in wisdom, and unrivalled in generosity. Were I to expatiate from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, I should not speak half his praise. O happy nation! O fortunate Japan! happy in such a Dairo to wield the sceptre; and let me add, vanity apart, fortunate in such a Cuboy to conduct the administration. Such a prince! and such a minister!—a ha! my noble friend Soo-san-sin-o, I see your Dayship smile. I know what you think, ha! ha! Very well, my Lord—you may think what you please, but two such head-pieces—pardon, my royal master, my presumption in laying our heads together—you won't find again in the whole universe, ha! ha! I'll be d—ed if you do, ha! ha! ha!" The tumult without doors was, by this time, increased to such a degree, that the Cuboy could utter nothing more *ab anteriori*; and the majority of the members sat aghast in silence. The Dairo declared he would throw his cap out of the window into the midst of the populace, and challenge any single man of them to bring it up; but he was dissuaded from hazarding his sacred person in such a manner. Quamba-cun-dono proposed to let loose the guards among the multitude; but Fika-kaka protested he could never agree to an expedient so big with danger to the persons of all present. Sti-phi-rum-poo was of opinion that they should proceed according to law, and indict the leaders of the mob for a riot. Nin-kom-poo-po exhorted the

Dairo and the whole council to take refuge on board the fleet. Gotto-mio sweated in silence: he trembled for his money-bags, and dreaded another encounter with the mob, by whom he had suffered severely in the flesh, upon a former occasion. The president shrugged up his shoulders, and kept his eye fixed upon a postern or backdoor. In this general consternation Foksi-roku stood up, and offered a scheme, which was immediately put in execution. "The multitude, my Lords," said he, "is a many headed monster—it is a Cerberus that must have a sop:—it is a wild beast so ravenous that nothing but blood will appease its appetite: it is a whale that must have a barrel for its amusement:—it is a daemon to which we must offer up human sacrifice. Now, the question is, Who is to be this sop, this barrel, this scape-goat? Tremble not, illustrious Fika-kaka—be not afraid—your life is of too much consequence. But I perceive that the Cuboy is moved—an unsavoury odour assails my nostrils—brief let me be—Bihn-goh must be the victim—happy, if the sacrifice of his single life can appease the commotions of his country. To him let us impute the loss of Motao. Let us, in the mean time, soothe the rabble with solemn promises that national justice shall be done;—let us employ emissaries to mingle in all places of plebeian resort; to puzzle, perplex, and prevaricate; to exaggerate the misconduct of Bihn-goh; to traduce his character with retrospective reproach; strain circumstances to his prejudice; inflame the resentment of the vulgar against that devoted officer; and keep up the flame, by feeding it with continual fuel."

The speech was heard with universal applause.

Foksi-roku was kicked by the Dairo, and kissed by the Cuboy, in token of approbation. The populace were dispersed by means of fair promises. Bihn-goh was put under arrest, and kept as a malefactor in close prison. Agents were employed through the whole metropolis, to vilify his character, and accuse him of cowardice and treachery. Authors were enlisted to defame him in public writings; and mobs hired to hang and burn him in effigy. By these means, the revenge of the people was artfully transferred, and their attention effectually diverted from the ministry, which was the first object of their indignation. At length, matters being duly prepared for the exhibition of such an extraordinary spectacle, Bihn-goh underwent a public trial, was unanimously found guilty, and unanimously declared innocent; by the same mouths condemned to death, and recommended to mercy; but mercy was incompatible with the designs of the ad——n. The unfortunate Bihn-goh was crucified for cowardice, and bore his fate with the most heroic courage. His behaviour at his death was so inconsistent with the crime for which he was doomed to die, that the emissaries of the Cuboy were fain to propagate a report, that Bihn-goh had bribed a person to represent him at his execution, and be crucified in his stead.

This was a stratagem very well calculated for the meridian of the Japonese populace; and it would have satisfied them entirely, had not their fears been concerned. But the Chinese had for some time been threatening an invasion, the terror of which kept the people of Japan in perpetual agitation and disquiet.

They neglected their business, and ran about in distraction, inquiring news, listening to reports, staring, whispering, whimpering, clamouring, neglecting their food, and renouncing their repose. The Dairo, who believed the Tartars of Yesso (from whom he himself was descended) had more valour, and skill and honesty, than was possessed by any other nation on earth, took a large body of them into his pay, and brought them over to the island of Niphon, for the defence of his Japonese dominions. The truth is, he had a strong predilection for that people: he had been nursed among them, and sucked it from the nipple. His father had succeeded as heir to a paltry farm in that country, and there he fitted up a cabin, which he preferred to all the palaces of Meaco and Jeddo. The son received the first rudiments of his education among these Tartars, whose country had given birth to his progenitor Bupo. He therefore loved their country; he admired their manners, because they were conformable to his own; and he was in particular captivated by the taste they showed in trimming and curling their mustachios.

In full belief that the Yessites stood as high in the estimation of his Japonese subjects as in his own, he imported a body of them into Niphon, where at first they were received as saviours and protectors; but the apprehension of danger no sooner vanished, than they were exposed to a thousand insults and mortifications, arising from the natural prejudice to foreigners which prevails among the people of Japan. They were reviled, calumniated, and maltreated in every different form, by every class of people; and when the severe season set in, the Japonese refused shelter from the

extremities of the weather to those very auxiliaries they had hired to defend every thing that was dear to them, from the swords of an enemy whom they themselves durst not look in the face. In vain Fika-kaka employed a double band of artists to tickle their noses. They shut their eyes, indeed, as usual: but their eyes no sooner closed than their mouths opened, and out flew the tropes and figures of obloquy and execration. They exclaimed that they had not bought, but caught the Tartar; that they had hired the wolves to guard the sheep; that they were simple beasts who could not defend themselves from the dog with their own horns; but what could be expected from a flock which was led by such a pusillanimous bell-wether?—In a word, the Yessites were sent home in disgrace; but the ferment did not subside; and the conduct of the administration was summoned before the venerable tribunal of the populace.

There was one Taycho who had raised himself to great consideration in this self-constituted college of the mob. He was distinguished by a loud voice, an unabashed countenance, a fluency of abuse, and an intrepidity of opposition to the measures of the Cuboy, who was far from being a favourite with the plebeians. Orator Taycho's eloquence was admirably suited to his audience; he roared and he brayed, and he bellowed against the m——r: he threw out personal sarcasms against the Dairo himself. He inveighed against his partial attachment to the land of Yesso, which he had more than once manifested to the detriment of Japan: he inflamed the national prejudice against foreigners; and as he professed an inviolable zeal for the commons

of Japan, he became the first demagogue of the empire. The truth is, he generally happened to be on the right side. The partiality of the Dairo, the errors, absurdities, and corruption of the ministry, presented such a palpable mark as could not be missed by the arrows of his declamation. This Cerberus had been silenced more than once with a sop; but whether his appetite was not satisfied to the full, or he was still stimulated by the turbulence of his disposition, which would not allow him to rest, he began to shake his chains anew, and open in the old cry: which was a species of music to the mob, as agreeable as the sound of a bagpipe to a mountaineer of North Britain, or the strum-strum to the swarthy natives of Angola. It was a strain which had the wonderful effect of effacing from the memory of his hearers every idea of his former fickleness and apostacy.

In order to weaken the effect of Orator Taycho's harangues, the Cuboy had found means to intrude upon the councils of the mob, a native of Ximo, called Muraclami, who had acquired some reputation for eloquence, as an advocate in the tribunals of Japan. He certainly possessed an uncommon share of penetration, with a silver tone of voice, and a great magazine of words and phrases, which flowed from him in a pleasing tide of elocution. He had withal the art of soothing, wheedling, insinuating, and misrepresenting with such a degree of plausibility, that his talents were admired even by the few who had sense enough to detect his sophistry. He had no idea of principle, and no feeling of humanity. He had renounced the maxims of his family, after having turned them to the best account by execrating the rites

of Fakku-basi, or the White Horse, in private among malcontents, while he worshipped him in public with the appearance of enthusiastic devotion. When detected in this double dealing, he fairly owned to the Cuboy, that he cursed the White Horse in private for his private interest, but that he served him in public from inclination.

The Cuboy had just sense enough to perceive that he would always be true to his own interest; and therefore he made it his interest to serve the m——y to the full extent of his faculties. Accordingly Mura-clami fought a good battle with orator Taycho, in the occasional assemblies of the populace. But as it is much more easy to inflame than to allay, to accuse than to acquit, to asperse than to purify, to unveil truth than to varnish falsehood; in a word, to patronise a good cause than to support a bad one; the majesty of the mob snuffed up the excrementitious salts of Taycho's invectives, until their jugulars ached, while they rejected with signs of loathing the flowers of Mura-clami's elocution; just as a citizen of Edinburgh stops his nose when he passes by the shop of a perfumer.

While the constitution of human nature remains unchanged, satire will be always better received than panegyric, in those popular harangues. The Athenians and Romans were better pleased with the philippics of Demosthenes and Tully, than they would have been with all the praise those two orators could have culled from the stores of their eloquence. A man feels a secret satisfaction in seeing his neighbour treated as a rascal. If he be a knave himself (which ten to one is the case), he rejoices to see a character brought down to the level of his own, and a new member added to his society; if

he be one degree removed from actual roguery (which is the case with nine-tenths of those who enjoy the reputation of virtue), he indulges himself with the Pharisaical consolation of thanking God he is not like that publican.

But to return from this digression: Mura-clami, though he could not with all his talents maintain any sort of competition with Taycho, in the opinion of the mob; he nevertheless took a more effectual method to weaken the force of his opposition. He pointed out to Fika-kaka the proper means for amending the errors of his administration; he proposed measures for prosecuting the war with vigour; he projected plans of conquest in Patsisio; recommended active officers; forwarded expeditions; and infused such a spirit into the councils of Japan, as had not before appeared for some centuries.

But his patron was precluded from the benefit of these measures, by the obstinate prejudice and precipitation of the Dairo, who valued his Yessian farm above all the empire of Japan. This precious morsel of inheritance bordered upon the territories of a Tartar chief called Brut-an-tiffi, a famous freebooter, who had inured his Kurd to bloodshed, and enriched himself with rapine. Of all mankind he hated most the Dairo, though his kinsman; and sought a pretence for seizing the farm, which in three days he could have made his own. The Dairo Got-hama-baba, was not ignorant of his sentiments. He trembled for his cabin, when he considered its situation between hawk and buzzard; exposed on one side to the talons of Brut-an-tiffi, and open on the other to the incursions of the Chinese, under whose auspices the said Brut-an-tiffi had acted formerly as a zealous

partizan. He had, indeed, in a former quarrel exerted himself with such activity and rancour, to thwart the politics of the Dairo, and accumulate expenses on the subjects of Niphon, that he was universally detested through the whole empire of Japan as a lawless robber, deaf to every suggestion of humanity, respecting no law, restricted by no treaty, scoffing at all religion, goaded by ambition, instigated by cruelty, and attended by rapine.

In order to protect the farm from such a dangerous neighbour, Got-hama-baba, by an effort of sagacity peculiar to himself, granted a large subsidy from the treasury of Japan, to a remote nation of Mantchoux Tartars, on condition that they should march to the assistance of his farm, whenever it should be attacked. With the same sanity of foresight, the Dutch might engage in a defensive league with the Ottoman Porte, to screen them from the attempts of the Most Christian King, who is already on their frontiers. Brut-an-tiffi knew his advantage, and was resolved to enjoy it. He had formed a plan of usurpation, which could not be executed without considerable sums of money. He gave the Dairo to understand, he was perfectly sensible how much the farm lay at his mercy: then proposed that Got-hama-baba should renounce his subsidiary treaty with the Mantchoux; pay a yearly tribute to him Brut-an-tiffi, in consideration of his forbearing to seize the farm; and maintain an army to protect it on the other side from the irruptions of the Chinese.

Got-hama-baba, alarmed at this declaration, began by his emissaries to sound the inclinations of his Japonese subjects touching a continental war, for the preservation

of the farm; but he found them totally averse to this wise system of politicks. Taycho, in particular, began to bawl and bellow among the mob, upon the absurdity of attempting to defend a remote cabin, which was not defensible; upon the iniquity of ruining a mighty empire, for the sake of preserving a few barren acres, a naked common, a poor, pitiful, pelting farm, the interest of which, like Aaron's rod, had already, on many occasions, swallowed up all regard and consideration for the advantage of Japan. He inveighed against the shameful and senseless partiality of Got-hama-baba: he mingled menaces with his representations. He expatiated on the folly and pernicious tendency of a continental war: he enlarged upon the independence of Japan, secure in her insular situation. He declared, that not a man should be sent to the continent, nor a subsidy granted to any greedy, mercenary, freebooting Tartar; and threatened, that if any corrupt minister should dare to form such a connexion, he would hang it about his neck, like a millstone, to sink him to perdition. The bellows of Taycho's oratory blew up such a flame in the nation, that the Cuboy and all his partizans were afraid to whisper one syllable about the farm.

Meanwhile, Brut-an-tiffi, in order to quicken their determinations, withdrew the garrison he had in a town on the frontiers of China, and it was immediately occupied by the Chinese; an army of whom poured in, like a deluge, through this opening, upon the lands adjoining to the farm. Got-hama-baba was now seized with a fit of temporary distraction. He foamed and raved, and cursed and swore in the Tartarian language: he declared he would challenge Brut-an-tiffi to single combat.

He not only kicked, but also cuffed the whole council of Twenty-eight, and played at football with his imperial tiara. Fika-kaka was dumb-founded: Sti-phi-rum-poo muttered something about a commission of lunacy: Nin-kom-poo-po pronounced the words, flat-bottomed junks; but his teeth chattered so much, that his meaning could not be understood. The Fatzman offered to cross the sea and put himself at the head of a body of light horse, to observe the motions of the enemy: and Gotto-mio prayed fervently within himself, that God Almighty would be pleased to annihilate that accursed farm, which had been productive of such mischief to Japan. Nay, he even ventured to exclaim, "Would to God the farm was sunk in the middle of the Tartarian ocean!" "Heaven forbid!" cried the president Soo-san-sin-o, "for in that case, Japan must be at the expense of weighing it up again."

In the midst of this perplexity, they were suddenly surprised at the apparition of Taycho's head nodding from a window that overlooked their deliberations. At sight of this horrid spectacle the council broke up. The Dairo fled to the inmost recesses of the palace, and all his counsellors vanished, except the unfortunate Fika-kaka, whose fear had rendered him incapable of any sort of motion but one, and that he instantly had to a very efficacious degree. Taycho bolting in at the window advanced to the Cuboy without ceremony, and accosted him in these words: "It depends upon the Cuboy, whether Taycho continues to oppose his measures, or becomes his most obsequious servant. Arise, illustrious Quanbuku, and cast your eyes upon the steps by which I ascended." Accordingly Fika-kaka looked, and saw a

multitude of people who had accompanied their orator into the court of the palace, and raised for him an occasional stair of various implements. The first step was made by an old fig-box, the second by a nightman's bucket, the third by a cask of hempseed, the fourth by a tar-barrel, the fifth by an empty kilderkin, the sixth by a bag, the seventh by a bag of soot, the eighth by a fish-woman's basket, the ninth by a rotten pack-saddle, and the tenth by a block of hard wood from the island of Patsissio. It was supported on one side by a varnished lettered post, and on the other by a crazy hogshead. The artificers who erected this climax, and now exulted over it with hideous clamour, consisted of grocers, scavengers, halter-makers, carpenters, draymen, distillers, chimney-sweepers, oysterwomen, ass-drivers, aldermen, and dealers in waste-paper. To make myself understood, I am obliged, Peacock, to make use of those terms and denominations which are known in this metropolis.

Fika-kaka, having considered this work with astonishment, and heard the populace declare upon oath, that they would exalt their orator above all competition, was again addressed by the invincible Taycho. "Your Quanbukuship perceives how bootless it will be to strive against the torrent. What need is there of many words? admit me to a share of the administration—I will commence your humble slave—I will protect the farm at the expense of Japan, while there is an oban left in the island of Niphon; and I will muzzle these bears so effectually, that they shall not show their teeth, except in applauding our proceedings." An author who sees the apparition of a bailiff standing before him in his garret, and instead

of being shown a *capias*, is presented with a bank note; an impatient lover stopped upon Bagshot Heath by a person in a masque, who proves to be his sweetheart come to meet him in disguise for the sake of the frolick; a condemned criminal, who, on the morning of execution day, instead of being called upon by the finisher of the law, is visited by the sheriff with a free pardon; could not be more agreeably surprised than was Fika-kaka at the demagogue's declaration. He flew into his embrace and wept aloud with joy, calling him his dear Taycho. He squeezed his hand, kissed him on both cheeks, and swore he should share the better half of all his power: then he laughed and snivelled by turns, lolled out his tongue, waddled about the chamber, wriggled and niggled and noddled. Finally, he undertook to prepare the Dairo for his reception, and it was agreed that the orator should wait on his new colleague next morning. This matter being settled to their mutual satisfaction, Taycho retreated through the window into the court-yard, and was convoyed home in triumph by that many-headed hydra, the mob, which shook its multitudinous tail, and brayed through every throat with hideous exultation.

The Cuboy, mean while, had another trial to undergo, a trial which he had not foreseen. Taycho was no sooner departed, than he hied him to the Dairo's cabinet, in order to communicate the happy success of his negotiation. But at certain periods, Got-hama-baba's resentment was more than a match for any other passion that belonged to his disposition, and now it was its turn to reign. The Dairo was made of very combustible materials, and these had been kindled up by

the appearance of orator Taycho, who, he knew, had treated his person with indecent freedoms, and publickly vilified the worship of the White Horse. When Fika-kaka, therefore, told him he had made peace with the demagogue, the Dairo, instead of giving him the kick of approbation, turned his own back upon the Cuboy, and favoured him with a *boh!* Had Fika-kaka assailed him with the same syllogistical sophism, which was used by the Stagyrite to Alexander in a passion, perhaps he might have listened to reason: ἡ ὀργὴ οὐ πρὸς ἴσους ἀλλὰ πρὸς τοὺς κρείττονας γίνεται, Σοὶ δὲ οὐδεὶς ἴσος—"Anger should be raised not by our equals, but by our superiors; but you have no equal." Certain it is, that Got-hama-baba had no equal; but Fika-kaka was no more like Aristotle, than his master resembled Alexander. The Dairo remained deaf to all his remonstrances, tears, and entreaties, until he declared that there was no other way of saving the farm, but that of giving *charte blanche* to Taycho. This argument seemed at once to dispel the clouds which had been compelled by his indignation: he consented to receive the orator in quality of minister, and next day was appointed for his introduction.

In the morning Taycho the great repaired to the palace of the Cuboy, where he privately performed the ceremony of osculation *à posteriori*, sung a solemn palinodia on the subject of political system, repeated and signed the Buponian creed, embraced the religion of Fakku-basi, and adored the White Horse with marks of unfeigned piety and contrition. Then he was conducted to the antechamber of the emperor, who could not, without great difficulty, so far master his personal dis-

like, as to appear before him with any degree of composure. He was brought forth by Fika-kaka like a tame bear to the stake, if that epithet of *tame* can be given with any propriety to an animal which nobody but his keeper dares approach. The orator, perceiving him advance, made a low obeisance, according to the custom of Japan, that is, by bending the body averse from the Dairo, and laying the right hand upon the left buttock, and pronounced with an audible voice, "Behold, invincible Got-hama-baba, a sincere penitent come to make atonement for his virulent opposition to your government, for his atrocious insolence to your sacred person. I have calumniated your favourite farm, I have questioned your integrity, I have vilified your character, ridiculed your understanding, and despised your authority." This recapitulation was so disagreeable to the Dairo, that he suddenly flew off at a tangent, and retreated growling to his den; from whence he could by no means be lugged again by the Cuboy, until Taycho, exalting his voice, uttered these words:—"But I will exalt your authority more than ever it was debased; I will extol your wisdom, and expatiate on your generosity; I will glorify the White Horse, and sacrifice all the treasures of Japan, if needful, for the protection of the farm of Yesso." By these cabalistical sounds the wrath of Got-hama-baba was entirely appeased. He now returned with an air of gaiety, strutting, sideling, circling, fluttering, and cobbling like a turkey-cock in his pride, when he displays his feathers to the sun. Taycho hailed the omen, and turning his face from the emperor, received such a salutation on the *os sacrum*, that the parts continued vibrating and tingling for several days.

An indenture tripartite was now drawn up and executed. Fika-kaka was continued treasurer, with his levees, his bonzas, and his places; and orator Taycho undertook, in the character of chief scribe, to protect the farm of Yesso, as well as to bridle and manage the blatant beast whose name was Legion. That a person of his kidney should have the presumption to undertake such an affair, is not at all surprising; the wonder is, that his performance should even exceed his promise. The truth is, he promised more than he could have performed, had not certain unforeseen incidents in which he had no concern, contributed towards the infatuation of the people.

The first trial to which he brought his ascendancy over the mob, was his procuring from them a free gift, to enable the Dairo to arm his own private tenants in Yesso, together with some ragamuffin Tartars in the neighbourhood, for the defence of the farm. They winked so hard upon this first overt act of his apostasy, that he was fully persuaded they had resigned up all their senses to his direction, and resolved to shew them to all Europe, as a surprising instance of his art in monster-taming. This furious beast not only suffered itself to be bridled and saddled, but frisked and fawned, and purred and yelped, and crouched before the orator, licking his feet, and presenting its back to the burdens which he was pleased to impose. Immediately after this first essay, Quamba-cun-dono the Fatzman was sent over to assemble and command a body of light horse in Yesso, in order to keep an eye on the motions of the enemy; and indeed this vigilant and sagacious commander conducted himself with such activity and discre-

tion, that he soon brought the war in those parts to a point of termination.

Meanwhile, Brut-an-tiffi continuing to hover on the skirts of the farm, at the head of his myrmidons, and demanding of the Dairo a categorical answer to the hints he had given, Got-hama-baba underwent several successive fits of impatience and distraction. The Cuboy, instigated by his own partizans, and in particular by Mura-clami, who hoped to see Taycho take some desperate step that would ruin his popularity; I say the Cuboy, thus stimulated, began to ply the orator with such pressing entreaties as he could no longer resist; and now he exhibited such a specimen of his own power and the people's insanity, as transcends the flight of ordinary faith. Without taking the trouble to scratch their long ears, tickle their noses, drench them with mandragora or geneva, or make the least apology for his own turning tail to the principles which he had all his life so strenuously inculcated, he crammed down their throats an obligation to pay a yearly tribute to Brut-an-tiffi, in consideration of his forbearing to seize the Dairo's farm, a tribute which amounted to seven times the value of the lands, for the defence of which it was paid. When I said *crammed*, I ought to have used another phrase. The beast, far from showing any signs of loathing, closed its eyes, opened its hideous jaws, and as it swallowed the inglorious bond, wagged its tail in token of entire satisfaction.

No fritter on Shrove Tuesday was ever more dexterously turned, than were the hydra's brains by this mountebank in patriotism, this juggler in politics, this cat in pan, or cake in pan, or κατα παν in principle.

Some people gave out that he dealt with a conjuror, and others scrupled not to insinuate that he had sold himself to the evil spirit; but there was no occasion for a conjuror to deceive those whom the daemon of folly had previously confounded; and as to selling, he sold nothing but the interest of his country, and of that he made a very bad bargain; be that as it may, the Japonese now viewed Brut-an-tiffi either through a new perspective, or else surveyed him with organs entirely metamorphosed. Yesterday they detested him as a profligate ruffian, lost to all sense of honesty and shame, addicted to all manner of vice, a scoffer at religion, particularly that of Fakku-basi, the scourge of human nature, and the inveterate enemy of Japan. To-day, they glorified him as an unblemished hero, the protector of good faith, the mirror of honesty, the pattern of every virtue, a saint in piety, a devout votary to the White Horse, a friend to mankind, the fast ally and the firmest prop of the Japonese empire. The farm of Yesso, which they had so long execrated as a putrid and painful excrescence upon the breech of their country, which would never be quiet until this cursed wart was either exterminated or taken away; they now fondled as a favourite mole, nay, and cherished as the apple of their eye. One would have imagined that all the inconsistencies and absurdities which characterize the Japonese nation, had taken their turns to reign, just as the interest of Taycho's ambition required. When it was necessary for him to establish new principles, at that very instant their levity prompted them to renounce their former maxims. Just as he had occasion to fascinate their senses, the dæmon of caprice instigated them to shut their eyes, and hold out their

necks, that they might be led by the nose. At the very nick of time when he adopted the cause of Brut-an-tiffi, in a diametrical opposition to all his former professions, the spirit of whim and singularity disposed them to kick against the shins of common sense, deny the light of day at noon, and receive in their bosoms as a dove, the man whom before they had shunned as a serpent. Thus every thing concurred to establish for orator Taycho a despotism of popularity, and that not planned by reason, or raised by art, but founded on fatality and finished by accident. *Quos Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat.*

Brut-an-tiffi being so amply gratified by the Japonese for his promise of forbearance with respect to the farm of Yesso, and determined at all events to make some new acquisition, turned his eyes upon the domains of Pol-hassan-akousti, another of his neighbours, who had formed a most beautiful colony in this part of Tartary; and rushed upon it at a minute's warning. His resolution in this respect was so suddenly taken, and quickly executed, that he had not yet formed any excuse for this outrage, in order to save appearances. Without giving himself the trouble to invent a pretence, he drove old Pol-hassan-akousti out of his residence, compelled the domestics of that prince to enter among his own banditti, plundered his house, seized the archives of his family, threatened to shoot the ancient gentlewoman his wife, exacted heavy contribution from the tenants, then dispersed a manifesto, in which he declared himself the best friend of the said Akousti and his spouse, assuring him he would take care of his estate as a precious deposit to be restored to him in due season. In the mean time, he thought proper to sequester the rents, that they might

not enable Pol-hassan to take any measures that should conduce to his own prejudice. As for the articles of meat, drink, clothing, and lodging, for him and his wife, and a large family of small children, he had nothing to do but depend upon Providence, until the present troubles could be appeased. His behaviour on this occasion, Peacock, puts me in mind of the Spaniard whom Philip II. employed to assassinate his own son Don Carlos. This compassionate Castilian, when the prince began to deplore his fate, twirled his mustachio, pronouncing with great gravity these words of comfort, "*Calla, calla, Señor, todo que se haze es por su bien.*" "I beg your Highness won't make any noise, this is all for your own good"; or the politeness of Gibbet in the play called the Beaux Stratagem, who says to Mrs. Sullen, "Your jewels, Madam, if you please—don't be under any uneasiness, Madam—if you make any noise I shall blow your brains out—I have a particular regard for the ladies, Madam."

But the possession of Pol-hassan's demesnes was not the ultimate aim of Brut-an-tiffi. He had an eye to a fair and fertile province belonging to a Tartar princess of the house of Ostrog. He saw himself at the head of a numerous banditti trained to war, fleshed in carnage, and eager for rapine; his coffers were filled with the spoils he had gathered in his former freebooting expeditions; and the incredible sums paid him as an annual tribute from Japan, added to his other advantages, rendered him one of the most formidable chiefs in all Tartary. Thus elated with the consciousness of his own strength, he resolved to make a sudden irruption into the dominions of Ostrog, at a season of the year when that house

could not avail itself of the alliances they had formed with the other powers; and he did not doubt but that, in a few weeks, he should be able to subdue the whole country belonging to the Amazonian princess. But I can tell thee, Peacock, his views extended even farther than the conquest of the Ostrog dominions. He even aspired at the empire of Tartary, and had formed the design of deposing the great Cham, who was intimately connected with the princess of Ostrog. Inspired by these projects, he, at the beginning of winter, suddenly poured like a deluge into one of the provinces that owned this Amazon's sway; but he had hardly gained the passes of the mountains, when he found himself opposed by a numerous body of forces, assembled under the command of a celebrated general, who gave him battle without hesitation, and handled him so roughly, that he was fain to retreat into the demesnes of Pol-hassan, where he spent the greatest part of the winter in exacting contributions and extending the reign of desolation.

All the petty princes and states who hold of the great Cham, began to tremble for their dominions; and the Cham himself was so much alarmed at the lawless proceedings of Brut-an-tiffi, that he convoked a general assembly of all the potentates who possessed fiefs in the empire, in order to deliberate upon measures for restraining the ambition of this ferocious freebooter. Among others, the Dairo of Japan, as lord of the farm of Yesso, sent a deputy to this convention, who, in his master's name, solemnly disclaimed and professed his detestation of Brut-an-tiffi's proceedings, which indeed were universally condemned. The truth is, he at this period dreaded the resentment of all the other co-estates rather more

han he feared the menaces of Brut-an-tiffi; and, in particular, apprehended a sentence of outlawry from the Cham, by which at once he would have forfeited all legal title to his beloved farm. Brut-an-tiffi, on the other hand, began to raise a piteous clamour, as if he meant to excite compassion. He declared himself a poor injured Prince, who had been a dupe to the honesty and humanity of his own heart. He affirmed that the Amazon of Ostrog had entered into a conspiracy against him, with the Mantchoux Tartars, and Prince Akousti: he published particulars of this dreadful conjuration, which appeared to be no other than a defensive alliance formed in the apprehension that he would fall upon some of them, without any regard to treaty, as he had done on a former occasion, when he seized one of the Amazon's best provinces. He publicly taxed the Dairo of Japan with having prompted him to commence hostilities, and hinted that the said Dairo was to have shared his conquests. He openly entreated his co-estates to interpose their influence towards the re-establishment of peace in the empire: and gave them privately to understand, that he would ravage their territories without mercy, should they concur with the Cham in any sentence to his prejudice.

As he had miscarried in his first attempt, and perceived a terrible cloud gathering around him, in all probability he would have been glad to compound matters at this juncture, on condition of being left in *statu quo*; but this was a condition not to be obtained. The Princess of Ostrog had by this time formed such a confederacy as threatened him with utter destruction. She had contracted an offensive and defensive alliance

with the Chinese, the Mantchoux, and the Serednee Tartars; and each of these powers engaged to furnish a separate army to humble the insolence of Brut-an-tiffi. The majority of the Tartar fiefs agreed to raise a body of forces to act against him as a disturber of the public peace; the great Cham threatened him with a decree of outlawry and rebellion; and the Amazon herself opposed him at the head of a very numerous and warlike tribe, which had always been considered as the most formidable in that part of Tartary. Thus powerfully sustained, she resolved to enjoy her revenge; and at any rate retrieve the province which had been ravished from her by Brut-an-tiffi, at a time when she was embarrassed with other difficulties. Brut-an-tiffi did not think himself so reduced as to purchase peace with such a sacrifice. The Mantchoux were at a great distance, naturally slow in their motions, and had a very long march through a desert country, which they would not attempt without having first provided prodigious magazines. The Serednee were a divided people, among whom he had made shift to foment intestine divisions, that would impede the national operations of the war. The Japonese Fatzman formed a strong barrier between him and the Chinese; the army furnished by the fiefs, he despised as raw, undisciplined militia; besides, their declaring against him afforded a specious pretence for laying their respective dominions under contribution. But he chiefly depended upon the coffers of Japan, which he firmly believed would hold out until all his enemies should be utterly exhausted.

As this freebooter was a principal character in the drama which I intend to rehearse, I shall sketch his

portrait according to the information I received from a fellow-atom who once resided at his court, constituting part in one of the organs belonging to his first chamberlain. His stature was under the middle size; his aspect mean and forbidding, with a certain expression which did not at all prepossess the spectator in favour of his morals. Had an accurate observer beheld him without any exterior distinctions, in the streets of this metropolis, he would have naturally clapped his hands to his pockets. Thou hast seen the character of Gibbet represented on the stage by a late comedian of expressive feature. Nature sometimes makes a strange contrast between the interior workmanship and the exterior form; but here the one reflected a true image of the other. His heart never felt an impression of tenderness; his notions of right and wrong did not refer to any idea of benevolence, but were founded entirely on the convenience of human commerce; and there was nothing social in the turn of his disposition. By nature he was stern, insolent, and rapacious; uninfluenced by any motive of humanity; unawed by any precept of religion. With respect to religion, he took all opportunities of exposing it to ridicule and contempt. Liberty of conscience he allowed to such extent, as exceeded the bounds of decorum, and disgraced all legislation. He pardoned a criminal convicted of bestiality; and publickly declared that all modes of religion, and every species of amour, might be freely practised and prosecuted through all his dominions. His capacity was of the middling mould, and he had taken some pains to cultivate his understanding. He had studied the Chinese language, which he spoke with fluency; and piqued himself upon

his learning, which was but superficial. His temper was so capricious and inconstant, that it was impossible even for those who knew him best to foresee any one particular of his personal demeanour. The same individual he would caress and insult by turns, without the least apparent change of circumstance. He has been known to dismiss one of his favourites with particular marks of regard, and the most flattering professions of affection; and before he had time to pull off his buckskins at his own house, he has been hurried on horseback by a detachment of cavalry, and conveyed to the frontiers. Thus harassed, without refreshment or repose, he was brought back by another party, and reconveyed to the presence of Brut-an-tiffi, who embraced him at meeting, and gently chid him for having been so long absent. The fixed principles of this Tartar were these: insatiable rapacity, restless ambition, and an insuperable contempt for the Japonese nation. His maxims of government were entirely despotic. He considered his subjects as slaves, to be occasionally sacrificed to the accomplishment of his capital designs; but, in the mean time, he indulged them with the protection of equitable laws, and encouraged them to industry for his own emolument.

His virtues consisted of temperance, vigilance, activity, and perseverance. His folly chiefly appeared in childish vanity and self-conceit. He amused himself with riding, reviewing his troops, reading Chinese authors, playing on a musical instrument in use among the Tartars, trifling with buffoons, conversing with supposed wits, and reasoning with pretended philosophers; but he had no communication with the female sex; nor,

indeed, was there any ease, comfort, or enjoyment, to be derived from a participation of his pastime. His wits, philosophers, and buffoons, were composed of Chinese refugees, who soon discovered his weak side, and flattered his vanity to an incredible pitch of infatuation. They persuaded him that he was an universal genius, an invincible hero, a sage legislator, a sublime philosopher, a consummate politician, a divine poet, and an elegant historian. They wrote systems, compiled memoirs, and composed poems, which were published in his name; nay, they contrived witticisms, which he uttered as his own. They had, by means of commercial communication with the banks of the Ganges, procured the history of a western hero, called Raskalander, which, indeed, was no other than the Memoirs of Alexander, wrote by Quintus Curtius, translated from the Indian language, with an intermixture of Oriental fables. This they recommended, with many hyperbolical encomiums, to the perusal of Brut-an-tiffi, who became enamoured of the performance, and was fired with the ambition of rivalling, if not excelling, Raskalander not only as a warrior, but likewise a patron of taste, and a protector of the liberal arts. As Alexander deposited Homer's Iliad in a precious casket, so Brut-an-tiffi procured a golden box for preserving this sophistication of Quintus Curtius. It was his constant companion; he affected to read it in public, and to lay it under his pillow at night.

Thus pampered with adulation, and intoxicated with dreams of conquest, he made no doubt of being able to establish a new empire in Tartary, which should entirely eclipse the kingdom of Tum-ming-qua, and raise a repu-

tation that should infinitely transcend the fame of Yan, or any emperor that ever sat upon the throne of Thibet. He now took the field against the Amazon of the house of Ostrog; penetrated into her dominions; defeated one of her generals in a pitched battle; and undertook the siege of one of her principal cities, in full confidence of seeing her kneeling at his gate before the end of the campaign. In the mean time, her scattered troops were rallied, and reinforced by another old experienced commander, who, being well acquainted with the genius of his adversary, pitched upon an advantageous situation, where he waited for another attack. Brut-an-tiffi, flushed with his former victory, and firmly persuaded that no mortal power could withstand his prowess, gave him battle at a very great disadvantage. The consequence was natural: he lost great part of his army; was obliged to abandon the siege, and retreat with disgrace. A separate body, commanded by one of his ablest captains, met with the same fate in a neighbouring country; and a third detachment at the farthest extremity of his dominions, having attacked an army of the Mantchoux, was repulsed with great loss.

These were not all the mortifications to which he was exposed about this period. The Fatzman of Japan, who had formed an army for the defence of the farm of Yesso against the Chinese, met with a terrible disaster. Notwithstanding his being outnumbered by the enemy, he exhibited many proofs of uncommon activity and valour. At length they came to blows with him, and handled him so roughly, that he was fain to retreat from post to pillar, and leave the farm at their mercy. Had he pursued his route to the right, he might have found shelter

in the dominions of Brut-an-tiffi; and this was his intention; but, instead of marching in a straight line he revolved to the right, like a planet round the sun, impelled as it were by a compound impulse, until he had described a regular semicircle; and then he found himself with all his followers engaged in a sheep-pen, from whence there was no egress; for the enemy, who followed his steps, immediately blocked up the entrance. The unfortunate Fatzman being thus pounded, must have fallen a sacrifice to his centripetal force, had not he been delivered by the interposition of a neighbouring chief, who prevailed upon the Chinese general to let Quamba-cun-dono escape, provided his followers would lay down their arms, and return peaceably to their own habitations. This was a bitter pill, which the Fatzman was obliged to swallow, and is said to have cost him five stone of suet. He returned to Japan in obscurity; the Chinese general took possession of the farm in the name of his emperor; and all the damage which the tenants sustained, was nothing more than a change of masters, which they had no great cause to regret.

To the thinking part of the Japonese, nothing could be more agreeable than this event, by which they were at once delivered from a pernicious excrescence, which, like an ulcerated tumour, exhausted the juices of the body by which it was fed. Brut-an-tiffi considered the transaction in a different point of view. He foresaw that the Chinese forces would now be at liberty to join his enemies, the tribe of Ostrog, with whom the Chinese emperor was intimately connected; and that it would be next to impossible to withstand the joint efforts of the confederacy, which he had brought upon his own head.

He therefore raised a hideous clamour. He accused the Fatzman of misconduct, and insisted, not without a mixture of menaces, upon the Dairo's reassembling his forces in the country of Yesso.

The Dairo himself was inconsolable. He neglected his food, and refused to confer with his ministers. He dismissed the Fatzman from his service. He locked himself in his cabinet, and spent the hours in lamentation. "O my dear farm of Yesso!" cried he, "shall I never more enjoy thy charms! Shall I never more regale my eye with thy beauteous prospects, thy hills of heath; thy meads of broom; and thy wastes of sand! Shall I never more eat thy black bread, drink thy brown beer, and feast upon thy delicate porkers! Shall I never more receive the homage of the sallow Yessites, with their meagre faces, ragged skirts, and wooden shoes! Shall I never more improve their huts and regulate their pigsties! O cruel Fate! in vain did I face thy mud-walled mansion with a new freestone front! In vain did I cultivate thy turnep-garden! In vain did I enclose a piece of ground at a great expense, and raise a crop of barley, the first that ever was seen in Yesso! In vain did I send over a breed of mules and black cattle for the purposes of husbandry! In vain did I supply you with all the implements of agriculture! In vain did I sow grass and grain for food, and plant trees, and furze and fern for shelter to the game, which could not otherwise subsist upon your naked downs! In vain did I furnish your houseless sides, and fill your hungry bellies with the good things of Japan! In vain did I expend the treasures of my empire for thy melioration and defence! In vain did I incur the execrations of my people, if I

must now lose thee for ever; if thou must now fall into the hands of an insolent alien, who has no affection for thy soil, and no regard for thy interest! O Quamba-cun-dono! Quamba-cun-dono! how hast thou disappointed my hope! I thought thou wast too ponderous to flinch; that thou wouldst have stood thy ground, fixed as the temple of Fakku-basi, and larded the lean earth with thy carcase, rather than leave my farm uncovered; but, alas! thou hast fled before the enemy like a partridge on the mountains; and suffered thyself at last to be taken in a snare like a foolish dotterel!"

The Cuboy, who overheard this exclamation, attempted to comfort him through the key-hole. He soothed, and whined, and wheedled, and laughed, and wept, all in a breath. He exhorted the illustrious Got-hama-baba to bear this misfortune with his wonted greatness of mind. He offered to present his Imperial Majesty with lands in Japan that should be equal in value to the farm he had lost; or, if that should not be agreeable, to make good at the peace, all the damage that should be done to it by the enemy. Finally, he cursed the farm, as the cause of his master's chagrin, and fairly wished it at the devil.—Here he was suddenly interrupted with a "Bub-ub-ub-boh! my Lord Cuboy, your Grace talks like an apothecary. Go home to your own palace, and direct your cooks; and may your bonzes kiss your a— to your heart's content. I swear by the horns of the moon and the hoofs of the White Horse, that my foot shall not touch your posteriors these three days."—Fika-kaka having received this severe check, craved pardon in a whimpering tone, for the liberty he had taken, and retired to consult

with Mura-clami, who advised him to summon orator Taycho to his assistance.

This mob-driver being made acquainted with the passion of the Dairo, and the cause of his distress, readily undertook to make such a speech through the key-hole as should effectually dispel the Emperor's despondence; and to this enterprise he was encouraged by the hyperbolical praises of Mura-clami, who exhausted all the tropes of his own rhetoric in extolling the eloquence of Taycho. This triumvirate immediately adjourned to the door of the apartment in which Got-hama-baba was sequestered, where the orator, kneeling upon a cushion, with his mouth applied to the key-hole, opened the sluices of his elocution to this effect:

"Most gracious!" "Bo, bo, boh!"—"Most illustrious!" "Bo, boh!"—"Most invincible Got-hama-baba!" "Boh!"—"When the sun, that glorious luminary, is obscured by envious clouds, all nature saddens, and seems to sympathize with his apparent distress. Your Imperial Majesty is the sun of our hemisphere, whose splendour illuminates our throne; and whose genial warmth enlivens our hearts; and shall we, your subjects, your slaves, the creatures of your nod—shall we unmoved behold your ever-glorious effulgence overcast? No! while the vital stream bedews our veins, while our souls retains the faculty of reason, and our tongues the power of speech, we shall not cease to embalm your sorrow with our tears; we shall not cease to pour the overflowings of our affection—our filial tenderness, which will always be reciprocal with your parental care: these are the inexhaustible sources

of the nation's happiness. They may be compared to the rivers Jodo and Jodo-gava, which derive their common origin from the vast lake of Ami. The one winds its silent course, calm, clear, and majestic, reflecting the groves and palaces that adorn its banks, and fertilizing the delightful country through which it runs; the other gushes impetuous through a rugged channel and less fertile soil; yet serves to beautify a number of wild romantic scenes; to fill an hundred aqueducts, and to turn a thousand mills; at length, they join their streams below the imperial city of Meaco, and form a mighty flood devolving to the bay of Osaca, bearing on its spacious bosom the riches of Japan." Here the orator paused for breath: the Cuboy clapped him on the back, whispering, "Super-excellent! O charming simile! Another such will sink the Dairo's grief to the bottom of the sea: and his heart will float like a blown bladder upon the waves of Kugava." Mura-clami was not silent in his praise, while he squeezed an orange between the lips of Taycho; and Got-hama-baba seemed all attention; at length the orator resumed the subject: "Think not, august emperor, that the cause of your disquiet is unknown, or unlamented by your weeping servants. We have not only perceived your eclipse, but discovered the invidious body by whose interposition that eclipse is effected. The rapacious arms of the hostile Chinese have seized the farm of Yesso!" "Oh, oh, oh!" "That farm so cherished by your imperial favour; that farm which, in the north of Tartary, shone like a jewel in an Æthiop's ear; yes, that jewel hath been snatched by the savage hand of

a Chinese freebooter: but dry your tears, my prince; that jewel shall detect his theft, and light us to revenge. It shall become a rock to crush him in his retreat; a net of iron to entangle his steps; a fallen trunk over which his feet shall stumble. It shall hang like a weight about his neck, and sink him to the lowest gulf of perdition. Be comforted, then, my liege! your farm is rooted to the centre; it can neither be concealed nor removed. Nay, should he hide it at the bottom of the ocean; or place it among the constellations in the heavens; your faithful Taycho would fish it up entire, or tear it headlong from the starry firmament. —We will retrieve the farm of Yesso." "But, how, how, how, dear orator Taycho?" "The empire of Japan shall be mortgaged for the sake of that precious —that sacred spot, which produced the patriarch apostle *Bupo*, and resounded under the hoofs of the holy steed. Your people of Japan shall chant the litany of Fakkubasi. They shall institute crusades for the recovery of the farm; they shall pour their treasury at your imperial feet; they shall clamour for imposition; they shall load themselves with tenfold burdens, desolate their country, and beggar their posterity in behalf of Yesso. With these funds I could undertake even to overturn the councils of Pekin. While the Tartar princes deal in the trade of blood, there will be no want of hands to cut away those noxious weeds which have taken root in the farm of Yesso; those vermin that have preyed upon her delightful blossoms! Amidst such a variety of remedies, there can be no difficulty in choosing. Like a weary traveller, I will break a bough from the first pine that presents, and brush away those

troublesome insects that gnaw the fruits of Yesso. Would not the mercenary bands of Tartary suffice to repel those insolent invaders, I will engage to chain this island to the continent; to build a bridge from shore to shore, that shall afford a passage more free and ample than the road to hell. Through this avenue I will ride the mighty beast whose name is Legion. I have studied the art of war, my liege:—I had once the honour to serve my country as Lance-presado in the militia of Niphon. I will unpeople these realms, and overspread the land of Yesso with the forces of Japan."

The Got-hama-baba could no longer resist the energy of such expressions. He flew to the door of his cabinet, and embraced the orator in a transport of joy; while Kaka-kaka fell upon his neck and wept aloud; and Mauri-clami kissed the hem of his garment.

You must know, Peacock, I had by this time changed my situation. I was discharged in the perspiratory vapour from the perinæum of the Cuboy, and sucked into the lungs of Mura-clami, through which I pervaded into the course of the circulation, and visited every part of his composition. I found the brain so full and compact, that there was not room for another particle of matter. But instead of a heart, he had a membranous sac, or hollow viscus, cold and callous, the habitation of sneaking caution, servile flattery, griping avarice, creeping malice, and treacherous deceit. Among these tenants it was my fate to dwell; and there I discovered the motives by which the lawyer's conduct was influenced. He now secretly rejoiced at the presumption of Taycho, which he hoped had already prompted him to undertake

more than he could perform; in which case he would infallibly incur disgrace either with the Dairo or the people. It is not impossible but this hope might have been realized, had not fortune unexpectedly interposed, and operated as an auxiliary to the orator's presumption. Success began to dawn upon the arms of Japan in the island of Fatsisio; and towards the end of the campaign, Brut-an-tiffi obtained two petty advantages in Tartary against one body of Chinese, and another of the Ostrog. All these were magnified into astonishing victories and ascribed to the wisdom and courage of Taycho, because during his ministry they were obtained; though he neither knew why, nor wherefore; and was in this respect as innocent as his master Got-hama-baba, and his colleague Fika-kaka. He had penetration enough to perceive, however, that these events had intoxicated the rabble, and began to pervert their ideas. Success of any kind is apt to perturb the weak brain of a Japonese; but the acquisition of any military trophy produces an actual delirium. The streets of Meaco were filled with the multitudes who shouted, whooped, and hollowed. They made processions with flags and banners; they illuminated their houses; they extolled Ian-on-i, a provincial captain of Fatsisio, who had by accident repulsed a body of the enemy, and reduced an old barn which they had fortified. They magnified Brut-an-tiffi; they deified orator Taycho; they drank, they damned, they squabbled, and acted a thousand extravagancies which I shall not pretend to enumerate or particularize. Taycho, who knew their trim, seized this opportunity to strike while the iron was hot. He forthwith mounted an old tub, which was his public

rostrum, and waving his hand in an oratorial attitude, was immediately surrounded with the thronging populace. I have already given you a specimen of his manner, and therefore shall not repeat the tropes and figures of his harangue; but only sketch out the plan of his address, and specify the chain of his argument alone. He assailed them in the way of paradox, which never fails to produce a wonderful effect upon a heated imagination and a shallow understanding. Having, in his exordium, artfully fascinated their faculties like a juggler in Bartholomew-fair, by means of an assemblage of words without meaning or import, he proceeded to demonstrate, that a wise and good man ought to discard his maxims the moment he finds they are certainly established on the foundation of eternal truth; that the people of Japan ought to preserve the farm of Yesso as the apple of their eye, because nature had disjoined it from their empire, and the maintenance of it would involve them in all the quarrels of Tartary; that it was to be preserved at all hazards, because it was not worth preserving; that all the power and opulence of Japan ought to be exerted and employed in its defence, because, by the nature of its situation, it could not possibly be defended; that Brut-an-tiffi was the great protector of the religion of the Bonzas, because he had never shown the least regard to any religion at all; that he was the fast friend of Japan, because he had more than once acted as a rancorous enemy to this empire, and never let slip the least opportunity of expressing his contempt for the subjects of Niphon; that he was an invincible hero, because he had been thrice beaten, and once compelled to raise a

siege, in the course of two campaigns; that he was a prince of consummate honour, because he had, in the time of profound peace, usurped the dominions, and ravaged the countries of his neighbours, in defiance of common honesty, in violation of the most solemn treaties; that he was the most honourable and important ally that the empire of Japan could choose, because his alliance was to be purchased with an enormous annual tribute, for which he was bound to perform no earthly office of friendship or assistance; because connexion with him effectually deprived Japan of the friendship of all the other princes and states of Tartary, and the utmost exertion of his power could never conduce, in the smallest degree, to the interest or advantage of the Japonese empire.

Such were the propositions orator Taycho undertook to demonstrate; and the success justified his undertaking. After a weak mind has been duly prepared, and turned, as it were, by opening a sluice or torrent of high-sounding words, the greater the contradiction proposed, the stronger impression it makes, because it increases the puzzle, and lays fast hold on the admiration; depositing the small proportion of reason with which it was before impregnated, like the vitriol acid in the copper mines of Wicklow, into which if you immerse iron, it immediately quits the copper which it had before dissolved, and unites with the other metal, to which it has a stronger attraction. Orator Taycho was not so well skilled in logic as to amuse his audience with definitions of concrete and abstract terms; or expatiate upon the genus and the difference; or state propositions by the subject, the predicate, and the copula; or form syllogisms

by mood and figure; but he was perfectly well acquainted with all the equivocal or synonymous words in his own language, and could ring the changes on them with great dexterity. He knew perfectly well how to express the same ideas by words that literally implied opposition:—for example, a valuable conquest or an inestimable conquest; a shameful rascal or a shameful villain; a hard head or a soft head; a large conscience or no conscience; immensely great or immensely little; damned high or damned low; damned bitter, damned sweet; damned severe, damned insipid; and damned fulsome. He knew how to invert the sense of words by changing the manner of pronunciation: *e.g.* "You are a very pretty fellow!" to signify "You are a very dirty scoundrel." "You have *always* spoke respectfully of the higher powers!" to express, "You have often insulted your betters, and even your sovereign." "You have *never* turned tail to the principles you professed!" to declare, "You have acted the part of an infamous apostate." He was well aware that words alter their signification according to the circumstances of times, customs, and the difference of opinion. Thus the name of Jack, who used to turn the spit, and pull off his master's boots, was transferred to an iron machine and a wooden instrument now substituted for these purposes; thus a stand for the tea-kettle acquired the name of Footman; and the words Canon and Ordinance, signifying originally a rule or law, were extended to a piece of artillery, which is counted the *ultima lex*, or *ultima ratio regum*. In the same manner, the words infidel, heresy, good man, and political orthodoxy, imply very different significations, among different classes of people. A

Mussulman is an infidel at Rome, and a Christian is distinguished as an unbeliever at Constantinople. A Papist by Protestantism understands heresy; to a Turk the same idea is conveyed by the sect of Ali. The term *good man* at Edinburgh, implies fanaticism; upon the Exchange of London, it signifies cash; and in the general acceptation, benevolence. Political orthodoxy has different, nay, opposite definitions, at different places in the same kingdom; at O—— and C——; at the Cocoa-tree in Pall-mall; and at Garraway's in Exchange-alley. Our orator was well acquainted with all the legerdemain of his own language, as well as with the nature of the beast he had to rule. He knew when to distract its weak brain with a tumult of incongruous and contradictory ideas; he knew when to overwhelm its feeble faculty of thinking, by pouring in a torrent of words without any ideas annexed. These throng in like city-milliners to a Mile-end assembly, while it happens to be under the direction of a conductor without strength and authority. Those that have ideas annexed may be compared to the females provided with partners, which, though they may crowd the place, do not absolutely destroy all regulation and decorum. But those that are uncoupled press in promiscuously with such impetuosity, and in such numbers, that the puny master of the ceremonies is unable to withstand the irruption; far less to distinguish their quality, or accommodate them with partners: thus they fall into the dance without order, and immediately anarchy ensues. Taycho having kept the monster's brain on a simmer, until, like the cow-heel in Don Quixote, it seemed to cry *Comenme, Comenme*; Come, eat me, come, eat me; then told them in plain

terms, that it was expedient they should part with their wives and their children, their souls and their bodies, their substance and their senses, their blood and their meat, in order to defend the indefensible farm of Yesso, and to support Brut-an-tiffi, their insupportable ally. The hydra, rolling itself in the dust, turned up its huge unwieldy paunch, and wagged its forky tail; then licked the feet of Taycho, and through all its hoarse discordant throats began to bray applause. The Dairo rejoiced in his success, the first fruits of which consisted in their agreeing to maintain an army of twenty thousand Tartar mercenaries, who were reinforced by the flower of the national troops of Japan, sent over to defend the farm of Yesso; and in their consenting to prolong the annual tribute granted to Brut-an-tiffi, who, in return for this condescension, accommodated the Dairo with one of his freebooting captains to command the Yessite army. This new general had seen some service, and was counted a good officer; but it was not so much on account of his military character that he obtained this command, as for his dexterity in prolonging the war, his skill in exercising all the different arts of peculation, and his attachment to Brut-an-tiffi, with whom he had agreed to co-operate in milking the Japonese cow. This plan they executed with such effect, as could not possibly result from address alone, unassisted by the infatuation of those whom they pillaged. Every article of contingent expense for draught-horses, waggons, postage, forage, provision, and secret service, was swelled to such a degree, as did violence to common sense as well as to common honesty. The general had a fellow-feeling with all the contractors in the army, who were

connected with him in such a manner as seemed to preclude all possibility of detection. In vain some of the Japonese officers endeavoured to pry into this mysterious commerce; in vain inspectors were appointed by the government of Japan. The first were removed on different pretences: the last were encountered by such disgraces and discouragements, as in a little time compelled them to resign the office they had undertaken. In a word, there was not a private mercenary Tartar soldier in this army who did not cost the empire of Japan as much as any subaltern officer of its own; and the annual charge of this continental war, undertaken for the protection of the farm of Yesso, exceeded the whole expense of any former war which Japan had ever maintained on its own account, since the beginning of the empire: nay, it was attended with one circumstance which rendered it still more insupportable. The money expended in armaments and operations, equipped and prosecuted on the side of Japan, was all circulated within the empire; so that it still remained useful to the community in general; but no instance could be produced of a single copan that every returned from the continent of Tartary; therefore all the sums sent thither were clear loss to the subjects of Japan. Orator Taycho acted as a faithful ally to Brut-an-tiffi, by stretching the bass-strings of the mobile in such a manner, as to be always in concert with the extravagance of the Tartar's demands, and the absurdity of the Dairo's predilection. Fika-kaka was astonished at these phaenomena; while Mura-clami hoped in secret, that the orator's brain was disordered; and that his insanity would soon stand confessed, even to the conviction of the people. "If," said he to himself, "they are

not altogether destitute of human reason, they must, of their own accord, perceive and comprehend this plain proposition; a cask of water that discharges *three* by one pipe, and receives no more than *two* by another, must infallibly be emptied at the long run. Japan discharges *three* millions of obans every year for the defence of that blessed farm, which were it put up to sale, would not fetch one-sixth part of the sum; and the annual balance of her trade with all the world brings in *two* millions: ergo, it runs out faster than it runs in, and the vessel at the long run must be empty." Mura-clami was mistaken. He had studied philosophy only in profile. He had endeavoured to investigate the sense, but he had never fathomed the absurdities of human nature. All that Taycho had done for Yesso, amounted not to one-third of what was required for the annual expense of Japan while it maintained the war against China in different quarters of Asia. A former Cuboy, (rest his soul!) finding it impossible to raise within the year the exorbitant supplies that were required to gratify the avarice and ambition of the Dairo, had contrived the method of funding, which hath been lately adopted with such remarkable success in this kingdom. You know, Peacock, this is no more than borrowing a certain sum on the credit of the nation, and laying a fresh tax upon the public, to defray the interest of every sum thus borrowed; an excellent expedient, when kept within due bounds, for securing the established government, multiplying the dependants of the m——y, and throwing all the money of the empire into the hands of the administration. But those loans were so often repeated, that the national debt had already swelled to an enormous burden; such a

variety of taxes was laid upon the subject, as grievously enhanced all the necessaries of life; consequently the poor were distressed, and the price of labour was raised to such a degree, that the Japonese manufactures were everywhere undersold by the Chinese traders, who employed their workmen at a more moderate expense.

Taycho, in this dilemma, was seized with a strange conceit. Alchemy was at that period become a favourite study in Japan. Some Bonzas having more learning and avarice than their brethren, applied themselves to the study of certain Chaldean manuscripts, which their ancestors had brought from Assyria; and in these they found the substance of all that is contained in the works of Hermes Trismegistus, Geber, Zosymus the Panapolite, Olympiodorus, Heliodorus, Agathodæmon, Morienus, Albertus Magnus, and, above all, your countryman Roger Bacon, who adopted Geber's opinion, that mercury is the common basis, and sulphur the cement of all metals. By-the-by, this same Friar Bacon was well acquainted with the composition of gunpowder, though the reputation arising from the discovery has been given to Swartz, who lived many years after that monk of Westminster. Whether the philosopher's stone, otherwise called the Gift Azoth, the fifth Essence, or the Alkahest; which last Van Helmont pilfered from the tenth book of the Archidoxa, that treasure so long deposited in the occiput of the renowned Aureolus, Philippus, Paracelsus, Theophrastus, Bombast, De Hohenheim; was ever really attained by human adept, I am not at liberty to disclose; but certain it is, the philosophers and alchemists of Japan, employed by orator Taycho to transmute baser metals into gold, miscarried in all their

eriments. The whole evaporated in smoke, without ving so much as the scrapings of a crucible for a spe- c against the itch. Tickets made of a kind of bamboo, l been long used to reinforce the circulation of Japan; : these were of no use in Tartary; the mercenaries l allies of that country would receive nothing but gold l silver, which, indeed, one would imagine they had a ticular method of decomposing or annihilating; for, all the millions transported thither, not one copan was r known to revisit Japan. "It was a country," as mlet says, "from whose bourne no travelling copan r returned." As the war of Yesso, therefore, en- sed all the specie of Niphon, and some currency was solutely necessary to the subsistence of the Japonese, : orator contrived a method to save the expense of id food. He composed a mess that should fill their llies, and, at the same time, protract the intoxication their brains, which it was so much his interest to intain. He put them upon a diet of yeast; where s did not agree with the stomach, he employed his issaries to blow up the patients *a posteriori*, as the dog s blown up by the madman of Seville, recorded by rvantes. The individuals thus inflated were seen aggering about the streets, smooth and round, and ek and jolly, with leering eyes and florid complexion. ery one seemed to have the *os magna sonaturum*. He utted with an air of importance. He broke wind, and oached new systems. He declared, as if by revelation, at the more debt the public owed, the richer it became; at food was not necessary to the support of life; nor intercourse of the sexes required for the propagation species. He expatiated on yeast, as the nectar of the

gods, that would sustain the animal machine, fill the human mind with divine inspiration, and confer immortality. From the efficacy of this specific, he began to prophesy concerning the White Horse, and declared himself an apostle of Bupo. Thus they strolled through the island of Niphon, barking and preaching the gospel of Fakku-basi, and presenting their barm goblets to all who were in quest of political salvation. The people had been so well prepared for infatuation, by the speeches of Taycho, and the tidings of success from Tartary, that every passenger greedily swallowed the drench, and in a little time the whole nation was converted; that is, they were totally freed from those troublesome and impertinent faculties of reason and reflection, which could have served no other purpose but to make them miserable under the burdens to which their backs were now subjected. They offered up all their gold and silver, their jewels, their furniture and apparel, at the shrine of Fakku-basi, singing psalms and hymns in praise of the White Horse. They put arms into the hands of their children, and drove them into Tartary, in order to fatten the land of Yesso with their blood. They grew fanatics in that cause, and worshipped Brut-an-tiffi, as the favourite prophet of the beatified Bupo. All was staggering, staring, incoherence and contortion, exclamation and eructation. Still this was no more than a temporary delirium, which might vanish as the intoxicating effects of the yeast subsided. Taycho, therefore, called in two reinforcements to the drench. He resolved to satiate their appetite for blood, and to amuse their infantine vanity with the gew-gaws of triumph. He equipped out one armament at a considerable expense to make a

descent on the coast of China, and sent another at a much greater, to fight the enemy in Fatsisio. The commander of the first disembarked upon a desolate island, demolished an unfinished cottage, and brought away a few bunches of wild grapes. He afterwards hovered on the Chinese coast; but was deterred from landing by a very singular phenomenon. In surveying the shore through spying glasses, he perceived the whole beach instantaneously fortified, as it were, with parapets of sand, which had escaped the naked eye; and at one particular part, there appeared a body of giants with very hideous features, peeping, as it were, from behind those parapets; from which circumstance the Japanese general concluded there was a very formidable ambuscade, which he thought it would be madness to encounter, and even folly to ascertain. One would imagine he had seen Homer's account of the Cyclops, and did not think himself safe, even at the distance of some miles from the shore; for he pressed the commander of the Pune to weigh anchor immediately, and retire to a place of more safety. I shall now, Peacock, let you into the whole secret. This great officer was deceived by the carelessness of the commissary, who instead of perspectives, had furnished him with glasses peculiar to Japan, that magnified and multiplied objects at the same time. They are called Pho-beron-tia. The large parapets of sand were a couple of mole-hills; and the gigantic faces of grim aspect, were the posteriors of an old woman sacrificing *sub dio*, to the powers of digestion. There was another circumstance which tended to the miscarriage of this favourite expedition. The principal design was against a trading town, situated on a navigable

river; and at the place where this river disembogued itself into the sea, there was a Chinese fort called Sa-rouf. The admiral of the Fune sent the second in command, whose name was Sel-uon, to lay this fort in ashes, that the embarkation might pass without let or molestation. A Chinese pilot offered to bring his junk within a cable-length of the walls; but he trusted to the light of his own penetration. He ran his junk aground, and solemnly declared there was not water sufficient to float any vessel of force, within three miles of Sa-rouf. This discovery he had made by sounding, and it proved two very surprising paradoxes; first, that the Chinese junks drew little or no water, otherwise they could not have arrived at the town where they were laid up; secondly, that the fort Sa-rouf was raised in a spot where it neither could offend, nor be offended. But the Sey-seo-gun Sel-uon was a mighty man for paradoxes. His superior in command was a plain man, who did not understand these niceties; he therefore grumbled, and began to be troublesome; upon which, a council of war was held; and he being over-ruled by a majority of voices, the whole embarkation returned to Niphon *re infecta*. You have been told how the beast called Legion brayed, and bellowed, and kicked, when the fate of Byn-goh's expedition was known; it was disposed to be very unruly at the return of this armament; but Taycho lulled it with a double dose of his Mandragora. It growled at the giants, the sand-hills, and the paradoxes of Sel-uon; then brayed aloud, *Taycho for ever!* rolled itself up like a lubberly hydra, yawned, and fell fast asleep. The other armament equipped for the operations in Fatsisio, did not arrive at the place of destination till the opportunity

ras lost. The object was the reduction of a sland belonging to the Chinese; but before with the troops arrived from Niphon, the ring received intimation of their design, had he garrison and harbour with a greater num- s and Fune than the Japanese commander against them. He therefore wisely declined se which must have ended in his own dis- estruction. The Chinese were successful in of Fatsisio. They demolished some forts, d some parties, and massacred some people, the colonies of Japan. Perhaps the tidings sters would have roused the people of Ni- the lethargy of intoxication in which they helmed, had not their delirium been kept up cinating amulets from Tartary; these were an the bubbles which Brut-an-tiffi swelled victories over the Chinese and Ostrog; fact, he had been severely cudgelled, and once in very great danger of crucifixion. ented the monster with a bowl of blood, ld it this invincible ally had drawn from its Chinese, and, at the same time, blowed the athwart its numerous eyes. The hydra gore with signs of infinite relish; groaned to see the bubbles dance; exclaimed, "O !" and relapsed into the arms of slumber. the first campaign of Taycho's administra-

ne Fika-kaka was fully convinced that the ly dealt with the devil, and had even sold for this power of working miracles on the

understanding of the populace. He began to be invaded with fears, that the same consideration would be demanded of him for the ease and pleasure he now enjoyed in partnership with that magician. He no longer heard himself scoffed, ridiculed, and reviled in the assemblies of the people. He no longer saw his measures thwarted, nor his person treated with disdain. He no longer racked his brains for pretences to extort money; nor trembled with terror, when he used these pretences to the public. The mouth of the opposition was now glued to his own posteriors. Many a time, and often, when he heard orator Taycho declaiming against him from his rostrum, he cursed him in his heart, and was known to ejaculate, "Kiss my a—e, Taycho"; but little did he think the orator would one day stoop to this compliance. He now saw that insolent foul-mouthed demagogue ministering with the utmost servility to his pleasure and ambition. He filled his bags with the treasures of Japan, as if by enchantment; so that he could now gratify his own profuse temper without stint or control. He took upon himself the whole charge of the administration; and left Fika-kaka to the full enjoyment of his own sensuality, thus divested of all its thorns. It was the contemplation of these circumstances, which inspired the Cuboy with a belief that the devil was concerned in producing this astonishing calm of felicity; and that his infernal highness would require of him some extraordinary sacrifice for the extraordinary favours he bestowed. He could not help suspecting the sincerity of Taycho's attachment, because it seemed altogether unnatural; and if his soul was to be the sacrifice, he wished to treat with Satan as a principal. Full

of this idea, he had recourse to his Bonzes, as the most likely persons to procure him such an interview with the prince of darkness, as should not be attended with immediate danger to his corporeal parts; but, upon inquiry, he found there was not one conjurer among them all. Some of them made a merit of their ignorance; pretended they could not in conscience give application to an art which must have led them into communication with demons; others insisted there was no such thing as the devil, and this opinion seemed to be much relished by the Cuboy; the rest frankly owned they knew nothing at all of the matter. For my part, Peacock, I not only know there is a devil, but I likewise know that he has marked out nineteen-twentieths of the people of this metropolis for his prey. How now! You shake, sirrah! You have some reason, considering the experiments you have been trying in the way of sorcery; turning the sieve and shears; mumbling gibberish over a goose's liver stuck with pins; pricking your thumbs and writing mystical characters with your blood; forming spells with sticks laid across; reading prayers backwards; and invoking the devil by the name, style, and title of *Sathan, Abrasax, Adonai.* I know what communication you had with Goody Thrusk at Camberwell, who undertook, for three shillings and fourpence, to convey you on a broomstick to Norway, where the devil was to hold a conventical; but you boggled at crossing the sea, without such security for your person as the beldame could not give. I remember you poring over the treatise *De volucri arborea*, until you had well nigh lost your wits; and your intention to enrol yourself in the Rosicrusian society, until your intrigue with the tripewoman in

Thieving-lane destroyed your pretensions to chastity. Then you cloaked your own wickedness with an affectation of scepticism, and declared there never was any such existence as devil, demon, spirit, or goblin, nor any such art as magic, necromancy, sorcery, or witchcraft. O infidel! hast thou never heard of the three divisions of magic into natural, artificial, and diabolical? The first of these is no more than medicine, hence the same word Pharmacopola signified both a wiseacre and apothecary. To the second belong the glass sphere of Archimedes, the flying wooden pigeon of Archytus, the emperor Leo's singing birds of gold, Boetius the Consolator's flying birds of brass, hissing serpents of the same metal, and the famous speaking head of Albertus Magnus. The last, which we call diabolical, depends upon the evocation of spirits; such was the art exercised by the magicians of Pharaoh, as well as by that conjurer recorded by Gasper Peucerus, who animated the dead carcase of a famous female harper in Bologna, in such a manner, that she played upon her instrument as well as ever she had done in her life, until another magician removing the charm, which had been placed in her armpits, the body fell down deprived of all motion. It is by such means that conjurers cure distempers with charms and amulets; that, according to St. Isidore, they confound the elements, disturb the understanding, slay without poison or any perceptible wound, call up devils, and learn from them how to torment their enemies. Magic was known even to the ancient Romans. Cato teaches us how to charm a dislocated bone, by repeating these mystical words, *Incipe cantare in alto, S. F. motas donata dardaries Astotaries, dic una parite dum coeunt*, &c. Be-

sides, the virtues of ABRACADABRA are well known; though the meaning of the word has puzzled some of the best critics of the last age; such as Wendelinus, Scaliger, Saumaise, and Father Kircher; not to mention the ancient physician Serenus Sammonicus, who describes the disposition of these characters in hexameter verse. I might here launch out into a very learned dissertation, to prove that this very Serenus formed the word ABRACADABRA from the Greek word Ἀβρασαξ, a name by which Basilides the Ægyptian heretic defined the Deity, as the letters of it imply 365, the number of days in the year. This is the word still fair and legible on one of the two talismans found in the seventeenth century, of which Baronius gives us the figure in the second volume of his Annals. By the by, Peacock, you must take notice, that the figure of St. George encountering the dragon, which is the symbol of the order of the Garter, and at this day distinguishes so many inns, taverns, and alehouses in this kingdom, was no other originally than the device of an abraxas or amulet wore by the Basilidians, as a charm against infection, for, by the man on horseback killing the dragon, was typified the sun purifying the air, and dispersing the noxious vapours from the earth. An abraxas marked with this device, is exhibited by Montfaucon out of the collection of Sig. Capello. This symbol, improved by the cross on the top of the spear, was afterwards adopted by the Christian crusards as a badge of their religious warfare, as well as an amulet to ensure victory; the cross alluding to Constantine's labarum, with the motto, ἐν τούτῳ νίκα, "In this you shall conquer." The figure on horseback they metamorphosed into St. George, the same with George

the Arian, who at one time was reckoned a martyr, and maintained a place in the Roman Martyrology, from which he and others were erased by Pope Gelasius in the fifth century, because the accounts of their martyrdom were written by heretics. This very George, while he officiated as Bishop of Alexandria, having ordered a temple of the god *Mythras* to be purified, and converted into a Christian church, found in the said temple this emblem of the sun, which the Persians adored under the name of *Mythras*; and with the addition of the cross, metamorphosed it into a symbol of Christian warfare against idolatry. It was on this occasion that the Pagans rose against George, and murdered him with the utmost barbarity; and from this circumstance he became a saint and martyr, and the amulet or abraxas became his badge of distinction. The cross was considered as such a sure protection in battle, that every sword-hilt was made in this form, and every warrior, before he engaged, kissed it in token of devotion: hence the phrase, "I kiss your hilt," which is sometimes used even at this day. With respect to the mystical words, *ABRACAΣ, IAΩ, ΔOΩNAI*, which are found upon those amulets, and supposed to be of Hebrew extract, though in the Greek character of termination; if thou wouldst know their real signification, thou mayest consult the learned De Croy, in his Treatise concerning the genealogies of the *Gnostics*. Thou wilt find it at the end of St. Irenæus's works, published by Grabius at Oxford.

But, to return to magic, thou must have heard of the famous Albertus Magnus de Bolstadt, who indifferently exercised the professions of a conjurer, bawd, and man-midwife; who forged the celebrated *Androides*, or brazen

head, which pronounced oracles, and solved questions of the utmost difficulty; nor can the fame of Henry Cornelius Agrippa have escaped thee; he, who wrote the Treatises *De occulta Philosophia*; *et de cæcis Ceremoniis*; who kept his demon secured with an enchanted iron collar, in the shape of a black dog; which black dog being dismissed in his last moments with these words, *Abi perdita bestia quæ me totum perdidisti*, plunged itself in the river Soame, and immediately disappeared. But what need of those profane instances, to prove the existence of magicians who held communication with the devil? Don't we read in the Scripture of the magicians of Pharaoh and Manasses; of the witch of Endor; of Simon and Barjesus, magicians; and of that sorceress, of whose body the apostle Paul dispossessed the devil? Have not the fathers mentioned magicians and sorcerers? Have not different councils denounced anathemas against them? Hath not the civil law decreed punishments to be inflicted upon those convicted of the black art? Have not all the tribunals in France, England, and particularly in Scotland, condemned many persons to the stake for sorceries, on the fullest evidence, nay, even on their own confession? Thou thyself mayest almost remember the havoc that was made among the sorcerers in one of the English colonies in North America, by Dr. Encrease Mather, and Dr. Cotton Mather, those luminaries of the New-England church, under the authority and auspices of Sir William Phipps, that flower of knighthood, and mirror of governors, who, not contented with living witnesses, called in the assistance of spectral evidence, to the conviction of those diabolical delinquents. This was a hint, indeed, which

he borrowed from the famous trial of Urban Grandier, canon of Loudun in France, who was duly convicted of magic, upon the depositions of the devils, *Astaroth, Eusas, Celsus, Acaos, Cedon, Asmodeus, Alix, Zabulon, Nepthalim, Cham, Uriel,* and *Achas.* I might likewise refer thee to King James's History of Witchcraft, wherein it appears, upon uncontrovertible evidence, that the devil not only presided in person at the assemblies of those wise women, but even condescended to be facetious, and often diverted them by dancing and playing gambols with a lighted candle in his breech. I might bid thee recollect the authenticated account of the Earl of Gowry's conspiracy against the said king, in which appears the deposition of a certain person, certifying that the Earl of Gowry had studied the black art; that he wore an amulet about his person, of such efficacy, that although he was run several times through the body, not one drop of blood flowed from the wounds until those mystical characters were removed. Finally, I could fill whole volumes with undeniable facts, to prove the existence of magic; but what I have said shall suffice. I must only repeat it again, that there was not one magician, conjurer, wizard, or witch, among all the Bonzes of Japan, whom the Cuboy consulted: a circumstance that astonished him the more, as divers of them, notwithstanding their beards, were shrewdly suspected to be old women; and till that time, an old woman with a beard upon her chin had been always considered as an agent of the devil. It was the nature of Fika-kaka to be impatient and impetuous. Perceiving that none of his Bonzes had any communication with the devil, and that many of them doubted whether there was any such personage as the

devil, he began to have some doubts about his own soul: "For if there is no devil," said he, "there is no soul to be damned; and it would be a reproach to the justice of Heaven, to suppose that all souls are to be saved, considering what rascally stuff mankind are made of." This was an inference which gave him great disturbance; for he was one of those who would rather encounter eternal damnation, than run any risk of being annihilated. He therefore assembled all those among the Bonzes who had the reputation of being great philosophers and metaphysicians, in order to hear their opinions concerning the nature of the soul. The first reverend sage who delivered himself on this mysterious subject, having stroked his grey beard, and hemmed thrice with great solemnity, declared that the soul was an animal; a second pronounced it to be the number *three*, or proportion; a third contended for the number *seven*, or harmony; a fourth defined the soul the *universe*; a fifth affirmed it was a mixture of elements; a sixth asserted it was composed of *fire*; a seventh opined it was formed of *water*; an eighth called it an *essence*; a ninth, an *idea*; a tenth, stickled for *substance without extension*; an eleventh, for *extension without substance*; a twelfth cried it was an *accident*; a thirteenth called it a *reflecting mirror*; a fourteenth, the *image reflected*; a fifteenth insisted upon its being a *tune*; a sixteenth believed it was the instrument that played the tune; a seventeenth undertook to prove it was *material*; an eighteenth exclaimed it was *immaterial*; a nineteenth allowed it was *something*; and a twentieth swore it was *nothing*. By this time all the individuals that composed this learned assembly, spoke together, with equal eager-

ness and vociferation. The volubility with which a great number of abstruse and unintelligible terms and definitions were pronounced and repeated, not only resembled the confusion of Babel, but they had just the same effect upon the brain of Fika-kaka, as is generally produced in weak heads, by looking stedfastly at a mill-wheel or a vortex, or any other object in continual rotation. He grew giddy, ran three times round, and dropped down in the midst of the Bonzes, deprived of sense and motion. When he recovered so far as to be able to reflect upon what had happened, he was greatly disturbed with the terror of annihilation, as he had heard nothing said in the consultation which could give him any reason to believe there was such a thing as an immortal soul. In this emergency, he sent for his counsellor Mura-clami, and when that lawyer entered his chamber, exclaimed, "My dear Mura, as I have a soul to be saved! —A soul to be saved!—ay, there's the rub!—the devil a soul have I! Those Bonzes are good for nothing but to kiss my a—se; a parcel of ignorant asses! Pox on their philosophy! Instead of demonstrating the immortality of the soul, they have plainly proved the soul is a chimera, a Will-o'-the-wisp, a bubble, a term, a word, a nothing! My dear Mura! prove but that I have a soul, and I shall be contented to be damned to all eternity!" "If that be the case," said the other, "your Quambukuship may set your heart at rest: for, if you proceed to govern this empire, in conjunction with Taycho, as you have begun, it will become a point of eternal justice to give you an immortal soul (if you have not one already), that you may undergo eternal punishment, according to your demerits." The Cuboy was much comforted by this assur-

ance, and returned to his former occupations with redoubled ardour. He continued to confer benefices on his back-friends, the Bonzes; to regulate the whole army of tax-gatherers; to bribe the tribunes, the centurions, the decuriones, and all the inferior mob-drivers of the empire; to hire those pipers who were best skilled in making the multitude dance, and find out the ablest artists to scratch their long ears, and tickle their noses. These toils were sweetened by a variety of enjoyments. He possessed all the pomp of ostentation; the vanity of levees, the pride of power, the pleasure of adulation, the happiness of being kicked by his sovereign and kissed by his Bonzes; and, above all, the delights of the stomach and the close-stool, which recurred in perpetual succession, and which he seemed to enjoy with a particular relish: for, it must be observed, to the honour of Fikakaka, that what he eagerly received at one end, he as liberally refunded at the other. But as the faculties of his mind were insufficient to digest the greatness of power which had fallen to his share, so were the organs of his body unable to concoct the enormous mass of aliments which he so greedily swallowed. He laboured under an indigestion of both; and the vague promises which went upwards, as well as the murmurs that passed the other way, were no other than eruptive crudities arising from the defects of his soul and body.

As for Taycho, he confined himself to the management of the war. He recalled the general in chief from Fatsisio, because he had not done that which he could not possibly do; but, instead of sending another on whose abilities he could depend, he allowed the direction of the armaments to devolve upon the second in com-

mand, whose character he could not possibly know, because, indeed, he was too obscure to have any character at all. The fruits of his sagacity soon appeared. The new general, Abra-moria, having reconnoitred a post of the enemy, which was found too strong to be forced, attacked it without hesitation, and his troops were repulsed and routed with considerable slaughter. It was lucky for Taycho that the tidings of this disaster were qualified by the news of two other advantages which the arms of Japan had gained. A separate corps of troops, under Yaf-frai and Ya-loff, reduced a strong Chinese fortress in the neighbourhood of Fatsisio; and a body of Japonese, headed by a factor called Ka-liff, obtained a considerable victory at Fla-sao, in the farther extremity of Tartary, where a trading company of Meaco possessed a commercial settlement. The Hydra of Meaco began to shake its numerous heads, and growl, when it heard of Abra-moria's defeat. At that instant, one of its leaders exclaimed, "Bless thy long ears! It was not Taycho that recommended Abra-morio to this command. He was appointed by the Fatzman." This was true. It was likewise true that Taycho had allowed him quietly to succeed to the command, without knowing anything of his abilities; it was equally true that Taycho was an utter stranger to Yaf-frai and Ya-loff, who took the fortress, as well as to the factor Ka-liff, who obtained the victory at the farther end of Tartary. Nevertheless, the beast cried aloud, "Hang Abra-moria, and a fig for the Fatzman. But let the praise of Taycho be magnified! It was Taycho that subdued the fortress in the Isle Kafrit-o. It was Taycho that defeated the enemy at Flasao. Yaf-frai has slain his thousands; Ya-loff has slain

his five thousands; but Taycho had slain his ten thousands."

Taycho had credit not only for the success of the Japonese arms, but likewise for the victories of Brut-an-tiffi, who had lately been much beholden to fortune. I have already observed what a noise that Tartar made when the Fatzman of Japan found himself obliged to capitulate with the Chinese general. In consequence of that event, the war was already at an end with respect to the Japanese, on the continent of Tartary. The emperor of China took possession of the farm of Yesso; the peasants quietly submitted to their new masters; and those very free-booting Tartar chiefs, who had sold their subjects as soldiers, to serve under the Fatzman, had already agreed to send the very same mercenaries into the army of China. It was at this juncture that Brut-an-tiffi exalted his throat. In the preceding campaign he had fought with various success. One of his generals had given battle to the Mantchoux Tartars, and each side claimed the victory. Another of his leaders had been defeated and taken by the Ostrog. The Chinese had already advanced to the frontiers of Brut-an-tiffi's dominions. In this dilemma he exerted himself with equal activity and address; he repulsed the Chinese army with considerable loss; and, in the space of one month after this action, gained a victory over the general of the Ostrog. These advantages rendered him insufferably arrogant. He exclaimed against the Fatzman; he threatened the Dairo; and, as I have taken notice above, a new army was raised at the expense of Japan, to defend him from all future invasions of the Chinese. Already the Tartar General Bron-xi-tic, who was vested at

his desire with the command of the mercenary army of Japan, had given a severe check to a strong body of the Chinese, and even threatened to carry the war into the empire of China; but his progress was soon stopt, and he was forced to retreat in his turn towards the farm of Yesso. But from nothing did orator Taycho reap a fuller harvest of praise, than from the conquest of Tzin-khall, a settlement of the Chinese on the coast of Terra Australis; which conquest was planned by a Banyan merchant of Meaco, who had traded on that coast, and was particularly known to the king of the country. This royal savage was uneasy at the neighbourhood of the Chinese, and conjured the merchant, whose name was Thum-Khumm-qua, to use his influence at the court of Meaco, that an armament should be equipped against the settlement of Tzin-khall, he himself solemnly promising to co-operate in the reduction of it with all his forces. Thum-Khumm-qua, whose zeal for the good of his country got the better of all his prudential maxims, did not fail to represent this object in the most interesting points of view. He demonstrated to Taycho the importance of the settlement; that it abounded with slaves, ivory, gold, and a precious gum which was not to be found in any other part of the world; a gum in great request all over Asia, and particularly among the Japanese, who were obliged to purchase it in time of war at second-hand from their enemies the Chinese, at an exorbitant price. He demonstrated that the loss of this settlement would be a terrible wound to the emperor of China; and proved that the conquest of it could be achieved at a very trifling expense. He did more. Though by the maxims of his sect he was restrained

from engaging in any military enterprise, he offered to conduct the armament in person, in order the more effectually to keep the king of the country steady to his engagements. Though the scheme was in itself plausible and practicable, Mr. Orator Taycho shuffled and equivocated until the season for action was past. But Thum-Khumm-qua was indefatigable. He exhorted, he pressed, he remonstrated, he complained, and besieged the orator's house in such a manner, that Taycho at length, in order to be rid of his importunity, granted his request. A small armament was fitted out; the Banyan embarked in it, leaving his own private affairs in confusion; and the settlement was reduced according to his prediction. When the news of this conquest arrived at Meaco, the multifarious beast brayed hoarse applause, and the minister Taycho was magnified exceedingly. As for Thum-Khumm-qua, whose private fortune was consumed in the expedition, all the recompense he received, was the consciousness of having served his country. In vain he reminded Taycho of his promises; in vain he recited the minister's own letters, in which he had given his word that the Banyan should be liberally rewarded, according to the importance of his services. Taycho was both deaf and blind to all his remonstrances and representations; and, at last, fairly flung the door in his face.

Such was the candour and the gratitude of the incomparable Taycho. The poor projector Thum-Khumm-qua found himself in a piteous case, while the whole nation resounded with joy for the conquest which his sagacity had planned, and his zeal carried into execution. He was not only abandoned by the minister Taycho, but also renounced by the whole sect of the

Banyans, who looked upon him as a wicked apostate, because he had been concerned with those who fought with the arm of flesh. It was lucky for him that he afterwards found favour with a subsequent minister, who had not adopted all the maxims of his predecessor Taycho. The only measures which this egregious demagogue could hitherto properly call his own, were these: his subsidiary treaty with Brut-an-tiffi; his raising an immense army of mercenaries to act in Tartary for the benefit of that prince; his exacting an incredible sum of money from the people of Japan; and, finally, two successive armaments which he had sent to annoy the sea coasts of China. I have already given an account of the first, the intent of which was frustrated by a mistake in the perspectives. The other was more fortunate in the beginning. Taycho had, by the force of his genius, discovered that nothing so effectually destroyed the oiled paper which the Chinese used in their windows instead of glass, as the gold coin called Oban, when discharged from a military engine at a proper distance. He found that gold was more compact, more heavy, more malleable, and more manageable, than any other metal or substance that he knew; he therefore provided a great quantity of obans, and a good body of slingers, and these being conveyed to the coast of China in a squadron of Fune, as none of the Chinese appeared to oppose these hostilities, a select number of the troops were employed to make ducks and drakes with the obans, on the supposition that this diversion would allure the enemy to the sea side, where they might be knocked on the head without further trouble, but the care of their own safety got the better of their curiosity on this

occasion, and fifty thousand obans were expended in this manner without bringing one Chinese from his lurking-place. Considerable damage was done to the windows of the enemy. Then the forces were landed in a village which they found deserted. Here they burned some fishing-boats, and from hence they carried off some military machines, which were brought to Meaco, and conveyed through the streets in procession, amidst the acclamations of the Hydra, who sung the praise of Taycho. Elevated by this triumph, the minister sent forth the same armament a second time under a new general of his own choosing, whose name was Hylib-bib, who had long entertained an opinion that the inhabitants of China were not beings of flesh and blood, but mere fantastic shadows, who could neither offend nor be offended. Full of this opinion he made a descent on the coast of that empire, and to convince his followers that his notion was right, he advanced some leagues into the country, without having taken any precautions to secure a retreat, leaving the Fune at anchor upon an open beach. Some people alledged that he depended upon the sagacity of an engineer recommended to him by Taycho, which engineer had such an excellent nose that he could smell a Chinese at the distance of ten leagues, but it seems the scent failed him at this juncture. Perhaps the Chinese general had trailed rusty bacon and other odoriferous substances to confound his sense of smelling. Perhaps no dew had fallen overnight, and a strong breeze blew towards the enemy. Certain it is, Hylib-bib in the evening received repeated intelligence that he was within half a league of a Chinese general, at the head of a body of troops greatly superior in number to

the Japonese forces which he himself commanded. He still believed it was all illusion, and when he heard their drums beat, declared it was no more than a ridiculous enchantment. He thought proper, however, to retreat towards the sea side, but this he did with great deliberation, after having given the enemy fair notice by beat of drum. His motions were so slow that he took seven hours to march three miles. When he reached the shore where the Fune were at anchor, he saw the whole body of the Chinese drawn up on a rising ground ready to begin the attack. He ordered his rear-guard to face about, on the supposition that the phantoms would disappear as soon as they showed their faces, but finding himself mistaken, and perceiving some of his own people to drop, in consequence of missiles that came from the enemy, he very calmly embarked with his van, leaving his rear to amuse the Chinese, by whom they were, in less than five minutes, either massacred or taken. From this small disgrace the general deduced two important corollaries; first, that the Chinese were actually material beings, capable of impulsion; and, secondly, that his engineer's nose was not altogether infallible. The people of Meaco did not seem to relish the experiments by which these ideas were ascertained. The monster was heard to grunt in different streets of the metropolis, and these notes of discontent produced the usual effect in the bowels of Fika-kaka, but orator Taycho had his flowers of rhetoric and his bowl of mandragora in readiness. He assured them that Hylib-bib should be employed for the future in keeping sheep on the island of Xicoco, and the engineer be sent to hunt truffles on the mountains of Ximo.

then he tendered his dose, which the Hydra swallowed with signs of pleasure; and, lastly, he mounted on its back, and rode in triumph under the windows of the astonished Cuboy, who, while he shifted his breeches, exclaimed in a rapture of joy, "All hail, Taycho, thou prince of monster-taming men! the Dairo shall kick thy posteriors, and I will kiss them in token of approbation and applause."[1]

The time was now come when Fortune, which had hitherto smiled upon the Chinese arms, resolved to turn her back to that vain-glorious nation, and precisely at the same instant Taycho undertook to display his whole capacity in the management of the war. But before he assumed his province, it was necessary that he should establish a despotism in the council of Twenty-Eight, some members of which had still the presumption to offer their advice towards the administration of affairs. This council being assembled by the Dairo's order, to deliberate upon the objects of the next campaign, the president began by asking the opinion of Taycho, who was the youngest member, upon which the orator made no articulate reply, but cried, "Ba-ba-ba-ba!" The Dairo exclaimed, "Boh!" The Fatzman ejaculated the interjection "Pish!" The Cuboy sat in silent astonishment. Gotto-mio swore the man was dumb, and hinted something of lunacy. Foksi-rokhu shook his head, and Soo-san-sin-o shrugged up his shoulders. At length Fika-kaka going round, and kissing Taycho on the forehead, "My dear boy!" cried he, "Gad's curse! what's the matter? Do but open the sluices of your eloquence once more, my dear orator;

[1] Here ends Vol. I. in the *editio princeps* of 1749.

let us have one simile, one dear simile, and then I shall die contented. With respect to the operations of the campaign, don't you think——" Here he was interrupted with "Ka, ka, ka, ka!" "Heighday!" cried the Cuboy, "Ba-ba-ba, ka-ka-ka! that's the language of children!" "And children you shall be," exclaimed the orator. "Here is a twopenny trumpet for the amusement of the illustrious Got-hama-baba, a sword of gingerbread covered with gold leaf for the Fatzman, and a rattle for my lord Cuboy. I have likewise sugar-plums for the rest of the council." So saying, he, without ceremony, advanced to the Dairo, and tied a scarf round the eyes of his imperial majesty; then he produced a number of padlocks, and sealed up the lips of every Quo in council, before they could recollect themselves from their first astonishment. The assembly broke up abruptly, and the Dairo was conducted to his cabinet by the Fatzman and the Cuboy, which last endeavoured to divert the chagrin of his royal master, by blowing the trumpet and shaking the rattle in his ears, but Got-hama-baba could not be so easily appeased. He growled like an enraged bear at the indignity which had been offered to him, and kicked the Cuboy before as well as behind. Mr. Orator Taycho was fain to come to an explanation. He assured the Dairo it was necessary that his imperial majesty should remain in the dark, and that the whole council should be muzzled for a season, otherwise he could not accomplish the great things he had projected in favour of the farm of Yesso. He declared, that while his majesty remained blindfold, he would enjoy all his other senses in greater

perfection; that his ears would be every day regaled with the shouts of triumph conveyed in notes of uncommon melody, and that the less quantity of animal spirits was expended in vision, the greater proportion would flow to his extremities; consequently, his pleasure would be more acute in his pedestrian exercitations upon the Cuboy and others whom he delighted to honour. He therefore exhorted him to undergo a total privation of eye-sight, which was at best a troublesome faculty, that exposed mankind to a great variety of disagreeable spectacles. This was a proposal which the Dairo did not relish; on the contrary, he waxed exceedingly wroth, and told the orator he would rather enjoy one transient glance of the farm of Yesso, than the most exquisite delights that could be procured for all the other senses. "To gratify your majesty with that ineffable pleasure," cried Taycho, "I have devoted myself, soul and body, and even reconciled contradictions. I have renounced all my former principles, without forfeiting the principles which, by professing those principles, I had gained. I have obtained the most astonishing victories over common sense, and even refuted mathematical demonstration. The many-headed mob, which no former demagogue could ever tame, I have taught to fetch and to carry, to dance to my pipe, to bray to my tune, to swallow what I present without murmuring, to lick my feet when I am angry, and kiss the rod when I think proper to chastise it. I have done more, my liege; I have prepared a drench for it, which, like Lethe, washes away the remembrance of what is past, and takes away all sense of its own condition. I have swept away all

the money of the empire, and persuaded the people not only to beggar themselves, but also to entail indigence upon their latest posterity, and all for the sake of Yesso. It is by dint of these efforts I have been able to subsidize Brut-an-tiffi, and raise an army of one hundred thousand men to defend your imperial majesty's farm, which, were the entire property of it brought to market, would not fetch one-third part of the sums which are now yearly expended in its defence. I shall strike but one great stroke in the country of Fatsisio, and then turn the whole stream of the war into the channel of Tartary, until the barren plains of Yesso are fertilized with human blood. In the mean time, I must insist upon your majesty's continuing in the dark, and amusing yourself in your cabinet with the trumpet and other gewgaws which I have provided for your diversion; otherwise I quit the reins of administration, and turn the monster out of my trammels, in which case, like the dog that returns to its vomit, it will not fail to take up its former prejudices against Yesso, which I have with such pains obliged it to resign." "O my dear Taycho!" cried the affrighted Dairo; "talk not of leaving me in such a dreadful dilemma. Rather than the dear farm should fall into the hands of the Chinese, I would be contented to be led about blindfold all the days of my life. Proceed in your own way. I invest you with full power and authority, not only to gag my whole council, but even to nail their ears to the pillory, should it be found necessary for the benefit of Yesso. In token of which delegation, present your posteriors, and I will bestow upon you a double portion of my favour." Taycho humbly thanked his imperial majesty for the great honour

intended him; but begged leave to decline the cere-
y, on account of the hæmorrhoids, which at that
gave him great disturbance.

The orator, having thus annihilated all opposition in
council of Twenty-Eight, repaired to his own house,
order to plan the operations of the ensuing cam-
n. Though he had reinforced the army in Tar-
y with the flower of the Japonese soldiery, and
ined a strong squadron of Fune, as usual, to parade
the coast of China, he foresaw it would be necessary
amuse the people with some new stroke on the
of Fatsisio, which indeed was the original and
most natural scene of the war. He locked him-
up in his closet, and consulting the map of Fat-
o, he found that the principal Chinese settlement
that island was a fortified town called Quib-quab,
which there was access by two different avenues;
by a broad, rapid, navigable river, on the banks
which the town was situated, and the other by an
land route over mountains, lakes, and dangerous
rrents. He measured the map with his compass,
nd perceived that both routes were nearly of the same
ength, and therefore he resolved that the forces in
Fatsisio, being divided into two equal bodies, should
pproach the place by two different avenues, on the
upposition that they would both arrive before the walls
f Quib-quab at the same instant of time. The conduct
f the inland expedition was given to Yaff-rai, who now
commanded in chief in Fatsisio, and the rest of the
troops were sent up the great river, under the auspices
f Ya-loff, who had so eminently distinguished himself
n the course of the preceding year.

Orator Taycho had received some articles
gence which embarrassed him a little at first;
difficulties soon vanished before the vigour of h
tions. He knew that not only the town of
was fortified by art, but also that the whol
country was almost impregnable by nature;
Chinese general blocked up the passes wit
body of forces, in the route which was to be fo
Yaff-rai; and that another commanded a sepa
in the neighbourhood of Quib-quab, equal, a
number, to the detachment of Ya-loff, whom
therefore either prevent from landing, or attac
should be landed: or, finally, should neithe
attempts succeed, he might reinforce the g
Quib-quab, so as to make it more numerous
besieging army, which, according to the rul
ought to be ten times the number of the bes
the other hand, in order to invalidate these
he reflected that fortune, which had such a s
military events, is inconstant and variable; t
Chinese had been so long successful in Fatsi
now their turn to be unfortunate. He reflecte
demon of folly was capricious, and that as it h
possessed the rulers and generals of Japan, it
time it should shift its quarters, and occupy th
the enemy; in which case they would quit th
tageous posts, and commit some blunder that
them at the mercy of the Japonese. With res
reduction of Quib-quab, he had heard, indee
besiegers ought to be ten times the number of th
besieged; but as every Japonese was equival
subjects of China, he thought the match was pr

He reflected, that even if this expedition should not succeed, it would be of little consequence to his reputation, as he could plead at home, that he neither conceived the original plan, nor appointed any of the officers concerned in the execution. It is true, he might have reinforced the army in Fatsisio, so as to leave very little to fortune; but then he must have subtracted something from the strength of the operations in Tartary, which was now become the favourite scene of the war; or he must have altogether suspended the execution of another darling scheme, which was literally his own conception. There was an island in the great Indian ocean, at a considerable distance from Fatsisio, and here the Chinese had a strong settlement. Taycho was inflamed with the ambition of reducing this island, which was called Thinquo; and for this purpose he resolved to embark a body of forces which should cooperate with the squadron of Pune, destined to cruise in those latitudes. The only difficulty that remained was to choose a general to direct this enterprise. He perused a list of all the military officers in Japan, and as they were all equal in point of reputation, he began to examine their names, in order to pitch upon that which should appear to be the most significant; and in this particular Taycho was a little superstitious. Not but that surnames, when properly bestowed, might be rendered very useful terms of distinction; but I must tell thee, Peacock, nothing can be more preposterously absurd than the practice of inheriting *cognomina*, which ought ever to be purely personal. I would ask thee, for example, what propriety there was in giving the name Xenophon, which signifies *one that speaks a foreign language*, to the celebrated Greek who

distinguished himself, not only as a consummate
tain, but also as an elegant writer in his mother ton
What could be more ridiculous than to denominate
great philosopher of Crotona, Pythagoras, which im
a *stinking speech*? Or what could be more misap
than the name of the weeping philosopher Hera
signifying *military glory*? The inheritance of surna
among the Romans produced still more ludicrous
sequences. The best and noblest families in R
derived their names from the coarsest employment
else from the corporeal blemishes of their ances
The *Pisones* were millers; the *Cicerones* and the *L*
were so called from the *vetches* and the *lentils* w
their forefathers dealt in. The *Fabii* were so den
nated from a dung-pit, in which the first of the fa
was begot by stealth in the way of fornication
ploughman gave rise to the great family of the *Se*
the ladies of which always went without smocks.
Suilli, the *Bubulci*, and the *Porci* were descended
a swine-herd, a cowherd, and a hog-butcher.
could be more disgraceful than to call the s
Strabo, *Squintum*? or a fine young lady of the ho
Pati, *Pigsnies*? or to distinguish a matron
Limi, by the appellation of *Sheep's-eye*? What
be more dishonourable than to give the surna
Snub-nose to *P. Silius*, the proprætor, because his
great-great-grandfather had a nose of that make?
indeed, had a long nose, and therefore was justly
minated *Naso*; but why should Horace be
Flaccus, as if his ears had been stretched in the
I need not mention the *Burrhi*, *Nigri*, *Rufi*, *Aqui*
Rutilii, because we have the same foolish surna

land; and even the *Lappa*; for I myself know a pretty miss called *Rough-head*, tho', in fact, is not a young lady in the Bills of Mortality who more pains to dress her hair to the best advantage. famous dictator, whom the deputies of Rome found plough, was known by the name of *Cincinnatus*, *Ragged-head*. Now I leave you to judge how it ld sound in these days, if a footman at the playhouse ld call out, "*My Lady Ragged-head's coach; room my Lady Ragged-head.*" I am doubtful whether the lish name of *Hale* does not come from the Roman nomen *Hala*, which signified *stinking breath*. What d I mention the *Plauti*, *Panci*, *Valgi*, *Vari*, *Vatiæ*, *Scauri*; the *Tuditani*, the *Malici Cenestellæ*, and e? in other words, the *Splay-foots*, *Bandy-legs*, *mble-shins*, *Baker-knees*, *Club-foots*, *Hammer-ds*, *Chubby-cheeks*, *Bald-heads*, and *Letchers*. I ll not say a word of the *Buteo* or *Buzzard*, that I y not be obliged to explain the meaning of the word *orchis*, from whence it takes its denomination; yet those were great families in Rome. But I cannot taking notice of some of the same improprieties ch have crept into the language and customs of this ntry. Let us suppose, for example, a foreigner read- an English newspaper in these terms:—"Last nday the Right Honourable *Timothy Sillyman*, retary of state for the southern department, gave a ld entertainment to the nobility and gentry at his se in *Knavesacre*. The evening was concluded a ball, which was opened by Sir *Samuel Hog* and ly *Diana Rough-head*. We hear there is purpose of rriage between Mr. Alderman *Smallcock* and Miss

Harriet Hair-stones, a young lady of great
superlative merit. By the last mail from Ge
have certain advice of a complete victory whi
Coward has obtained over the enemy. On th
the general displayed all the intrepidity of th
nowned hero: by the same canal we are info
Lieutenant *Little-fear* has been broke by a co
for cowardice. We hear that *Edward West*,
be elected president of the directors of the
Company for the ensuing year. It is reported
modore *North* will be sent with a squadro
South Sea. Captains *East* and *South* are ap
the Lords of the Admiralty, commanders of t
to sail on the discovery of the *North-wes*
Yesterday morning Sir *John Summer*, Bart.,
gerously ill at his house in Spring-garden: he i
by Dr. *Winter*; but there are no hopes of his
Saturday last, *Philip Frost* a dealer in *gunp*
at his house in *Snow-hill*, of a high fever
over-heating himself, in walking for a wage
Man's Land to the *World's End*. Last week
Fog, teacher of astronomy in Rotherhithe, w
to the Widow *Fairweather* of *Puddledock*.
from Bath, that on Thursday last a duel was
Lansdown, by Captain *Sparrow* and *Richa*
Esq., in which the latter was mortally wounde
last ended the sessions at the Old Bailey,
following persons received sentence of death
Lamb, for the murder of *Julius Wolf*; and *H*
for robbing and assaulting Dr. *Death*, whereb
Death, was put in fear of his life. *Giles Gosli*
frauding *Simon Fox* of four guineas and his

craft, was transported for seven years; and *Drinkwater* was ordered to be set in the stocks, habitual drunkard. The trial of *Thomas Green* at Fulham, for a rape on the body of *Flora* a mulatto, was put off till next sessions, on of the absence of two material evidences, viz. *Brown*, clear-starcher of *Pimlico*, and *Anthony* scarlet-dyer of Wandsworth." I ask thee, Pea- whether a sensible foreigner, who understood the meaning of these names, which are all truly h, would not think ye were a nation of humorists, delighted in cross-purposes and ludicrous singu- ? But, indeed, ye are not more absurd in this than some of your neighbours. I know a chman of the name of *Bouvier*, which signifies keeper, pique himself upon his noblesse; and a l called *Valavoir*, is said to have lost his life by himsical impropriety of his surname, which signi- *and see*.[1] You may remember an Italian minister *Grossa-testa*, or *Great-head*, though in fact he carce any head at all. That nation has, likewise, *forzas*, *Malatestas*, *Boccanigras*, *Porcinas*, *Giudices*; *olonnas*, *Muratorios*, *Medicis*, and *Gozzi*;—*Endea-*

Chuckle-heads, *Black Muzzles*, *Hogs*, *Judges*, , *Masons*, *Leeches*, and *Chubby-chops*. Spain *Almohadas*, *Girones*, *Utreras*, *Ursinas*, and *Za-* signifying *Cushions*, *Gores*, *Bullocks*, *Bears*, and *rs*. The Turks, in other respects a sensible

general, taking a solitary walk in the evening, was questioned ntinel, and answered, "Va la voir." The soldier, taking the n the literal sense, repeated the challenge: he was answered in e manner; and being affronted, fired upon the general, who fell on the spot.

the enemies of Richard now prevailed, she never durst reveal the secret of the boy's birth; and he was bred up as her own son to the trade of bricklaying, in which character he lived and died in an advanced age in London. Moreover, it is but justice in me, who constituted part of one of Richard's yeomen of the guard, to assure thee that this prince was not so wicked and cruel as he has been represented. The only share he had in the death of his brother Clarence, was his forbearing to interpose in the behalf of that prince with their elder brother King Edward IV., who, in fact, was the greatest brute of the whole family: neither did he poison his own wife, nor employ assassins to murder his two nephews in the Tower. Both the boys were given by Tyrrel in charge to a German Jew, with directions to breed them up as his own children, in a remote country; and the eldest died of a fever at Embden, and the other afterwards appeared as claimant of the English crown: all the world knows how he finished his career under the name of Perkin Warbeck. So much for the abuse of surnames, in the investigation of which I might have used thy own by way of illustration; for, if thou and all thy generations were put to the rack, they would not be able to give any tolerable reason why thou shouldest be called Peacock rather than Crab-louse. But it is now high time to return to the thread of our narration. Taycho, having considered the list of officers, without finding one name which implied any active virtue, resolved that the choice should depend upon accident. He hustled them all together in his cap, and putting in his hand at random, drew forth that of Hobnob; a person who had grown old in obscurity, without

ever having found an opportunity of being concerned in actual service. His very name was utterly unknown to Fika-kaka; and this circumstance the orator considered as a lucky omen; for the Cuboy had such a remarkable knack at finding out the least qualified subjects, and overlooking merit, his new colleague concluded (not without some shadow of reason) that Hob-nob's being unknown to the prime minister, was a sort of negative presumption in favour of his character. This officer was accordingly placed at the head of an armament, and sent against the island of Thin-quo, in the conquest of which he was to be supported by a squadron of Fune already in those latitudes, under the command of the chief He-Rhumn.

The voyage was performed without loss: the troops were landed without opposition. They had already advanced towards a rising ground which commanded the principal town of the island, and He-Rhumn had offered to land and draw the artillery by the mariners of his squadron, when Hob-nob had a dream which disconcerted all his measures. He dreamed that he entertained all the islanders in the temple of the White Horse; and that his own grandmother did the honours of the table. Indeed he could not have performed a greater act of charity; for they were literally in danger of perishing by famine. Having consulted his interpreter on this extraordinary dream, he was given to understand that the omen was unlucky; that if he persisted in his hostilities, he himself would be taken prisoner, and offered up as a sacrifice to the idol of the place. While he ruminated on this unfavourable response, the principal inhabitants of the island assembled, in order to deli-

berate upon their own deplorable situation. They had neither troops, arms, fortifications, nor provision, and despaired of supplies, as the fleet of Japan surrounded the island. In this emergency, they determined to submit without opposition; and appointed a deputation to go and make a tender of the island to general Hob-nob. This deputation, preceded by white flags of truce, the Japonese commander no sooner descried, than he thought upon the interpretation of his dream. He mistook the deputies with their white flags for the Bonzas of the idol to which he was to be sacrificed; and, being sorely troubled in mind, ordered the troops to be immediately re-embarked, notwithstanding the exhortations of He-Rhumn, and the remonstrances of Rha-rin-tumm, the second in command, who used a number of arguments to dissuade him from his purpose. The deputies seeing the enemy in motion, made a halt, and after they were fairly on board, returned to the town, singing hymns in praise of the idol Fo, who, they imagined, had confounded the understanding of the Japanese general.

The attempt upon Thin-quo having thus miscarried, Hob-nob declared he would return to Japan; but was with great difficulty persuaded by the commander of the Fune and his own second, to make a descent upon another island belonging to the Chinese, called Qua-chu, where they assured him he would meet with no opposition. As he had no dream to deter him from this attempt, he suffered himself to be persuaded, and actually made good his landing; but the horror occasioned by the apparition of his grandmother had made such an impression upon his mind, as affected the constitution of his body. Before he was visited by another such vision,

he sickened and died; and in consequence of his de
Rha-rin-tumm and He-Rhumn made a conquest of
island of Qua-chu, which was much more valuable t
Thin-quo, the first and sole object of the expedit
When the first news of this second descent arrive
Japan, the ministry were in the utmost confusion.
Orator Taycho did not scruple to declare that gen
Hob-nob had misbehaved; first, in relinquishing T
quo, upon such a frivolous pretence as the suppo
apparition of an old woman; secondly, in attemp
the conquest of another place, which was not so m
as mentioned in his instructions. The truth is,
importance of Qua-chu was not known to the cab
of Japan. Fika-kaka believed it was some place on
continent of Tartary, and exclaimed in a violent pas
"Rot the blockhead, Hob-nob; he'll have an arm
Chinese on his back in a twinkling!" When the p
dent Soo-san-sin-o assured him that Qua-chu w
rich island at an immense distance from the conti
of Tartary, the Cuboy insisted upon kissing his e
lency's posteriors for the agreeable information he
received. In a few weeks arrived the tidings o
island's being totally reduced by Rha-rin-tumm and
Rhumn. Then the conquest was published throug
the empire of Japan, with every circumstance o
aggeration. The blatant beast brayed applause.
rites of Fakku-basi were celebrated with una
solemnity; and hymns of triumph were sung to
glory of the great Taycho. Even the Cuboy arro
to himself some share of the honour gained by
expedition; inasmuch as the general Rha-rin-t
was the brother of his friend Mr. Secretary No-b

Fika-kaka gave a grand entertainment at his palace, where he appeared crowned with a garland of the *Tsikk-burasiba*, or laurel of Japan; and ate so much of the soup of *Joniku* or famous *Swallow's-nest*, that he was for three days troubled with flatulencies and indigestion.

In the midst of all this festivity, the emperor still growled and grumbled about Yesso. His new ally Brut-an-tiffi had met with a variety of fortune, and even suffered some shocks, which Orator Taycho, with all his art, could not keep from the knowledge of the Dairo. He had been severely drubbed by the Mantchoux, who had advanced for that purpose even to his court-yard; but this was nothing in comparison to another disaster, from which he had a hair-breadth 'scape. The Great Khan had employed one of his most wily and enterprising chiefs to seize Brut-an-tiffi by surprize, that he might be brought to justice, and executed as a felon and perturbator of the public peace. Kunt-than, who was the partisan pitched upon for this service, practised a thousand stratagems to decoy Brut-an-tiffi into a careless security; but he was still baffled by the vigilance of Yam-a-Kheit, a famous soldier of fortune, who had engaged in the service of the outlawed Tartar. At length the opportunity offered, when this captain was sent out to lay the country under contribution. Then Kunt-than marching solely in the dead of night, caught Brut-an-tiffi napping. He might have slain him upon the spot; but his orders were to take him alive, that he might be made a public example. Accordingly, his centinels being despatched, he was pulled out of bed, and his hands were already tied with cords, like those of a common malefactor, when, by his roaring and bellowing, he gave the

alarm to Yam-a-Kheit, who chanced to be in the ne
bourhood, returning from his excursion. He mad
the haste he could, and came up in the very nick of
to save his master. He fell upon the party of Kunt-
with such fury, that they were fain to quit their p
then he cut the fetters of Brut-an-tiffi, who took to
heels, and fled with incredible expedition, leaving
preserver in the midst of his enemies, by whom he
overpowered, struck from his horse, and trample
death. The grateful Tartar not only deserted this b
captain in such extremity, but he also took car
asperse his memory, by insinuating that Yam-a-K
had undertaken to watch him while he took his re
and had himself fallen asleep upon his post, by w
neglect of duty the Ostrog had been enabled to pen
into his quarters. 'Tis an ill-wind that blows n
good: the same disaster that deprived him of a
officer, afforded him an opportunity to shift the bl
neglect from his own shoulders to those of a pers
could not answer for himself. In the same m
your general A——y acquitted himself of the ch
misconduct for the attack of T——a, by accus
engineer, who, having fallen in the battle, could n
tradict his assertion. In regard to the affair w
Mantchoux, Brut-an-tiffi was resolved to swea
out of Tartary by mere dint of impudence. In t
article of running away, he began to propag
report of the great victory he had obtained. He g
Dairo a circumstantial detail of his own prowe
expatiated upon the cowardice of the Mantchou
he said, had vanished from him like quicksilver,
very time when they were quietly possessed of t

of battle, and he himself was calling upon the mountains to cover him. It must have been in imitation of this great original, that the inspector, of tympanitical memory, assured the public in one of his lucubrations, that a certain tall Hibernian was afraid of looking him in the face, because the said poltroon had kicked his breech the night before in presence of five hundred people.

Fortune had now abandoned the Chinese in good earnest. Two squadrons of their Fune had been successively taken, destroyed, or dispersed, by the Japonese commanders, Or-nbos and Fas-khan; and they had lost such a number of single junks, that they were scarce able to keep the sea. On the coast of Africa, they were driven from the settlement of Kho-rhé, by the commander Kha-fell. In the extremity of Asia, they had an army totally defeated by the Japanese captain Khutt-whang, and many of their settlements were taken. In Fatsisio, they lost another battle to Yan-oni, and divers strong holds. In the neighbourhood of Yesso, Bron-xi-tic, who commanded the mercenary army of Japan on that continent, had been obliged to retreat before the Chinese from post to pillar, till at length he found it absolutely necessary to maintain his position, even at the risk of being attacked by the enemy, that outnumbered him greatly. He chose an advantageous post, where he thought himself secure, and went to sleep at his usual time of rest. The Chinese general, resolving to beat up his quarters in the night, selected a body of horse for that purpose, and put them in motion accordingly. It was happy for Bron-xi-tic that this detachment fell upon a quarter where there happened to be a kennel of Japonese dogs, which are as famous as the

bull-dogs of England. These animals, ever on the watch, not only gave the alarm, but at the same time fell upon the Chinese horses with such impetuosity, that the enemy were disordered, and had actually fled before Bron-xi-tic could bring up his troops to action. All that he saw of the battle, when he came up, was a small number of killed and wounded, and the cavalry of the enemy scampering off in confusion, though at a great distance from the field. No matter;—he found means to paint this famous battle of Myn-than in such colours as dazzled the weak eye-sight of the Japonese monster, which bellowed hoarse applause through all its throats; and in its hymns of triumph equalled Bron-xi-tic even to the unconquerable Brut-an-tiffi; which last, about this time, received at his own door another beating from the Mantchoux, so severe that he lay for some time without exhibiting any signs of life; and, indeed, owed his safety to a very extraordinary circumstance. An Ostrog chief called Llha-dahn, who had reinforced the Mantchoux with a very considerable body of horse before the battle, insisted upon carrying off the carcass of Brut-an-tiffi, that it might be hung upon a gibbet *in terrorem*, before the pavilion of the Great Khan. The general of the Mantchoux, on the other hand, declared he would have it flayed upon the spot, and the skin sent as a trophy to his sovereign. This dispute produced a great deal of abuse betwixt those barbarians; and it was with great difficulty some of their inferior chiefs, who were wiser than themselves, prevented them from going by the ears together. In a word, the confusion and anarchy that ensued, afforded an opportunity to one of Brut-an-tiffi's partisans to steal away the body of his master

whom the noise of the contest had just roused from his swoon. Llha-dahn perceiving he was gone, rode off in disgust with all his cavalry; and the Mantchoux, instead of following the blow, made a retrograde motion towards their own country, which allowed Brut-an-tiffi time to breathe. Three successive disasters of this kind would have been sufficient to lower the military character of any warrior, in the opinion of any public that judged from their own senses and reflection; but by this time the Japonese had quietly resigned all their natural perceptions, and paid the most implicit faith to every article broached by their apostle Taycho. The more it seemed to contradict common reason and common evidence, the more greedily was it swallowed as a mysterious dogma of the political creed. Taycho then assured them that the whole army of the Mantchoux was put to the sword; and that Bron-xi-tic would carry the war within three weeks into the heart of China; he gave them goblets of horse-blood from Myn-than; and tickled their ears and their noses: they snorted approbation, licked his toes, and sunk into a profound lethargy.

From this, however, they were soon aroused by unwelcome tidings from Fatsisio. Yaff-rai had proceeded in his route until he was stopped by a vast lake, which he could not possibly traverse without boats, cork-jackets, or some such expedient, which could not be supplied for that campaign. Ya-loff had sailed up the river to Quib-quab, which he found so strongly fortified by nature, that it seemed rashness even to attempt a landing, especially in the face of an enemy more numerous than his own detachment. Land, however, he did, and even attacked a fortified camp of the Chinese; but,

in spite of all his efforts, he was repulsed with considerable slaughter. He sent an account of this miscarriage to Taycho, giving him to understand, at the same time, that he had received no intelligence of Yaff-rai's motions; that his troops were greatly diminished; that the season was too far advanced to keep the field much longer; and that nothing was left them but a choice of difficulties, every one of which seemed more insurmountable than another. Taycho having deliberated on this subject, thought it was necessary to prepare the monster for the worst that could happen, as he now expected to hear by the first opportunity that the grand expedition of Fatsisio had totally miscarried. He resolved, therefore, to throw the blame upon the shoulders of Ya-loff and Yaff-rai, and stigmatize them as the creatures of Fika-kaka, who had neither ability to comprehend the instructions he had given, nor resolution to execute the plan he had projected. For this purpose he ascended the rostrum, and, with a rueful length of face, opened his harangue upon the defeat of Ya-loff. The Hydra no sooner understood that the troops of Japan had been discomfited, than it was seized with a kind of hysteric fit, and uttered a yell so loud and horrible, that the blindfold Dairo trembled in the most internal recesses of his palace: the Cuboy Fika-kaka had such a profuse evacuation, that the discharge is said to have weighed five Boll-ah, equal to eight-and-forty pounds three ounces and two pennyweights avoirdupois of Great Britain. Even Taycho himself was discomposed. In vain he presented the draught of yeast, and the goblet of blood:—in vain his pipers soothed the ears, and his tall fellows tickled the nose of the blatant beast. It continued to howl and

grin, and gnash its teeth, and writhe itself into a thousand contortions, as if it had been troubled with that twisting of the guts called the iliac passion. Taycho began to think its case desperate, and sent for the Dairo's chief physician, who prescribed a glyster of the distilled spirit analogous to your Geneva; but no apothecary nor old woman in Meaco would undertake to administer it on any consideration, the patient was such a filthy, awkward, lubberly, unmanageable beast. "If what comes from its mouths," said they, "be so foul, virulent, and pestilential, how nauseous, poisonous, and intolerable, must that be which takes the other course?" When Taycho's art and foresight were at a stand, accident came to his assistance. A courier arrived, preceded by twelve postilions blowing horns; and he brought the news that Quib-quab was taken. The orator commanded them to place their horns within as many of the monster's long ears, and blow with all their might, until it should exhibit some signs of hearing. The experiment succeeded. The Hydra, waking from its trance, opened its eyes; and Taycho seizing this opportunity, hallooed in his loudest tone, "Quib-quab is taken." This note being repeated, the beast started up; then raising itself on its hind legs, began to wag its tail, to frisk and fawn, to lick Taycho's sweaty socks; in fine, crouching on its belly, it took the orator on its back, and, proceeding through the streets of Meaco, brayed aloud, "Make way for the divine Taycho! Make way for the conqueror of Quib-quab!" But the gallant Ya-loff, the real conqueror of Quib-quab, was no more. He fell in the battle by which the conquest was achieved, yet not before he saw victory declare in his favour. He had made incredible efforts to

surmount the difficulties that surrounded him. At length he found means to scale a perpendicular rock, which the enemy had left unguarded, on the supposition that nature had made it inaccessible. This exploit was performed in the night, and in the morning the Chinese saw his troops drawn up in order of battle on the plains of Quib-quab. As their numbers greatly exceeded the Japonese, they did not decline the trial; and in a little time both armies were engaged. The contest, however, was not of long duration, though it proved fatal to the general on each side. Ya-loff being slain, the command devolved upon Tohn-syn, who pursued the enemy to the walls of Quib-quab, which was next day surrendered to him by capitulation. Nothing was now seen and heard in the capital but jubilee, triumph, and intoxication; and indeed the nation had not for some centuries seen such an occasion for joy and satisfaction. The only person that did not heartily rejoice was the Dairo Got-hama-baba. By this time he was so Tartarised, that he grudged his subjects every advantage obtained in Fatsisio; and when Fika-kaka hobbled up to him with the news of the victory, instead of saluting him with the kick of approbation, he turned his back upon him, saying, "Boh! boh! What do you tell me of Quib-quab? The damned Chinese are still on the frontiers of Yesso." As to the beast, it was doomed to undergo a variety of agitation. Its present gambols were interrupted by a fresh alarm from China. It was reported that two great armaments were equipped for a double descent upon the dominions of Japan; that one of these had already sailed north about for the island of Xicoco, to make a diversion in favour of the other, which, being the most considerable, was designed for the

southern coast of Japan. These tidings, which were not without foundation, had such an effect upon the multitudinous monster, that it was first of all seized with an universal shivering. Its teeth chattered so loud, that the sound was heard at the distance of half a league; and for some time it was struck dumb. During this paroxysm, it crawled silently on its belly to a sand-hill just without the walls of Meaco, and began to scratch the earth with great eagerness and perseverance. Some people imagined it was digging for gold; but the truth is, the beast was making a hole to hide itself from the enemy, whom it durst not look in the face; for, it must be observed of this beast, it was equally timorous and cruel, equally cowardly and insolent. So hard it laboured at this cavern, that it had actually burrowed itself all but the tail, when its good angel Taycho whistled it out, with the news of another complete victory gained over the Chinese at sea, by the Sey-seo-gun Phal-khan, who had sure enough discomfited or destroyed the great armament of the enemy. As for the other small squadron which had steered the northerly course to Xicoco, it was encountered, defeated, taken, and brought into the harbours of Japan, by three light Fune, under the command of a young chief called Hel-y-otte, who happened to be cruising on that part of the coast. The beast hearing Taycho's auspicious whistle, crept out with its buttocks foremost, and having done him homage in the usual style, began to re-act its former extravagances. It now considered this demagogue as the supreme giver of all good, and adored him accordingly. The apostle Bupo was no longer invoked. The temple of Fakku-basi was almost forgotten, and the Bonzas were universally despised.

The praise of the prophet Taycho had swallowed up all other worship. Let us inquire how far he merited this adoration; how justly the unparalleled success of this year was ascribed to his conduct and sagacity. Kho-rhé was taken by Kha-fell, and Quib-quab by Ya-loff and Thon-syn. By land, the Chinese were defeated in Fatsisio by Yan-o-ni; in the extremity of Asia, by Khutt-whang; and in Tartary, by the Japonese bull-dogs, without command or direction. At sea, one of their squadrons had been destroyed by Or-nbos, a second by Fas-khan, a third was taken by Hel-y-otte, a fourth was worsted and put to flight in three successive engagements near the land of Kamtschatka, by the chief Bha-kakh, and their grand armament defeated by the Sey-seo-gun Phal-khan. But Kha-fell was a stranger to orator Taycho: Ya-loff he had never seen: the bull-dogs had been collected at random from the shambles of Meaco; he had never heard of Yan-o-ni's name, till he distinguished himself by his first victory: nor did he know there was any such person as Khutt-whang existing. As for Or-nbos, Fas-khan, Phal-khan, and Bha-kakh, they had been Sey-seo-guns in constant employment under the former administration; and the youth Hel-y-otte owed his promotion to the interest of his own family. But it may be alledged that Taycho projected in his closet those plans that were crowned with success. We have seen how he mutilated and frittered the original scheme of the campaign in Fatsisio, so as to leave it at the caprice of fortune. The reduction of Kho-rhé was part of the design formed by the Banyan Thum-khumm-qua, which Taycho did all that lay in his power to render abortive. The plan of operations in the extremity of Tartary he

pretend to meddle with; it was the concern of icers appointed by the trading company there : and as to the advantages obtained at sea, they lly resulted from the disposition of cruises, made gulated by the board of Sey-seo-gun-sealty, with no minister ever interfered. He might indeed scalled the chiefs and officers whom he found al-appointed when he took the reins of administration, led their places with others of his own choosing. ar he was qualified to make such a choice, and ew expeditions, appears from the adventures of the ls he did appoint; Moria-tanti, who was deterred nding by a perspective view of whiskers; Hylib-bo left his rear in the lurch; and Hob-nob, who uch a masterly retreat from the supposed Bonzas n-quo. These three were literally commanders of n creation, employed in executing schemes of his rojecting; and these three were the only generals de, and the only military plans he projected, if we : the grand scheme of subsidizing Brut-an-tiffi, and g an army of one hundred thousand men in Tar-r the defence of the farm of Yesso. Things being umstanced, it may be easily conceived that the could ask nothing which the Mobile would venture se; and indeed he tried his influence to the utmost ı; he milked the dugs of the monster till the blood

For the service of the ensuing year, he squeezed hem near twelve millions of obans, amounting to wenty-four millions sterling, about four times as as had ever been raised by the empire of Japan in rmer war. But by this time Taycho was become ly a convert to the system of Tartary which he had

formerly persecuted, but also an enthusiast in love
admiration of Brut-an-tiffi, who had lately sent him
poetical works in a present. This, however, would
been of no use, as he could not read them, had n
discovered that they were printed on a very fine,
smooth, Chinese paper, made of silk, which he ha
converted to another fundamental purpose. In r
for this compliment, the orator sent him a bullock's
bound with brass, value fifteen pence, which had
served him as a pitch-pipe when he made harangu
the Mobile; it was the same kind of instrument
Horace describes, *Tibia vincta orichalco*: and pray
notice, Peacock, this was the only present Taycho
bestowed on any man, woman, or child, throug
whole course of his life, I mean out of his own po
for he was extremely liberal of the public money, i
subsidies to the Tartar chiefs, and in the prosecuti
the war upon that continent. The orator was a g
self-taught, without the help of human institution.
affected to undervalue all men of literary talents; an
only book he ever read with any degree of pleasure
a collection of rhapsodies preached by one Ab-re
an obscure fanatic Bonza, a native of the island Xi
Certain it is, Nature seemed to have produced hi
the sole purpose of fascinating the mob, and enduc
with faculties accordingly.

Notwithstanding all his efforts in behalf of the
tarian scheme, the Chinese still lingered on the fro
of Yesso. The views of the court of Pekin e
coincided with the interest of Bron-xi-tic, the merc
general of Japan. The Chinese, confounded at th
heard-of success of the Japanese in Fatsisio and

of the globe, and extremely mortified at the de-
tion of their fleets and the ruin of their commerce,
o other way of distressing the enemy, but that of
ging the war on the continent of Tartary, which
could support for little more than their ordinary ex-
; whereas Japan could not maintain it without con-
g yearly immense loads of debt, which must have
ed it at the long run. It was the business of the
e, therefore, not to finish the war in Tartary by
the farm of Yesso, because, in that case, the
l expense of it would have been saved to Japan;
keep it alive by forced marches, predatory excur-
, and undecisive actions; and this was precisely the
t of General Bron-xi-tic, who, in the continuance
war, enjoyed the continuance of all his emolu-
. All that he had to do, then, was to furnish Taycho
time to time with a cask of human blood, for the
tainment of the blatant beast; and to send over a
orse tails, as trophies of pretended victories, to be
d before the monster in its holiday processions. He
he Chinese general seemed to act in concert. They
ced and retreated in their turns betwixt two given
and the campaign always ended on the same spot
e it began. The only difference between them was
motives of their conduct; the Chinese commander
for the benefit of his sovereign, and Bron-xi-tic
for his own.

e continual danger to which the farm of Yesso was
ed, produced such apprehensions and chagrin in
ind of the Dairo Got-hama-baba, that his health
to decline. He neglected his food and his rattle,
o longer took any pleasure in kicking the Cuboy.

He frequently muttered ejaculations about the fam
Yesso: nay, once or twice in the transports of his
patience, he pulled the bandage from his eyes,
cursed Taycho in the Tartarian language. At lengt
fell into a lethargy, and even when roused a litt
blisters and caustics, seemed insensible of every
that was done about him. These blisters were
by burning the moxa upon his scalp. The powd
menoki was also injected in a glyster; and the ope
of acupuncture, called *Senkei*, performed without
His disorder was so stubborn, that the Cuboy beg
think he was bewitched, and suspected Taycho of h
practised sorcery on his sovereign. He commun
this suspicion to Mura-clami, who shook his hea
advised that, with the orator's good leave, the c
should be consulted. Taycho, who had gained an
lute empire over the mind of the Dairo, and coul
foresee how his interest might stand with his succ
was heartily disposed to concur in any feasible e
ment for the recovery of Got-hama-baba: he the
consented that the mouths of the council should b
padlocked *pro hac vice*, and the members were asse
without delay; with this express proviso, however
they were to confine their deliberations to the subj
the Dairo and his distemper. By this time the p
cians had discovered the cause of the disorder,
was no other than his being stung by a poisonous i
produced in the land of Yesso, analogous to the t
tula, which is said to do so much mischief in some
of Apuglia, as we are told by Ælian, Epiphanius F
nandus, and Baglivi. In both cases the only effe
remedy was music; and now the council was call

vhat sort of music should be administered. ıow, Peacock, the Japanese are but indiffer- in this art, though, in general, they affect to :urs. They are utterly ignorant of the theory, ractice are excelled by all their neighbours, not excepted. For my own part I studied · Pythagoras at Crotona. He found the scale es imperfect, and added the octave as a fixed, l intelligent termination of an interval, which :ry possible division, and determined all the :rences of sounds: besides, he taught us how he octave by ½, &c. &c. But why should I of the ancient digramma, the genera, &c. of h, with their colours, were constructed by a he diatessaron. Thou art too dull and igno- prehend the chromatic species, the construc- tetrachord, the Phrygian, the Lydian, and ı of the antient music; and for distinction of ightest be justly ranked among the braying :aze along the ditches of Tottenham-court, i'-the-hole. I know that nothing exhilarates ɔ much as a sonata on the saltbox, or a con- row-bones and cleavers. The ears of the ere much of the same texture; and their uited to their ears. They neither excelled ɔœia, and rhythm or cadence: nor did they ing of the true science of harmony, compo- urts, and those combinations of sounds, the which, with the improvement of the scale, ly ascribed to a Benedictine monk. The : antients understood composition perfectly : scale was founded upon perfect conso-

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was most likely to make a
every member came provi
and foremost, Mr. Orator
upon the excellencies of th
the Cubey such sufficient
sphere; it drew nothing, l
a single groan: then the
heat, without producing an
though it deprived the wh
some time. The third ex
first with a rattle, and th
which last was his favourit
his great surprise and co
brought the crier of his c
against Yesso, in a voice th
tremble: but the Dairo
com-poo-po blew a blast
whistle, which discompose
affecting the emperor. I
try his imperial maj

aurum fulminans into the fire, which went off
an explosion, that in the same instant Pika-
upon his face, and Got-hama-baba started
his bed. This, however, was no more than a
that put an end to his life; for he fell back
expired in the twinkling of an eye. As for
though he did not die, he underwent a sur-
formation or metamorphosis, which I shall
due season.

was no sooner certified that Got-hama-baba
breathed his last, than he vanished from the
the twinkling of an eye, and mounting the
name is Legion, rode full speed to the habi-
Gio-gio, the successor and descendant of the
Dairo. Gio-gio was a young prince who had
lustriously sequestered from the public view,
ded from all share in the affairs of state by the
of the last emperor. He lived retired under
s of his grandmother, and had divers preceptors
him the rudiments of every art but the art of

Of all those who superintended his education,
insinuated himself the farthest in his favour, was
strot, from the mountains of Ximo, who valued
much upon the ancient blood that ran in his
d still more upon his elevated ideas of patriot-
ik-strot was honest at bottom, but proud, re-
ain, and affected. He had a turn for nick-nacks
-cracks, and once made and mounted an iron
a wooden clock with his own hands. But it
misfortune to set up for a connoisseur in painting
r liberal arts, and to announce himself an uni-
tron of genius. He did not fail to infuse his own

nations and conceits into the tender n
who gradually imbibed his turn of thinki
the studies which he recommended.
his lessons on the art of government, h
to a very few simple principles. Hi
these :—That the emperor of Japan ough
established religion, both by precept an
he ought to abolish corruption, discour
balance the two parties, by admitting a
from each to places and offices of trust
tration: that he should make peace as
even in despite of the public, which se
of the burden it sustained, and was inde
rious by the illusions of Taycho, and t
ations he had prescribed: that he sho
superfluous expense in his household a
and detach himself entirely from the a
Yesso, which some evil genius had fixed
of Japan, as a cancerous ulcer through wh
and substance would be discharged.
were generally just enough in speculati
them were altogether impracticable :—fo
of forming an administration equally c
two factions, was as absurd as it would
stone-horses and two jack-asses in the
which instead of drawing one way, woul
bite and kick one another, while the ma
ment would stand stock-still, or perhaps
by their dragging in opposite directions.
Japan had been long divided between two
ties known by the names of Shit-tilk-um
it-kums-hi-til, the first signifying *more*

and the other *more knave than fool*. Each had predominated in its turn, by securing a majority in the assemblies of the people; for the majority had always interest to force themselves into the administration: because the constitution being partly democratic, the Dairo was still obliged to truckle to the prevailing faction. To obtain this majority, each side had employed every art of corruption, calumny, insinuation, and priestcraft; for nothing is such an effectual ferment in all popular commotions as religious fanaticism. No sooner one party accomplished its aim, than it reprobated the other, branding it with the epithets of traitors to their country, or traitors to their prince; while the minority retorted upon them the charge of corruption, rapaciousness, and abject servility. In short, both parties were equally abusive, rancorous, uncandid, and illiberal. Taycho had been of both factions more than once. He made his first appearance as a Shit-tilk-ums-heit in the minority, and displayed his talent for scurrility against the Dairo to such advantage, that an old rich hag, who loved nothing so well as money, except the gratification of her revenge, made him a present of five thousand obans, on condition he should continue to revile the Dairo till his dying-day. After her death, the ministry, intimidated by the boldness of his tropes, and the fame he began to acquire as a mal-content orator, made him such offers as he thought proper to accept; and then he turned She-it-kums-hi-til. Being disgusted in the sequel, at his own want of importance in the council, he opened once more at the head of his old friends the Shit-tilk-ums-hi-tites; and once more he deserted them to rule the roast, as chief of the She-it-kums-hi-ti-lites, in which

predicament he now stood. And, indeed, this was the most natural posture in which he could stand; for this party embraced all the scum of the people, constituting the blatant beast, which his talents were so peculiarly adapted to manage and govern. Another impracticable maxim of Yak-strot, was the abolition of corruption, the ordure of which is as necessary to anoint the wheels of government in Japan, as grease is to smear the axletree of a loaded waggon. His third impolitic (though not impracticable) maxim, was that of making peace while the populace were intoxicated with the steams of blood, and elated with the shows of triumph. Be that as it will, Gio-gio, attended by Yak-strot, was drawing plans of windmills, when Orator Taycho, opening the door, advanced towards him, and falling on his knees, addressed him in these words: "The empire of Japan, magnanimous prince! resembles, at this instant, a benighted traveller, who by the light of the star Hesperus continued his journey without repining, until that glorious luminary setting, left him bewildered in darkness and consternation: but scarce had he time to bewail his fate, when the more glorious sun, the ruler of a fresh day, appearing on the tops of the eastern hills, dispelled his terrors with the shades of night, and filled his soul with transports of pleasure and delight. The illustrious Got-hama-baba, of honoured memory, is the glorious star which hath set on our hemisphere. His soul, which took wing about two hours ago, is now happily nestled in the bosom of the blessed Bupo; and you, my prince, are the more glorious rising sun, whose genial influence will cheer the empire, and gladden the hearts of your faithful Japonese. I therefore hail your succes-

sion to the throne, and cry aloud, long live the ever glorious Gio-gio, emperor of the three islands of Japan." To this salutation the beast below brayed hoarse applause; and all present kissed the hand of the new emperor, who kneeling before his venerable grandame, craved her blessing, desiring the benefit of her prayers, that God would make him a good king, and establish his throne in righteousness. Then he ascended his chariot, accompanied by the Orator and his beloved Yak-strot, and proceeding to the palace of Meaco, was proclaimed with the usual ceremonies, his relation the Fatzman and other princes of the blood assisting on this occasion.

The first step he took after his elevation, was to publish a decree, or rather exhortation, to honour religion and the Bonzes; and this was no impolitic expedient: for it firmly attached that numerous and powerful tribe to his interest. His next measures did not seem to be directed by the same spirit of discretion. He admitted a parcel of raw boys, and even some individuals of the faction of Shi-tilk-ums-heit, into his council; and though Taycho still continued to manage the reins of administration, Yak-strot was associated with him in office, to the great scandal and dissatisfaction of the Niphonites, who hate all the Ximians with a mixture of jealousy and contempt.

Fika-kaka was not the last who paid his respects to his new sovereign, by whom he was graciously received, although he did not seem quite satisfied; because when he presented himself in his usual attitude, he had not received the kick of approbation. New reigns, new customs. This Dairo never dreamed of kicking those whom he delighted to honour. It was a secret of state which

had not yet come to his knowledge; and Yak-strot had always assured him, that kicking the breech always and everywhere implied disgrace, as kicking the parts before, betokens ungovernable passion. Yak-strot, however, in this particular, seems to have been too confined in his notions of the *etiquette*: for it had been the custom time immemorial for the Dairos of Japan to kick their favourites and prime ministers. Besides, there are at this day different sorts of kicks used even in England, without occasioning any dishonour to the *Kickee*. It is sometimes a misfortune to be *kicked* out of place, but no dishonour. A man is often *kicked up* in the way of preferment, in order that his place may be given to a person of more interest. Then there is the amorous kick, called *Kick'um Jenny*, which every gallant undergoes with pleasure: hence the old English appellation of *Kicksy-wicksy*, bestowed on a wanton leman who knew all her paces. As for the familiar kick, it is no other than a mark of friendship: nor is it more dishonourable to be cuffed and cudgelled. Every body knows that the *alapa* or box o' the ear, among the Romans, was a particular mark of favour by which their slaves were made free: and the favourite gladiator, when he obtained his dismission from the service, was honoured with a sound cudgelling: this being the true meaning of the phrase *rude donatus*. In the times of chivalry, the knight when dubbed, was well thwacked across the shoulders by his godfather in arms. Indeed, *dubbing* is no other than a corruption of *drubbing*. It was the custom formerly here and elsewhere, for a man to drub his son or apprentice as a mark of his freedom, and of his being admitted to the exercise of arms. The Paraschistes, who practised

embalming in Egypt, which was counted a very honourable profession, was always severely drubbed after the operation, by the friends and relations of the defunct; and to this day, the patriarch of the Greeks once a year, on Easter-eve, when he carries out the sacred fire from the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem, is heartily cudgelled by the infidels, a certain number of whom he hires for that purpose; and he thinks himself very unhappy and much disgraced, if he is not beaten into all the colours of the rainbow. You know the Quakers of this country think it no dishonour to receive a slap o' the face, but when you smite them on one cheek, they present the other, that it may have the same salutation. The venerable father Lactantius falls out with Cicero for saying, "A good man hurts nobody unless he is justly provoked"; *nisi lacessitur injuria. O* (cries the good father), *quam simplicem veramque sententiam duorum verborum adjectione corrupit!—non minus enim mali est, referre injuriam, quam inferre.* The great philosopher Socrates thought it no disgrace to be kicked by his wife Xantippe; nay, he is said to have undergone the same discipline from other people, without making the least resistance, it being his opinion that it was more courageous, consequently more honourable, to bear a drubbing patiently, than to attempt any thing either in the way of self-defence or retaliation. The judicious and learned Puffendorf, in his book *De Jure Gentium et Naturali*, declares that a man's honour is not so fragile as to be hurt either by a box on the ear, or a kick on the breech, otherwise it would be in the power of every saucy fellow to diminish or infringe it. It must be owned, indeed, Grotius, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, says, that charity does not of itself require our patiently suffer-

ing such an affront. The English have, with a mos servile imitation, borrowed their *punto*, as well as othe modes, from the French nation. Now kicking and cuf ing were counted infamous among those people for these reasons: a box on the ear destroys the whole economy of their *friseure*, upon which they bestow the greater part of their time and attention; and a kick on the breech is attended with great pain and danger, as they are gene rally subject to the piles. This is so truly the case, that they have no less than two saints to patronize and pro tect the individuals afflicted with this disease. One is St. *Fiacre*, who was a native of the kingdom of Irelan He presides over the blind-piles. The other is a fema saint, *Hæmorrhoissa*, and she comforts those who a distressed with the bleeding piles. No wonder, there fore, that a Frenchman put to the torture by a kick those tender parts should be provoked to vengeanc and that this vengeance should gradually become article in their system of punctilio.

But to return to the thread of my narration. Wh ever inclination the Dairo and Yak-strot had to rest the blessings of peace, they did not think proper as to combat the disposition and schemes of Orator Tayc in consequence of whose remonstrances, the tribut treaty was immediately renewed with Brut-an-tiffi, Gio-gio declared in the assembly of the people, that was determined to support that illustrious ally, and ca on the war with vigour. By this time the Chinese w in a manner expelled from their chief settlements Fatsisio, where they now retained nothing but an considerable colony, which would have submitted on first summons; but this Taycho left as a nest-egg

duce a new brood of disturbance to the Japonese lements, that they might not rust with too much ce and security. To be plain with you, Peacock, his ghts were entirely alienated from this Fatsisian , in which the interest of his country was chiefly cerned, and converted wholly to the continent of rtary, where all his cares centred in schemes for the ccess of his friend Brut-an-tiffi. This freebooter had ly undergone strange vicissitudes of fortune. He d seen his chief village possessed and plundered by enemy, but he found means, by surprise, to beat up ir quarters in the beginning of winter, which always oved his best ally, because then the Mantchoux Tar- rs were obliged to retire to their own country, at a st distance from the seat of the war. As for Bron-xi- ic, who commanded the Japonese army on that conti- nent, he continued to play booty with the Chinese general, over whom he was allowed to obtain some petty advantages, which, with the trophies won by Brut-an-tiffi, were swelled up into mighty victories, to increase the infatuation of the blatant beast. On the other hand, Bron-xi-tic obliged the generals of China with the like indulgences, by now and then sacrificing a detachment of his Japonese troops, to keep up the spirits of that nation.

Taycho had levied upon the people of Japan an im- mense sum of money for the equipment of a naval arma- ment, the destination of which was kept a profound secret. Some politicians imagined it was designed for the conquest of Thin-quo, and all the other settlements which the Chinese possessed in the Indian ocean; others conjectured the intention was to attack the king of Corea,

who had, since the beginning of the war, acted with a shameful partiality in favour of the emperor of China, his kinsman and ally. But the truth of the matter was this, Taycho kept the armament in the harbours of Japan ready for a descent upon the coast of China, in order to make a diversion in favour of his friend Brut-an-tiffi, in case he had run any risk of being oppressed by his enemies. However, the beast of many heads having growled and grumbled, during the best part of the summer, at the inactivity of this expensive armament, it was now thought proper to send it to sea in the beginning of winter, but was soon driven back in great distress by contrary winds and storms; and this was all the monster had for its ten millions of obans.

While Taycho amused the Mobile with this winter expedition, Yak-strot resolved to plan the scheme of œconomy which he had projected. He dismissed from the Dairo's service about a dozen of cooks and scullions, shut up one of the kitchens, after having sold the grates, hand-irons, spits, and saucepans, deprived the servants and officers of the household of their breakfast, took away their usual allowance of oil and candles, retrenched their tables, reduced their proportion of drink, and persuaded the Dairo to put himself upon a diet of soup-meagre thickened with oatmeal. In a few days there was no smoke seen to ascend from the kitchens of the palace, nor did any fuel, torch, or taper blaze in the chimneys, courts, and apartments thereof, which now became the habitation of cold, darkness, and hunger. Gio-gio himself, who now turned peripatetic philosopher merely to keep himself in heat, fell into a wash-tub as he groped his way in the dark through one of the lower

galleries. Two of his body guard had their whiskers gnawed off by the rats, as they slept in his anti-chamber, and their captain presented a petition, declaring, that neither he nor his men could undertake the defence of his imperial majesty's person unless their former allowance of provision should be restored. They, and all the individuals of the household, were not only punished in their bellies, but likewise curtailed in their clothing, and abridged in their stipends. The palace of Meaco, which used to be the temple of mirth, jollity, and good cheer, was now so dreary and deserted, that a certain wag fixed up a ticket on the outward gate with this inscription: "This tenement to be lett, the proprietor having left off housekeeping."

Yak-strot, however, was resolved to show, that if the new Dairo retrenched the superfluities of his domestic expence, he did not act from avarice or poorness of spirit, inasmuch as he should now display his liberality in patronizing genius and the arts. A general jubilee was now promised to all those who had distinguished themselves by their talents or erudition. The emissaries of Yak-strot declared that Mæcenas was but a type of this Ximian mountaineer, and that he was determined to search for merit, even in the thickest shades of obscurity. All these researches, however, proved so unsuccessful, that not above four or five men of genius could be found in the whole empire of Japan, and these were gratified with pensions of about one hundred obans each. One was a secularized Bonza from Ximo, another a malcontent poet of Niphon, a third a reformed comedian of Xicoco, a fourth, an empyric, who had outlived his practice, and a fifth, a decayed apothecary, who was

bard, quack, author, chymist, philosopher, and sin
by profession. The whole of the expence arising
the favour and protection granted by the Dairo to t
men of genius, did not exceed seven or eight hun
obans per annum, amounting to about fifteen hun
pounds, sterling, whereas many a private Quo in J
expended more money on a kennel of hounds. I d
mention those men of singular merit whom Yak-
fixed in established places under the government,
as architects, astronomers, painters, physicians, bar
&c. because their salaries were included in the ord
expense of the crown; I shall only observe, that
tain person who could not read was appointed libr
to his imperial majesty.

These were all the men of superlative genius
Yak-strot could find at this period in the emp
Japan.

Whilst this great patriot was thus employed in
ing his schemes of œconomy with more zeal th
cretion, and in providing his poor relations with lu
offices under the government, a negotiation for
was brought upon the carpet by the mediation of
neutral powers, and Orator Taycho arrogated to
the province of discussing the several articles
treaty. Upon this occasion he showed himself s
ingly remiss and indifferent in whatever related
interest of Japan, particularly in regulating and fix
boundaries of the Chinese and Japonese settlem
Fatsisio, the uncertainty of which had given rise
war; but when the business was to determine the
and pretensions of his ally Brut-an-tiffi, on the co
of Tartary, he appeared stiff and immovable as

Athos. He actually broke off the negotiation, because the emperor of China would not engage to drive by force of arms the troops of his ally the princess of Ostrog, from a village or two belonging to the Tartarian freebooter, who, by the by, had left them defenceless at the beginning of the war, on purpose that his enemies might, by taking possession of them, quicken the resolutions of the Dairo to send over an army for the protection of Yesso.

The court of Pekin perceiving that the Japonese were rendered intolerably insolent and overbearing by success, and that an equitable peace could not be obtained while Orator Taycho managed the reins of government at Meaco, and his friend Brut-an-tiffi found anything to plunder in Tartary, resolved to fortify themselves with a new alliance. They actually entered into closer connexions with the king of Corea, who was nearly related to the Chinese emperor, had some old scores to settle with Japan, and because he desired those disputes might be amicably compromised in the general pacification, had been grossly insulted by Taycho, in the person of his ambassador. He had for some time dreaded the ambition of the Japonese ministry, which seemed to aim at universal empire, and he was, moreover, stimulated by this outrage to conclude a defensive alliance with the emperor of China, a measure which all the caution of the two courts could not wholly conceal from the knowledge of the Japonese politicians.

Meanwhile a dreadful cloud big with ruin and disgrace, seemed to gather round the head of Brut-an-tiffi. The Mantchoux Tartars, sensible of the inconvenience of their distant situation from the scene of action, which rendered it impossible for them to carry on their opera-

tions vigorously in conjunction with the Ostrog, resolved to secure winter quarters in some part of the enemy's territory, from whence they should be able to take the field, and act against him early in the spring. With this view they besieged and took a frontier fortress belonging to Brut-an-tiffi, situated upon a great inland lake, which extended as far as the capital of the Mantchoux, who were thus enabled to send thither by water-carriage all sorts of provisions and military stores for the use of their army, which took up their winter quarters accordingly in and about this new acquisition. It was now that the ruin of Brut-an-tiffi seemed inevitable. Orator Taycho saw with horror the precipice, to the brink of which his dear ally was driven. Not that his fears were actuated by sympathy or friendship. Such emotions had never possessed the heart of Taycho. No; he trembled because he saw his own popularity connected with the fate of the Tartar. It was the success and petty triumphs of this adventurer which had dazzled the eyes of the blatant beast, so as to disorder its judgment, and prepare it for the illusions of the orator: but now that fortune seemed ready to turn tail to Brut-an-tiffi, and leave him a prey to his adversaries, Taycho knew the dispositions of the monster so well as to prognosticate that its applause and affection would be immediately turned into grumbling and disgust; and that he himself, who had led it blindfold into this unfortunate connexion, might possibly fall a sacrifice to its resentment, provided he could not immediately project some scheme to divert its attention, and transfer the blame from his own shoulders.

For this purpose he employed his invention, and

succeeded to his wish. Having called a council of the Twenty-eight, at which the Dairo assisted in person, he proposed, and insisted upon it, that a strong squadron of Pune should be immediately ordered to scour the seas, and kidnap all the vessels and ships belonging to the king of Corea, who had acted during the whole war with the most scandalous partiality in favour of the Chinese emperor, and was now so intimately connected with that potentate, by means of a secret alliance, that he ought to be prosecuted with the same hostilities which the other had severely felt. The whole council were confounded at this proposal: the Dairo stood aghast—the Cuboy trembled—Yak-strot stared like a skewered pig. After some pause, the president, Soo-san-sin-o, ventured to observe, that the measure seemed to be a little abrupt and premature; that the nation was already engaged in a very expensive war, which had absolutely drained it of its wealth, and even loaded it with enormous debts; therefore, little able to sustain such additional burdens as would, in all probability, be occasioned by a rupture with a prince so rich and powerful. Gotto-mio swore the land-holders were already so impoverished by the exactions of Taycho, that he himself, ere long, should be obliged to come upon the parish. Pika-kaka got up to speak, but could only cackle. Sti-phi-rum-poo was for proceeding in form by citation. Nin-com-poo-po declared he had good intelligence of a fleet of merchant ships belonging to Corea, laden with treasure, who were then on their return from the Indian isles; and he gave it as his opinion, that they should be way-laid and brought into the harbours of Japan; not by way of declaring war, but only

with a view to prevent the money's going into the coffers of the Chinese emperor. Fokh-si-rokhu started two objections to this expedient: first, the uncertainty of falling in with the Corean fleet at sea, alleging, as an instance, the disappointment and miscarriage of the squadron which the Sey-seo-gun had sent some years ago to intercept the Chinese Fune on the coast of Fatsisio: secondly, the loss and hardship it would be to many subjects of Japan who dealt in commerce, and had great sums embarked in those very Corean bottoms. Indeed, Fokh-si-rokhu himself was interested in this very commerce. The Fatzman sat silent. Yak-strot, who had some romantic notions of honour and honesty, represented that the nation had already incurred the censure of all its neighbours, by seizing the merchant ships of China, without any previous declaration of war: that the law of nature and nations, confirmed by repeated treaties, prescribed a more honourable method of proceeding than that of plundering like robbers the ships of pacific merchants, who trade on the faith of such laws and such treaties: he was therefore of opinion, that if the king of Corea had in any shape deviated from the neutrality which he professed, satisfaction should be demanded in the usual form; and when that should be refused, it might be found necessary to proceed to compulsive measures. The Dairo acquiesced in this advice, and assured Taycho that an ambassador should be forthwith despatched to Corea, with instructions to demand an immediate and satisfactory explanation of that prince's conduct and designs with regard to the empire of Japan.

This regular method of practice would by no means

suit the purposes of Taycho, who rejected it with great insolence and disdain. He bit his thumb at the president; forked out his fingers on his forehead at Gotto-mio; wagged his under-jaw at the Cuboy; snapped his fingers at Sti-phi-rum-poo; grinned at the Sey-seo-gun; made the sign of the cross or gallows to Fokh-si-rokhu; then turning to Yak-strot, he clapped his thumbs in his ears and began to bray like an ass: finally, pulling out the badge of his office, he threw it at the Dairo, who in vain entreated him to be pacified; and wheeling to the right-about, stalked away, slapping the flat of his hand upon a certain part that shall be nameless. He was followed by his kinsman the Quo Lob-kob, who worshipped him with the most humble adoration. He now imitated this great original in the signal from behind at parting, and in him it was attended by a rumbling sound; but whether this was the effect of contempt or compunction, I could never learn.

Taycho having thus carried his point, which was to have a pretence for quitting the reins of government, made his next appeal to the blatant beast. He reminded the many-headed monster of the uninterrupted success which had attended his administration; of his having supported the glorious Brut-an-tiffi, the great bulwark of the religion of Bupo, who had kept the common enemy at bay, and filled all Asia with the fame of his victories. He told them, that for his own part, he pretended to have subdued Fatsisio in the heart of Tartary; that he despised honours, and had still a greater contempt for riches; and that all his endeavours had been solely exerted for the good of his country, which was now brought to the very verge of destruction. He

then gave the beast to understand that he had formed a scheme against the king of Corea, which would not only have disabled that monarch from executing his hostile intentions with respect to Japan, but also have indemnified this nation for the whole expense of the war; but that his proposal having been rejected by the council of Twenty-eight, who were influenced by Yak-strot, a Ximian mountaineer, without spirit or understanding, he had resigned his office with intention to retire to some solitude, where he should in silence deplore the misfortunes of his country, and the ruin of the Buponian religion, which must fall of course with its great protector Brut-an-tiffi, whom he foresaw the new ministry would immediately abandon.

This address threw Legion into such a quandary, that it rolled itself in the dirt, and yelled hideously. Meanwhile the orator retreating to a cell in the neighbourhood of Meaco, hired the common crier to go round the streets, and proclaim that Taycho, being no longer in a condition to afford anything but the bare necessaries of life, would, by public sale, dispose of his ambling mule and furniture, together with an ermined robe of his wife, and the greater part of his kitchen utensils. At this time he was well known to be worth upwards of twenty thousand gold obans; nevertheless, the Mobile discharging this circumstance entirely from their reflection, attended to nothing but the object which the orator was pleased to present. They thought it was a piteous case, and a great scandal upon the government, that such a patriot, who had saved the nation from ruin and disgrace, should be reduced to the cruel necessity of selling his mule and his household furniture. Accordingly they

raised a clamour that soon rung in the ears of Gio-gio and his favourite.

It was supposed that Mura-clami suggested on this occasion to his countryman Yak-strot, the hint of offering a pension to Taycho, by way of remuneration for his past services. "If he refuses it," said he, "the offer will at least reflect some credit upon the Dairo and the administration; but, should he accept of it, which is much more likely, it will either stop his mouth entirely, or expose him to the censure of the people, who now adore him as a mirror of disinterested integrity." The advice was instantly complied with: the Dairo signed a patent for a very ample pension to Taycho and his heirs, which patent Yak-strot delivered to him next day at his cell in the country. This miracle of patriotism received the bounty as a turn-pike man receives the toll, and then slapped his door full in the face of the favourite; yet nothing of what Mura-clami had prognosticated came to pass. The many-tailed monster, far from calling in question the orator's disinterestedness, considered his acceptance of the pension as a proof of his moderation, in receiving such a trifling reward for the great services he had done his country, and the generosity of the Dairo, instead of exciting the least emotion of gratitude in Taycho's own breast, acted only as a golden key to unlock all the sluices of his virulence and abuse.

These, however, he kept within bounds until he should see what would be the fate of Brut-an-tiffi, who now seemed to be in the condition of a criminal at the foot of the ladder. In this dilemma, he obtained a very unexpected reprieve. Before the army of the Mantchoux

could take the least advantage of the settlement they had made on his frontiers, their empress died, and was succeeded by a weak prince, who no sooner ascended the throne than he struck up a peace with the Tartar freebooter, and even ordered his troops to join him against the Ostrog, to whom they had hitherto acted as auxiliaries. Such an accession of strength would have cast the balance greatly in his favour, had not providence once more interposed, and brought matters again to an equilibrium.

Taycho no sooner perceived his ally thus unexpectedly delivered from the dangers that surrounded him, than he began to repent of his own resignation; and resolved once more to force his way to the helm, by the same means he had so successfully used before. He was, indeed, of such a turbulent disposition as could not relish the repose of private life, and his spirit so corrosive, that it would have preyed upon himself, if he could not have found external food for it to devour. He therefore began to prepare his engines, and provide proper emissaries to bespatter, and raise a hue-and-cry against Yak-strot at a convenient season; not doubting but an occasion would soon present itself, considering the temper, inexperience, and prejudices of this Ximian politician, together with the pacific system he had adopted so contrary to the present spirit of the blatant beast.

In these preparations he was much comforted and assisted by his kinsman and pupil Lob-kob, who entered into his measures with surprising zeal; and had the good luck to light on such instruments as were admirably suited to the work in hand. Yak-strot was ex-

tremely pleased at the secession of Taycho, who had been a very troublesome colleague to him in the administration, and run counter to all the schemes he had projected for the good of the empire. He now found himself at liberty to follow his own inventions, and being naturally an enthusiast, believed himself born to be the saviour of Japan. Some efforts, however, he made to acquire popularity, proved fruitless. Perceiving the people were, by the orator's instigations, exasperated against the king of Corea, he sent a peremptory message to that prince demanding a categorical answer; and this being denied, declared war against him, according to the practice of all civilized nations; but even this measure failed of obtaining that approbation for which it was taken. The monster, tutored by Taycho and his ministers, exclaimed, that the golden opportunity was lost, inasmuch as, during the observance of those useless forms, the treasures of Corea were safely brought home to that kingdom; treasures which, had they been interrupted by the Fune of Japan, would have paid off the debts of the nation, and enabled the inhabitants of Meaco to pave their streets with silver. By the by, this treasure existed nowhere but in the fiction of Taycho and the imagination of the blatant beast, which never attempted to use the evidence of sense or reason to examine any assertion, how absurd and improbable soever it might be, which proceeded from the mouth of the orator.

Yak-strot, having now taken upon himself the task of steering the political bark, resolved to show the Japonese, that although he recommended peace, he was as well qualified as his predecessor for conducting the

war. He therefore, with the assistance of the Fatzman, projected three naval enterprises; the first against Thin-quo, the conquest of which had been unsuccessfully attempted by Taycho; the second was destined for the reduction of Fan-yah, one of the most considerable settlements belonging to the king of Corea, in the Indian ocean; and the third armament was sent to plunder and destroy a flourishing colony called Lli-nam, which the same prince had established almost as far to the southward as the Terra Australis Incognita. Now the only merit which either Yak-strot, or any other minister could justly claim from the success of such expeditions, is that of adopting the most feasible of those schemes which are presented by different projectors, and of appointing *such* commanders as are capable of conducting them with vigour and sagacity.

The next step which the favourite took was to provide a help-mate for the young Dairo; and a certain Tartar princess of the religion of Bupo, being pitched upon for this purpose, was formally demanded, brought over to Niphon, espoused by Gio-gio, and installed empress with the usual solemnities. But, lest the choice of a Tartarian princess should subject the Dairo to the imputation of inheriting his predecessor's predilection for the land of Yesso, which had given such sensible umbrage to all the sensible Japonese who made use of their own reason; he determined to detach his master gradually from those continental connexions, which had been the source of such enormous expense, and such continual vexation to the empire of Japan. In these sentiments, he withheld the annual tribute which had been lately paid to Brut-an-tiffi; by which means

he saved a very considerable sum to the nation, and, at the same time, rescued it from the infamy of such a disgraceful imposition. He expected the thanks of the public for this exertion of his influence in favour of his country; but he reckoned without his host. What he flattered himself would yield him an abundant harvest of honour and applause, produced nothing but odium and reproach, as we shall see in the sequel.

These measures, pursued with an eye to the advantage of the public, which seemed to argue a considerable share of spirit and capacity, were strangely chequered with others of a more domestic nature, which savoured strongly of childish vanity, rash ambition, littleness of mind, and lack of understanding. He purchased a vast wardrobe of tawdry clothes, and fluttered in all the finery of Japan: he prevailed upon his master to vest him with the badges and trappings of all the honorary institutions of the empire, although this multiplication of orders in the person of one man was altogether without precedent or prescription. This was only setting himself up as the more conspicuous mark for envy and detraction.

Not contented with engrossing the personal favour and confidence of his sovereign, and, in effect, directing the whole machine of government, he thought his fortune still imperfect, while the treasure of the empire passed through the hands of the Cuboy, enabling that minister to maintain a very extensive influence, which might one day interfere with his own. He therefore employed all his invention, together with that of his friends, to find out some specious pretext for removing the old Cuboy from his office; and in a little time acci-

to stretch out his neck, to hiss and to cackle, as if he had been really metamorphosed into the animal whose place he now supplied.

It was on the back of this adventure that one of the Bonzes, as prying and as great a gossip as the barber of Midas, in paying his morning worship to the Cuboy's posteriors, spied something, or rather nothing, and was exceedingly affrighted. He communicated his discovery and apprehension to divers others of the cloth; and they were all of opinion that some effectual inquisition should be held on this phænomenon, lest the clergy of Japan should hereafter be scandalized, as having knowingly kissed the breech of an old woman, perhaps a monster or magician. Information was accordingly made to the Dairo, who gave orders for immediate inspection; and Fika-kaka was formally examined by a jury of matrons. Whether these were actuated by undue influence, I shall not at present explain; certain it is, they found their verdict, the Cuboy *non mas;* and among other evidences produced to attest his metamorphosis, a certian Ximian, who pretended to have the second sight, made oath that he had one evening seen the said Fika-kaka in a female dress, riding through the air on a broomstick. The unhappy Cuboy, being thus convicted, was divested of his office, and confined to his palace in the country; while Giogio, by the advice of his favourite, published a proclamation, declaring it was not for the honour of Japan that her treasury should be managed either by a witch or an old woman.

Fika-kaka being thus removed, Yak-strot was appointed treasurer and Cuboy in his place, and now ruled

the roast with uncontrouled authority. On the very threshold of his greatness, however, he made a false step, which was one cause of his tottering during the whole sequel of his administration. In order to refute the calumnies and defeat the intrigues of Taycho in the assemblies of the people, he chose as an associate in the ministry Fokh-si-rokhu, who was at that instant the most unpopular man in the whole empire of Japan; and at the instigation of this colleague, deprived of bread a great number of poor families, who subsisted on petty places which had been bestowed upon them by the former Cuboy. Those were so many mouths open to augment the clamour against his own person and administration.

It might be imagined, that while he thus set one part of the nation at defiance, he would endeavour to cultivate the other; and, in particular, strive to conciliate the good-will of the nobility, who did not see his exaltation without umbrage. But instead of ingratiating himself with them by a liberal turn of demeanour; by treating them with frankness and affability; granting them favours with a good grace; making entertainments for them at his palace; and mixing in their social parties of pleasure; Yak-strot always appeared on the reserve, and under all his finery, continually wore a doublet of buckram, which gave an air of stiffness and constraint to his whole behaviour. He studied postures, and, in giving audience, generally stood in the attitude of the idol Fo; so that he sometimes was mistaken for an image of stone. He formed a scale of gesticulation in a great variety of divisions, comprehending the slightest inclination of the head, the front-nod, the

succeeded to his wish. Having called a council of the Twenty-eight, at which the Dairo assisted in person, he proposed, and insisted upon it, that a strong squadron of Pune should be immediately ordered to scour the seas, and kidnap all the vessels and ships belonging to the king of Corea, who had acted during the whole war with the most scandalous partiality in favour of the Chinese emperor, and was now so intimately connected with that potentate, by means of a secret alliance, that he ought to be prosecuted with the same hostilities which the other had severely felt. The whole council were confounded at this proposal: the Dairo stood aghast—the Cuboy trembled—Yak-strot stared like a skewered pig. After some pause, the president, Soo-man-sin-o, ventured to observe, that the measure seemed to be a little abrupt and premature; that the nation was already engaged in a very expensive war, which had absolutely drained it of its wealth, and even loaded it with enormous debts; therefore, little able to sustain such additional burdens as would, in all probability, be occasioned by a rupture with a prince so rich and powerful. Gotto-mio swore the land-holders were already so impoverished by the exactions of Taycho, that he himself, ere long, should be obliged to come upon the parish. Fika-kaka got up to speak, but could only cackle. Sti-phi-rum-poo was for proceeding in form by citation. Nin-com-poo-po declared he had good intelligence of a fleet of merchant ships belonging to Corea, laden with treasure, who were then on their return from the Indian isles; and he gave it as his opinion, that they should be way-laid and brought into the harbours of Japan; not by way of declaring war, but only

The new Cuboy was vastly well disposed to make his Ximian favourites great men. It was in his power to bestow places and pensions upon them; but it was not in his power to give them consequence in the eyes of the public. The administration of Yak-strot could not fail of being propitious to his own family and poor relations, who were very numerous. Their naked backs and hungry bellies were now clothed with the richest stuffs, and fed with the fat things of Japan. Every department, civil and military, was filled with Ximians. Those islanders came over in shoals to Niphon, and swarmed in the streets of Meaco, where they were easily distinguished by their lank sides, gaunt looks, lanthorn jaws, and long sharp teeth. There was a fatality that attended the whole conduct of this unfortunate Cuboy. His very partiality to his own countrymen brought upon him at last the curses of the whole clan.

Mr. Orator Taycho and his kinsman Lob-kob were not idle in the mean time. They provided their emissaries, and primed all their engines. Their understrappers filled every corner of Meaco with rumours, jealousies, and suspicions. Yak-strot was represented as a statesman without discernment, a minister without knowledge, and a man without humanity. He was taxed with insupportable pride, indiscretion, pusillanimity, rapacity, partiality, and breach of faith. It was affirmed that he had dishonoured the nation, and endangered the very existence of the Buponian religion, in withdrawing the annual subsidy from the great Brut-an-tiffi: that he wanted to starve the war, and betray the glory and advantage of the empire by a shameful

peace: that he had avowedly shared his administration with the greatest knave in Japan: that he treated the nobles of Niphon with insolence and contempt: that he had suborned evidence against the ancient Cuboy Fika-kaka, who had spent a long life and an immense fortune in supporting the temple of Fakku-basi: that he had cruelly turned adrift a great number of helpless families, in order to gratify his own worthless dependants with their spoils: that he had enriched his relations and countrymen with the plunder of Niphon: that his intention was to bring over the whole nation of Ximians, a savage race, who had been ever perfidious, greedy, and hostile, towards the natives of the other Japonese islands. Nay, they were described as monsters in nature, with cloven feet, long tails, saucer eyes, iron fangs and claws, who would first devour the substance of the Niphonites, and then feed upon their blood.

Taycho had Legion's understanding so much in his power, that he actually made it believe Yak-strot had formed a treasonable scheme in favour of a foreign adventurer who pretended to the throne of Japan, and that the reigning Dairo was an accomplice in this project for his own deposition. Indeed, they did not scruple to say that Gio-gio was no more than a puppet, moved by his own grandmother and this vile Ximian, between whom, they hinted, there was a secret correspondence, which reflected very little honour on the family of the Dairo.

Mr. Orator Taycho and his associate Lob-kob left no stone unturned to disgrace the favourite, and drive him from the helm. They struck up an alliance with the old Cuboy Fika-kaka; and fetching him from his retirement,

produced him to the beast as a martyr of loyalty and virtue. They had often before this period exposed him to the derision of the populace; but now they set him up as the object of veneration and esteem; and every thing succeeded to their wish. Legion hoisted Fika-kaka on his back, and paraded through the streets of Meaco, braying hoarse encomiums on the great talents and great virtues of the ancient Cuboy. His cause was now espoused by his old friend Sti-phi-rum-poo and Nin-kom-poo-po, who had been turned adrift along with him, and by several other Quos who had nestled themselves in warm places, under the shadow of his protection: but it was remarkable, that not one of all the Bonzes who owed their preferment to his favour, had gratitude enough to follow his fortune, or pay the least respect to him in the day of his disgrace. Advantage was also taken of the disgust occasioned by Yak-strot's reserve among the nobles of Japan. Even the Fatzman was estranged from the councils of his kinsman Gio-gio, and lent his name and countenance to the malcontents, who now formed themselves into a very formidable cabal, comprehending a great number of the first Quos in the empire.

In order to counterbalance this confederacy, which was a strange coalition of jarring interests, the new Cuboy endeavoured to strengthen his administration, by admitting into a share of it Gotto-mio, who dreaded nothing so much as the continuation of the war, and divers other noblemen, whose alliance contributed very little to his interest or advantage. Gotto-mio was universally envied for his wealth, and detested for his avarice; the rest were either of the She-it-kum-sheit-el faction, which had been long in disgrace with the Mobile,

or men of desperate fortunes and loose morals, who attached themselves to the Ximian favourite solely on account of the posts and pensions he had to bestow.

During these domestic commotions, the arms of Japan continued to prosper in the Indian Ocean. Thin-quo was reduced almost without opposition; and news arrived that the conquest of Fan-yah was already more than half achieved. At the same time, some considerable advantages were gained over the enemy on the continent of Tartary, by the Japonese forces under the command of Bron-xi-tic. It might be naturally supposed that these events would have in some measure reconciled the Niphonites to the new ministry; but they produced rather a contrary effect. The blatant beast was resolved to rejoice at no victories but those that were obtained under the auspices of its beloved Taycho; and now took it highly amiss that Yak-strot should presume to take any step which might redound to the glory of the empire. Nothing could have pleased the monster at this juncture so much as the miscarriage of both expeditions, and a certain information that all the troops and ships employed in them had miserably perished. The king of Corea, however, was so alarmed at the progress of the Japanese before Fan-yah, that he began to tremble for all his distant colonies, and earnestly craved the advice of the cabinet of Pekin touching some scheme to make a diversion in their favour.

The councils of Pekin have been ever fruitful of intrigues to embroil the rest of Asia. They suggested a plan to the king of Corea, which he forthwith put in execution. The land of Fumma, which borders on the Corean territories, was governed by a prince nearly

allied to the king of Corea, although his subjects
very intimate connexions in the way of commerce
the empire of Japan, which indeed had entered int
offensive and defensive alliance with this country.
emperor of China and the king of Corea having sou
the sovereign of Fumma, and found him well dis
to enter into their measures, communicated their sch
in which he immediately concurred. They called
him in public, as their friend and ally, to join
against the Japanese, as the inveterate enemy
religion of Fo, and as an insolent people, who affe
despotism at sea, to the detriment and destruction
their neighbours; plainly declaring, that he must
immediately break with the Dairo, or expect an inv
on the side of Corea. The prince of Fumma affect
complain loudly of this iniquitous proposal; he m
merit of rejecting the alternative; and immediatel
manded of the court of Meaco the succours stipulat
the treaty of alliance, in order to defend his domi
In all appearance, indeed, there was no time to be
for the monarchs of China and Corea declared
against him without further hesitation; and, u
their forces on that side, ordered them to enter the
of Fumma, after having given satisfactory assuranc
private that the prince had nothing to fear from
hostilities.

Yak-strot was not much embarrassed on this occa
Without suspecting the least collusion among the pa
he resolved to take the prince of Fumma under his
tection, thereunto moved by divers considerations.
and foremost, he piqued himself upon his good
secondly, he knew that the trade with Fumma w

great consequence to Japan, and therefore concluded that his supporting the sovereign of it would be a popular measure; thirdly, he hoped that the multiplication of expense incurred by this new war would make the blasant beast wince under its burden, and of consequence reconcile it to the thoughts of a general pacification, which he had very much at heart. Meanwhile he hastened the necessary succours to the land of Fumma, and sent thither an old general, called Le-yaw-ter, in order to concert with the prince and his ministers the operations of the campaign.

This officer was counted one of the shrewdest politicians in Japan; and, having resided many years as ambassador in Fumma, was well acquainted with the genius of that people. He immediately discovered the scene which had been acted behind the curtain. He found that the prince of Fumma, far from having made any preparations for his own defence, had actually withdrawn his garrisons from the frontier places, which were by this time peaceably occupied by the invading army of Chinese and Coreans; that the few troops he had were without clothes, arms, and discipline; and that he had amused the court of Meaco with false musters, and a specious account of levies and preparations which had been made. In a word, though he could not learn the particulars, he comprehended the whole mystery of the secret negotiations. He upbraided the minister of Fumma with perfidy; refused to assume the command of the Japonese auxiliaries when they arrived; and, returning to Meaco, communicated his discoveries and suspicions to the new Cuboy. But he did not meet with that reception which he thought he deserved for intelli-

gence of such importance. Yak-strot affected to doubt; perhaps he was not really convinced; or, if he was, thought proper to temporise; and he was in the right for so doing. A rupture with Fumma at this juncture would have forced the prince to declare openly for the enemies of Japan; in which case, the inhabitants of Niphon would have lost the benefit of a very advantageous trade. They had already been great sufferers in commerce by the breach with the king of Corea, whose subjects had been used to take off great quantities of the Japonese manufactures, for which they paid in gold and silver; and they could ill bear such an additional loss as an interruption of the trade with Fumma would have occasioned. The Cuboy, therefore, continued to treat the prince of that country as a staunch ally, who had sacrificed every other consideration to his good faith; and, far from restricting himself to the number of troops and Fune stipulated in the treaty, sent over a much more numerous body of forces and ships of war; declaring, at the same time, he would support the people of Fumma with the whole power of Japan.

Such a considerable diversion of the Japonese strength could not fail to answer in some measure the expectation of the two sovereigns of China and Corea; but it did not prevent the success of the expeditions which were actually employed against their colonies in the Indian Ocean. It was not in his power, however, to protect Fumma, had the invaders been in earnest; but the combined army of the Chinese and Coreans had orders to protract the war; and, instead of penetrating to the capital, at a time when the Fummians, though joined with the auxiliaries of Japan, were not numerous enough to look them

ce, they made a full stop in the middle of their
nd quietly retired into summer quarters.

dditional encumbrance of a new continental war
ed the Cuboy's desire of peace; and his inclina-
ing known to the enemy, who were also sick of
r, they had recourse to the good offices of a cer-
neutral power, called Sab-oi, sovereign of the
tains of Cambodia. This prince accordingly offered
diation at the court of Meaco, and it was immedi-
accepted. The negotiation for peace which had
broke off in the ministry of Taycho was now re-
ed; an ambassador plenipotentiary arrived from
n; and Gotto-mio was sent thither in the same
acity, in order to adjust the articles, and sign the
liminaries of peace.

While this new treaty was on the carpet, the arma-
nt equipped against Fan-yah under the command of
Quo Kep-marl, and the brave admiral who had sig-
alised himself in the sea of Kamtschatka reduced that
portant place, where they became masters of a strong
uadron of Fune belonging to the king of Corea, toge-
er with a very considerable treasure, sufficient to in-
mnify Japan for the expense of the expedition. This,
ough the most grievous, was not the only disaster
hich the war brought upon the Coreans. Their distant
ttlement of Lli-nam was likewise taken by general
ra-rep, and the inhabitants paid an immense sum in
rder to redeem their capital from plunder.

These successes did not at all retard the conclusion of
e treaty, which was indeed become equally necessary
all the parties concerned. Japan in particular was in
anger of being ruined by her conquests. The war had

destroyed so many men, that the whole empire could not afford a sufficiency of recruits for the maintenance of the land forces. All those who had conquered Fatsisio and Fan-yah, were already destroyed by hard duty and the diseases of those unhealthy climates; above two-thirds of the Fune were rotten in the course of service; and the complements of mariners reduced to less than one-half of their original numbers. Troops were actually wanting to garrison the new conquests. The finances of Japan were by this time drained to the bottom. One of her chief resources was stopped by the rupture with Corea, while her expenses were considerably augmented, and her national credit was stretched even to cracking. All these considerations stimulated more and more the Dairo and his Cuboy to conclude the work of peace.

Meanwhile the enemies of Yak-strot gave him no quarter nor respite. They vilified his parts, traduced his morals, endeavoured to intimidate him with threats which did not even respect the Dairo, and never failed to insult him whenever he appeared in public. It had been the custom, time immemorial, for the chief magistrate of Meaco to make an entertainment for the Dairo and his empress, immediately after their nuptials, and to this banquet all the great Quos in Japan were invited. The person who filled the chair at present was Rhumkikh, an half-witted politician, self-conceited, headstrong, turbulent, and ambitious; a professed worshipper of Taycho, whose oratorial talents he admired, and attempted to imitate in the assemblies of the people, where he generally excited the laughter of his audience. By dint of great wealth and extensive traffic, he became a

of consequence among the mob, notwithstanding an
al turn of mind, and an ungracious address; and
e resolved to use this influence for the glory of
o, and the disgrace of the Ximian favourite. Le-
was tutored for the purpose, and moreover, well
d with a fiery caustic spirit, in which Rhum-kikh
a considerable dealer. The Dairo and his young
es were received by him and his council with a
formality in profound silence. The Cuboy was
as he passed along, and his litter almost over-
by the monster, which yelled, and brayed, and
, without ceasing, until he was housed in the
all, where he met with every sort of mortifi-
from the entertainer as well as the spectators.
gth Mr. Orator Taycho, with his cousin Lob-kob,
ring in a triumphal car at the city-gate, the blatant
: received them with loud huzzas, unharnessed their
s, and, putting itself in the traces, drew them
gh the streets of Meaco, which resounded with
mation. They were received with the same exul-
within the hall of entertainment, where their
eign and his consort sat altogether unhonoured and
ticed.

small squadron of Chinese Fune having taken pos-
on of a defenceless fishery belonging to Japan, in
neighbourhood of Fatsisio, the emissaries of Tay-
magnified this event into a terrible misfortune, aris-
om the mal-administration of the new Cuboy; nay,
did not scruple to affirm that he had left the fishing-
defenceless, on purpose that it might be taken by
nemy. This clamour, however, was of short dura-

The Quo Phyll-Kholl, who commanded a few

Fune in one of the harbours of Fatsisi
received intelligence of what had happe
embarked what troops were at hand, and s
to the place, obliged the enemy to aband
quest with precipitation and disgrace.

In the midst of these transactions, th
signed, ratified, and even approved in the
council of the Quos, as well as in the as
people. The truth is, the minister of
always in his power to secure a majority
conventions, by means that may be easily
those were not spared on this occasion.
a speech harangued the great council, wh
little surprised to hear him speak with s
and extent of knowledge; for he had bee
as tongue-tied, and, in point of elocution
than the palfrey he rode. He now vindi
steps he had taken since his accession to
demonstrated the necessity of a pacificati
and descanted upon every article of the
finally, declared his conscience was so
matter, that when he died he should de
encomium to be engraved on his tomb, bu
the author of this peace.

Nevertheless, the approbation of the c
obtained without violent debate and alte
different articles were censured and inv
by the Fatzman, the late Cuboy Fika-k
Sti-phi-rum-poo, Nin-kom-poo-po, and
Quos; but, at the long run, the influence
ministry predominated. As for Taycho
himself in a very extraordinary effort to

n the assembly of the people. He had for some retended to be dangerously ill, that he might merit of his patriotism, by showing a contempt own life when the good of his country was at In order to excite the admiration of the public, nder his appearance in the assembly the more , he was carried thither on a kind of hand-, wrapped up in flannel, with three woollen night- his head, escorted by Legion, which yelled, and , and whooped, and hallooed, with such vocifera- hat every street of Meaco rung with hideous r. In this equipage did Taycho enter the as-, where, being held up by two adherents, he, prelude of groans to rouse the attention of his ce, began to declaim against the peace as inade- shameful, and disadvantageous; nay, he ventured matize every separate article, though he knew it the power of each individual of his hearers to t him with the terms to which he had subscribed eceding year, in all respects less honourable and geous to his country. Inconsistencies equally and absurd he had often crammed down the of the multitude; but they would not go down his assembly of the people, which, in spite of his , his night-caps, his crutches, and his groans, ned the treaty of peace by a great majority. Not ey had any great reason to applaud the peace- s, who might have dictated their own terms, had roceeded with more sagacity and less precipita- But Fokh-si-rokhu and his brother-undertakers, the treasure of Japan at their command, had d the greatest part of the assembly with a cer-

tain precious salve, which preserved them effectually from the fascinating arts of Taycho.

This orator, incensed at his bad success within doors, renewed and redoubled his operations without. He exasperated Legion against Yak-strot to such a pitch of rage, that the monster could not hear the Cuboy's name three times pronounced without falling into fits. His confederate Lob-kob, in the course of his researches, found out two originals admirably calculated for executing his vengeance against the Ximian favourite. One of them, called Llur-chir, a profligate Bonza, degraded for his lewd life, possessed a wonderful talent of exciting different passions in the blatant beast, by dint of quaint rhymes, which were said to be inspirations of the demon of obloquy, to whom he had sold his soul. These oracles not only commanded the passions, but even influenced the organs of the beast in such a manner, as to occasion an evacuation either upwards or downwards, at the pleasure of the operator. The other, known by the name of Jan-ki-dtzin, was counted the best marksman in Japan in the art and mystery of dirt-throwing. He possessed the art of making balls of filth, which were famous for sticking and stinking; and these he threw with such dexterity, that they very seldom missed their aim. Being reduced to a low ebb of fortune by his debaucheries, he had made advances to the new Cuboy, who had rejected his proffered services, on account of his immoral character; a prudish punctilio, which but ill became Yak-strot, who had paid very little regard to reputation in choosing some of the colleagues he had associated in his administration. Be that as it may, he no sooner understood that Mr. Orator Taycho was busy

reparing for an active campaign, than he likewise
to put himself in a posture of defence. He hired
y of mercenaries, and provided some dirt-men and
ers. Then, taking the field, a sharp contest and
match ensued; but the dispute was soon ter-
ed. Yak-strot's versifiers turned out no great
rers on the trial. They were not such favourites
demon as Llur-chir. The rhymes they used pro-
no other effect upon Legion but that of setting it
ing. The Cuboy's dirt-men, however, played
parts tolerably well. Though their balls were
r in point of composition to those of Jan-ki-dtzin,
did not fail to discompose Orator Taycho and his
Lob-kob, whose eyes were seen to water with
mart occasioned by those missiles; but these last
a great advantage over their adversaries, in the
nd attachment of Legion, whose numerous tongues
always ready to lick off the ordure that stuck to
part of their leaders; and this they did with such
s of satisfaction, as seemed to indicate an appetite
all manner of filth.

Yak-strot having suffered wofully in his own person,
seeing his partizans in confusion, thought proper to
eat. Yet although discomfited, he was not discour-
d. On the contrary, having at bottom a fund of
sticism, which, like camomile, grows the faster for
ng trod upon, he became more obstinately bent than
r upon prosecuting his own schemes for the good of
people in their own despite. His vanity was like-
e buoyed up by the flattery of his creatures, who
olled the passive courage he had shown in the late
gement. Though every part of him still tingled

and stunk, from the balls of the enemy, he persuaded himself that not one of their missiles had taken place; and of consequence, that there was something of divinity in his person. Full of this notion, he discarded his rhymsters and his dirt-casters as unnecessary, and resolved to bear the brunt of the battle in his own individual.

Fokh-si-rokhu advised him, nevertheless, to fill his trowsers with gold obans, which he might throw at Legion, in case of necessity, assuring him that this was the only ammunition which the monster could not withstand. The advice was good; and the Cuboy might have followed it, without being obliged to the treasury of Japan; for he was by this time become immensely rich, in consequence of having found a hoard in digging his garden: but this was an expedient which Yak-strot could never be prevailed upon to use, either on this or any other occasion. Indeed, he was now so convinced of his own personal energy, that he persuaded his master Gio-gio to come forth, and see it operate on the blatant beast. Accordingly, the Dairo ascended his car of state, while the Cuboy, arrayed in all his trappings, stood before him with the reins in his own hand, and drove directly to the enemy, who waited for him without flinching. Being arrived within dung-shot of Jan-ki-dtzin, he made a halt, and putting himself in the attitude of the idol Fo, with a simper in his countenance, seemed to invite the warrior to make a full discharge of his artillery. He did not long wait in suspense. The balls soon began to whiz about his ears; and a great number took effect upon his person. At length, he received a shot upon his right temple, which brought him to the

ground. All his gewgaws fluttered, and his buckram doublet rattled as he fell. Llur-chir no sooner beheld him prostrate, than advancing with the monster, he began to repeat his rhymes, at which every mouth and every tail of Legion was opened, and lifted up; and such a torrent of filth squirted from these channels, that the unfortunate Cuboy was quite overwhelmed. Nay, he must have been actually suffocated where he lay, had not some of the Dairo's attendants interposed, and rescued him from the vengeance of the monster. He was carried home in such an unsavoury pickle, that his family smelled his disaster long before he came in sight; and when he appeared in this woful condition, covered with ordure, blinded with dirt, and even deprived of sense and motion, his wife was seized with *hysterica passio*. He was immediately stripped and washed, and other means being used for his recovery, he in a little time retrieved his recollection.

He was now pretty well undeceived, with respect to the divinity of his person; but his enthusiasm took a new turn. He aspired to the glory of martyrdom, and resolved to devote himself as a victim to patriotic virtue. While his attendants were employed in washing off the filth that stuck to his beard, he recited in a theatrical tone, the stanza of a famous Japonese bard, whose soul afterwards transmigrated into the body of a Roman poet, Horatius Flaccus, and inspired him with the same sentiment, in the Latin tongue:

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

His friends hearing him declare his resolution of dying for his country, began to fear that his understanding was disturbed. They advised him to yield to the torrent, which was become too impetuous to stem; to resign the Cuboyship quietly, and reserve his virtues for a more favourable occasion. In vain his friends remonstrated: in vain his wife and children employed their tears and entreaties to the same purpose. He lent a deaf ear to all their sollicitations, until they began to drop some hints that seemed to imply a suspicion of his insanity, which alarmed him exceedingly; and the Dairo himself signifying to him in private, that it was become absolutely necessary to temporize, he resigned the reins of government with a heavy heart, though not before he was assured that he should still continue to exert his influence behind the curtain.

Gio-gio's own person had not escaped untouched in the last skirmish. Jan-ki-dtzin was transported to such a pitch of insolence, that he aimed some balls at the Dairo, and one of them taking place exactly betwixt the eyes, defiled his whole visage. Had the laws of Japan been executed in all their severity against this audacious plebeian, he would have suffered crucifixion on the spot: but Gio-gio, being good-natured even to a fault, contented himself with ordering some of his attendants to apprehend and put him in the public stocks, after having seized the whole cargo of filth which he had collected at his habitation, for the manufacture of his balls. Legion was no sooner informed of his disgrace, than it released him by force, being therein comforted and abetted by the declaration of a puny magistrate, called Praff-patt-phogg, who seized this, as the only opportunity

he should ever find of giving himself any consequence in the commonwealth. Accordingly, the monster hoisting him and Jan-ki-dtzin on their shoulders, went in procession through the streets of Meaco, hallooing, huzzaing and extolling this venerable pair of patriots, as the *Palladia* of the liberty of Japan.

The Monster's officious zeal on this occasion was far from being agreeable to Mr. Orator Taycho, who took umbrage at this exaltation of his two understrappers, and from that moment devoted Jan-ki-dtzin to destruction. The Dairo finding it absolutely necessary for the support of his government, that this dirt-monger should be punished, gave directions for trying him according to the laws of the land. He was ignominiously expelled from the assembly of the people, where his old patron Taycho not only disclaimed him, but even represented him as a worthless atheist and sower of sedition: but he escaped the weight of a more severe sentence in another tribunal, by retreating without beat of drum, into the territories of China, where he found an asylum, from whence he made divers ineffectual appeals to the multitudinous beast at Niphon.

As for Yak-strot, he was every thing but a downright martyr to the odium of the public, which produced a ferment all over the nation. His name was become a term of reproach. He was burnt or crucified in effigy in every city, town, village, and district of Niphon. Even his own countrymen, the Ximians, held him in abhorrence and execration. Notwithstanding his partiality to the *natale solum*, he had not been able to provide for all those adventurers who came from thence, in consequence of his promotion. The whole number of

the disappointed became his enemies of course; and the rest finding themselves exposed to the animosity and ill offices of their fellow-subjects of Niphon, who hated the whole community for his sake, inveighed against Yak-strot as the curse of their nation.

In the midst of all this detestation and disgrace, it must be owned, for the sake of truth, that Yak-strot was one of the honestest men in Japan, and certainly the greatest benefactor to the empire. Just, upright, sincere, and charitable; his heart was susceptible of friendship and tenderness. He was a virtuous husband, a fond father, a kind master, and a zealous friend. In his public capacity, he had nothing in view but the advantage of Japan, in the prosecution of which, he flattered himself he should be able to display all the abilities of a profound statesman, and all the virtues of the most sublime patriotism. It was here he over-rated his own importance. His virtue became the dupe of his vanity. Nature had denied him shining talents, as well as that easiness of deportment, that affability, liberal turn, and versatile genius, without which no man can ever figure at the head of an administration. Nothing could be more absurd than his being charged with want of parts and understanding to guide the helm of government, considering how happily it had been conducted for many years by Fika-kaka, whose natural genius would have been found unequal even to the art and mystery of wool-combing. Besides, the war had prospered in his hands as much as it ever did under the auspices of his predecessor; though, as I have before observed, neither the one nor the other could justly claim any merit from its success.

But Yak-strot's services to the public were much more important in another respect. He had the resolution to dissolve the shameful and pernicious engagements which the empire had contracted on the continent of Tartary. He lightened the intolerable burdens of the empire; he saved its credit, when it was stretched even to bursting. He made a peace, which, if not the most glorious that might have been obtained, was at least the most solid and advantageous that ever Japan had concluded with any power whatsoever; and, in particular, much more honourable, useful, and ascertained, than that which Taycho had agreed to subscribe the preceding year; and by this peace he put an end to all the horrors of a cruel war, which had ravaged the best parts of Asia, and destroyed the lives of six hundred thousand men every year. On the whole, Yak-strot's good qualities were respectable. There was very little vicious in his composition, and as to his follies, they were rather the subjects of ridicule than of resentment.

Yak-strot's subalterns in the ministry rejoiced in secret at his running so far into the north of Legion's displeasure; nay, it was shrewdly suspected that some of their emissaries had been very active against him in the day of his discomfiture. They flattered themselves, that if he could be effectually driven from the presence of the Dairo, they would succeed to his influence; and in the mean time would acquire popularity, by turning tail to, and kicking at the Ximian favourite, who had associated them in the administration, in consequence of their vowing eternal attachment to his interest, and constant submission to his will. Having held a secret conclave,

to concert their operations, they began to execute their plan, by seducing Yak-strot into certain odious measures of raising new impositions on the people, which did not fail, indeed, to increase the clamour of the blatant Beast, and promote its filthy discharge upwards and downwards; but then the torrents were divided, and many a tail was lifted up against the real projectors of the scheme which the favourite had adopted. They now resolved to make a merit with the Mobile, by picking a german quarrel with Strot, and insulting him in public. Gotto-mio caused a scrubbing post to be set up in the night, at the Cuboy's door. The scribe Zan-ti-fic presented him with a scheme for the importation of brimstone into the island of Ximo; the other scribe pretended he could not spell the barbarous names of the Cuboy's relations and countrymen, who were daily thrust into the most lucrative employments. As for Twitz-er the Financier, he never approached Yak-strot without clawing his knuckles in derision. At the council of Twenty-eight, they thwarted every plan he proposed, and turned into ridicule every word he spoke. At length they bluntly told the Dairo, that as Yak-strot resigned the reins of administration in public, he must likewise give up his management behind the curtain, for they were not at all disposed to answer to the people for measures dictated by an invisible agent. This was but a reasonable demand, in which the emperor seemed to acquiesce; but the new ministers thought it was requisite that they should commit some overt act of contempt for the abdicated Cuboy. One of his nearest relations had obtained a profitable office in the island of Ximo, and of this the new cabal insisted he should be immediately

deprived. The Dairo remonstrated against the injustice of turning a man out of his place for no other reason but to satisfy their caprice, and plainly told them he could not do it without infringing his honour, as he had given his word that the possessor should enjoy the post for life. Far from being satisfied with this declaration, they urged their demand with redoubled importunity, mixed with menaces, which equally embarrassed and incensed the good-natured Dairo. At last Yak-strot, taking compassion upon his indulgent master, prevailed upon his kinsman to release him from the obligation of his word, by making a voluntary resignation of his office. The Dairo fell sick of vexation; his life was despaired of, and all Japan was filled with alarm and apprehension at the prospect of an infant's ascending the throne, for the heir-apparent was still in the cradle.

Their fears, however, were happily disappointed by the recovery of the emperor, who, to prevent as much as possible the inconveniences that might attend his demise, during the minority of his son, resolved that a regency should be established and ratified by the states of the empire. The plan of this regency be concerted in private with the venerable princess his grandmother, and his friend Yak-strot, and then communicated the design to his ministers, who, knowing the quarter from whence it had come, treated it with coldness and contempt. They were so elevated by their last triumph over the Ximian favourite, that they overlooked every obstacle to their ambition, and determined to render the Dairo dependant on them, and them only. With this view they threw cold water on the present measure; and to

mark their hatred of the favourite more strongly in the eyes of Legion, they endeavoured to exclude the name of his patroness the Dairo's grandmother, from the deed of regency, though their malice was frustrated by the vigilance of Yak-strot and the indignation of the states, who resented this affront offered to the family of their sovereign.

The tyranny of this junto became so intolerable to Gio-gio, that he resolved to shake off their yoke, whatever might be the consequence; but before any effectual step was taken for this purpose, Yak-strot, who understood mechanics, and had studied the art of puppet playing, tried an experiment on the organs of the cabal, which he tempered with individually without success. Instead of uttering what he prompted, the sounds came out quite altered in their passage. Gotto-mio grunted, the Financier Twitz-er bleated, or rather brayed; one scribe mewed like a cat, the other yelped like a jackall. In short, they were found so perverse and refractory, that the master of the motion kicked them off the stage, and supplied the scene with a new set of puppets made of very extraordinary materials. They were the very figures through whose pipes the charge of mal-administration had been so loudly sounded against the Ximian favourite. They were now mustered by the Fatzman, and hung upon the pegs of the very same puppet-shew man against whom they had so vehemently inveighed. Even the superannuated Fika-kaka appeared again upon the stage as an actor of some consequence, and insisted upon it, that his metamorphosis was a meer calumny; but Taycho and Lob-kob kept aloof, because Yak-strot had not yet touched them on the proper keys.

The first exhibition of the new puppets was called *Topsy-turvy*, a farce in which they overthrew all the paper houses which their predecessors had built; but they performed their parts in such confusion, that Yak-strot interposing to keep them in order received divers contusions and severe kicks on the shins, which made his eyes water; and, indeed, he had in a little time reason enough to repent of the revolution he had brought about. The new sticks of administration proved more stiff and unmanageable than the former, and those he had discarded associating with the blatant Beast, bedaubed him with such a variety of filth, drained from all the sewers of scurrility, that he really became a public nuisance. Gotto-mio pretended remorse of conscience, and declared he would impeach Yak-strot for the peace which he himself had negotiated. Twitz-er snivelled and cried, and cast figures, to prove that Yak-strot was born for the destruction of Japan; and Zan-ti-fic lured an incendiary Bonze called Toks, to throw fire-balls by night into the palace of the favourite.

In this distress, Strot cast his eyes on Taycho the monster-tamer, who alone seemed able to over-ballance the weight of all other opposition, and to him he made large advances accordingly; but his offers were still inadequate to the expectations of that demagogue, who, nevertheless, put on a face of capitulation. He was even heard to say, that Yak-strot was an honest man and a good minister; nay, he declared he would ascend the highest pinnacle of the highest pagod in Japan, and proclaim that Yak-strot had never, directly nor indirectly, meddled with administration since he resigned the

public office of minister. Finding him, however, tardy and phlegmatic in his proposals, he thought proper to change his phrase, and, in the next assembly of the people, swore, with great vociferation, that the said Yak-strot was the greatest rogue that ever escaped the gallows. This was a necessary fillip to Yak-strot, and operated upon him so effectually, that he forthwith sent a charte-blanche to the great Taycho, and a treaty was immediately ratified on the following conditions:—That the said Taycho should be raised to the rank of Quanbuku, and be appointed conservator of the Dairo's signet; that no state measure should be taken without his express approbation; that his creature the lawyer Praff-fog should be ennobled, and preferred to the most eminent place in the tribunals of Japan; and that all his friends and dependants should be provided for at the public expence, in such a manner as he himself should propose. His kinsman Lob-kob, however, was not comprehended in this treaty, the articles of which he inveighed against with such acrimony, that a rupture ensued betwixt these two originals. The truth is, Lob-kob was now so full of his own importance, that nothing less than an equal share of administration would satisfy his ambition, and this was neither in Taycho's power nor inclination to grant.

The first consequence of this treaty was a new shift of hands, and a new dance of ministers. The chair of precedency was pulled from under the antiquated Fika-kaka, who fell upon his back; and his heels flying up, discovered but too plainly the melancholy truth of his metamorphosis. All his colleagues were discarded, except those who thought proper to temporize and join

[illegible]cing the hay, according as they were actuated by [illegible]w partners of the puppet-shew. This coalition [illegible]e greatest masterpiece in politics that ever Yak- [illegible] performed. Taycho, the formidable Taycho! [illegible] in his single person he dreaded more than all his [illegible] enemies of Japan united, was now become his [illegible]tor, abettor, and advocate; and, which was still of [illegible] consequence to Strot, that demagogue was for- [illegible]n of his good genius Legion.

[illegible]e many-headed Monster would have swallowed [illegible]n every other species of tergiversation in Taycho, [illegible]t a coalition with the detested favourite, and the [illegible] of Quo, by which he formally renounced its society; [illegible]hese were articles which the mongrel could not [illegible]t. The tidings of this union threw the beast into a [illegible] of stupor, from which it was roused by blisters and [illegible]ries applied by Gotto-mio, Twitz-er, Zan-ti-fic, with [illegible]nderstrapper Toks, now reinforced by Fika-kaka, [illegible]his discarded associates; for their common hatred to [illegible]-strot, like the rod of Moses, swallowed up every [illegible]nction of party, and every suggestion of former [illegible]osity; and they concurred with incredible zeal, in [illegible]ing Legion to a due sense of Taycho's apostasy. [illegible] beast, so stimulated, howled three days and three [illegible]ts successively at Taycho's gate; then was seized [illegible] a convulsion, that went off with an evacuation up- [illegible]ds and downwards, so offensive, that the very air [illegible] infected.

[illegible]he horrid sounds of the beast's lamentations, the [illegible]ous effluvia of its filthy discharge, joined to the [illegible]nant remorse which Taycho felt at finding his power [illegible]r Legion dissolved, occasioned a commotion in his

brain; and this led him into certain extravagan
which gave his enemies a handle to say he was act
insane. His former friends and partizans thought
best apology they could make for the inconsistency
conduct, was to say he was *non compos*; and this r
was far from being disagreeable to Yak-strot, becau
would at any time furnish him with a plausible pret
to dissolve the partnership, at which he inwardly repi
for it was necessity alone that drove him to a part
of his power with a man so incapable of acting in co
with any colleague whatsoever.

In the mean time Gotto-mio and his associates le
stone unturned to acquire the same influence
Legion, which Taycho had so eminently possessed:
the beast's faculties, slender as they were, seemed
greatly impaired, in consequence of that arch empi
practices upon its constitution. In vain did Gotto-
hoop and halloo: in vain did Twitz-er tickle its long e
in vain did Zan-ti-fic apply sternutatories, and his B
administer inflammatory glysters; the monster c
never be brought to a right understanding, or at all
cur with their designs, except in one instance, w
was its antipathy to the Ximian favourite. This
become so habitual, that it acted mechanically upo
organs even after it had lost all other signs of reco
tion. As often as the name of Yak-strot was pronoun
the beast began to yell, and all the usual consequer
ensued; but whenever his new friends presume
mount him, he threw himself on his back, and ro
them in the kennel at the hazard of their lives.

One would imagine there was some leaven in
nature of Yak-strot, that soured all his subalterns

res of Niphon; for, howsoever they promised
ion to his will before they were admitted into
ı, they no sooner found themselves acting
in his drama, than they began to thwart him
sures; so that he was plagued by those he had
nd persecuted by those he had driven out.
reat props, which he had been at so much
rovide, now failed him. Taycho was grown
could no longer manage the monster; and
undono the Fatzman, whose authority had
al puppets in awe, died about this period.
circumstances were the more alarming, as
and his crew began to gain ground, not only
ıdeavours to rouse the Monster, but also in
with some of the acting puppets, to join their
make head against their master. These ex-
w so refractory, that, when he tried to wheel
e right, they turned to the left about; and,
joining hands in the dance of politics, rapped
against each other with such violence, that
f the collision was heard in the street; and, if
ot been made of the hardest wood in Japan,
ıem would certainly have been split in the

ime Legion began to have some sense of its
rable condition. The effects of the yeast
ich it had drank so liberally from the hands
, now wore off. The fumes dispersed; the
ished; the flatulent tumour of its belly dis-
rith innumerable explosions, leaving a hideous
ıd such a canine appetite as all the eatables of
ld not satisfy. After having devoured the

whole harvest, it yawned for more, and grew quite outrageous in its hunger, threatening to feed on human flesh, if not plentifully supplied with other viands. In this dilemma, Yak-strot convened the council of Twenty-eight, where, in consideration of the urgency of the case, it was resolved to suspend the law against the importation of foreign provisions, and open the ports of Japan for the relief of the blatant Beast.

As this was vesting the Dairo with a dispensing power unknown to the constitution of Japan, it was thought necessary, at the next assembly of the Quos and Quambukus that constitute the legislature, to obtain a legal sanction for that extraordinary exercise of prerogative, which nothing but the *salus populi* could excuse. Upon this occasion, it was diverting to see with what effrontery individuals changed their principles with their places. Taycho the Quo, happening to be in one of his lucid intervals, went to the assembly, supported by his two creatures Praff-fog, and another limb of the law, called Lley-nah, surnamed Gurg-grog, or Curse-mother; and this triumvirate, who had raised themselves from nothing to the first rank in the state, by vilifying and insulting the kingly power, and affirming that the Dairo was the slave of the people, now had the impudence to declare in the face of day, that in some cases the emperor's power was absolute, and that he had an inherent right to suspend and supersede the laws and ordinances of the legislature.

Mura-clami, who had been for some time eclipsed in his judicial capacity by the popularity of Praff-fog, did not fail to seize this opportunity of exposing the character of his upstart rival. Though he had been all his life an

retainer to the prerogative, he now made a of patriotism, and in a tide of eloquence bore the flimsy arguments which the triumvirate He demonstrated the futility of their reason- the express laws and customs of the empire; patiated on the pernicious tendency of their , and exhibited the inconsistency of their con- such colours, that they must have hid their heads shame, had they not happily conquered all sense ne, and been well convinced that the majority of sembly were not a whit more honest than them- Mura-clami enjoyed a momentary triumph, but ds made a very slight impression for it was his tune to be a Ximian; and if his virtues had been numerous than the hairs in his beard, this very stance would have shaved them clean away from sideration of the audience.

cho, opening the flood-gates of his abuse, be- ed all that opposed him. Lley-nah, alias Curse- r, swore that he had got into the wrong box; then g to Praff-fog, "Brother Praff," cried he, "thou ow let down thy trowsers, and every rascal in will whip thy arse;" Praff was afraid of the resentment; but Taycho bestrid him like a us, and he crept through between his legs into a f safety. This was the last time that the orator ed in public. Immediately after this occurrence, found necessary to confine him to a dark chamber, k-strot was left to his own inventions.

his dilemma he had recourse to the old expedient nging hands; and, as a prelude to this reform, dvances to Gotto-mio, whom he actually detached

from the opposition, by providing his friend
pendants with lucrative offices, and promising
steps of consequence without his privity and ap
A sop was at the same time thrown to Twitz-
ti-fic, lulled with specious promises, discarded
incendiary Bonze; Lob-kob signed a neutrality
Fika-kaka was deprived of the use of speech: i
the ill-cemented confederacy of Strot's exoteri
asunder; and Legion had now no rage but t
hunger to be appeased. But the Ximian favo
still thwarted in his operations behind the cu
he had so often chopped and changed the fi
composed his motion, that they were all o
materials: so wretchedly sorted and so ill-t
when they came upon the scene, they produc
but discord and disorder.

The Japonese colony of Fatsisio had be
above a century; and, in the face of a thousa
and difficulties, raised themselves to such co
that they consumed infinite quantities of
factures of Japan, for which they paid th
country in gold and silver, and precious
produce of their plantations. The advanta
Japan reaped from this traffic with her own
almost equalled the amount of what she gai
commerce with all the other parts of Asia.
when he managed the finances of Japan, had i
wisdom planned, procured, and promulgat
saddling the Fatsisians with a grievous tax
the occasions of the Japonese government; an
which struck at the very vitals of their const
which they were exempt from all burdens b

fitted for their own shoulders. They raised a clamour at this innovation, in which they were by Legion, at that time under the influence of Taycho, who, in the assembly of the people, bitterly inveighed against the authors and abettors of such an arbitrary and tyrannical measure. Their reproach and execration did not stop at Twitz-er, but proceeded, as usual, to Yak-strot, who was the general butt at which the arrows of slander, scurrility and abuse, were levelled. The puppets with which he supplied the places of Twitz-er and his associates, in order to recommend themselves to Legion, and perhaps with a view to gratify the favourite, who had patronized the Fatsisian plan, insisted upon withdrawing this imposition, which was accordingly abrogated, to the no small disgrace and contempt of the law-givers; but when these new ministers were turned out, to make way for Taycho and his friends, the interest of the Fatsisians was again abandoned. Even the orator himself declaimed against them with an unembarrassed countenance, after they had raised statues to him as their friend and patron; and measures were taken to make them feel all the severity of an abject dependence upon the legislature of Japan. Finally, Gotto-mio acceded to this system, which he had formerly approved in conjunction with Twitz-er; and preparations were made for using compulsory measures, should the colonists refuse to submit with good grace.

The Fatsisians, far from acquiescing in these proceedings, resolved to defend to the last extremity those liberties which they had hitherto preserved; and, as a proof of their independence, agreed among themselves

to renounce all the superfluities with which they had so long been furnished, at a vast expense, from the manufactures of Japan, since that nation had begun to act towards them with all the cruelty of a step-mother. It was amazing to see and to hear how Legion raved, and slabbered, and snapped its multitudinous jaws in the streets of Meaco, when it understood that the Patsisians were determined to live on what their own country afforded. They were represented and reviled as ruffians, barbarians, and unnatural monsters, who clapped the dagger to the breast of their indulgent mother, in presuming to save themselves the expense of those superfluities, which, by the by, her cruel impositions had left them no money to purchase. Nothing was heard in Japan but threats of punishing those ungrateful colonists with whips and scorpions. For this purpose troops assembled and fleets equipped; and the blatant Beast yawned with impatient expectation of being drenched with the blood of its fellow-subjects.

Yak-strot was seized with horror at the prospect of such extremities; for, to give the devil his due, his disposition was neither arbitrary nor cruel; but he had been hurried by evil counsellors into a train of false politics, the consequences of which he did not foresee. He now summoned council after council to deliberate upon conciliatory expedients; but found the motly crew so divided by self-interest, faction, and mutual rancour, that no consistent plan could be formed; all was nonsense, clamour, and contradiction. The Ximian favourite now wished all his puppets at the devil, and secretly cursed the hour in which he first undertook the motion. He even fell sick of chagrin, and resolved in good

earnest to withdraw himself intirely from the political helm, which he was now convinced he had no talents to guide. In the mean time, he tried to find some temporary alleviation to the evils occasioned by the monstrous incongruity of the members and materials that composed his administration. But before any effectual measures could be taken, his evil genius, ever active, brewed up a new storm in another quarter, which had well nigh swept him and all his projects into the gulph of perdition.

THE HISTORY AND

A KEY TO THE CHARACTERS AND PLACES IN THE "HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM."

Abra-Moria: *General Abercromby.*
Amazon of Ostrog: *Maria Theresa.*
Bha-kahh: *Admiral Sir George Pocock.*
Bilm-Goh: *Byng.*
Bonzes or Bonzas: *Clergy.*
Bronzi-tic: *Prince Ferdinand.*
Brut-an-tiffi: *King of Prussia (Frederick the Great).*
Bupo: *George I.*
Cham, the Great: *the Emperor.*
Chief Scribe: *Secretary of State.*
China: *France.*
China Port: *Louisburg.*
Corea: *Spain.*
Council of 28: *Privy Council.*
Dairo: *the King.*
Domains: *Saxony.*
Fatsisio: *North America.*
Fakku-Bassi: *Hanoverian Policy.*
Fan-Yah: *Havana*
Fas-Khan: *Bascawen.*
Fatzman: *Duke of Cumberland.*
Fika-kaka: *Duke of Newcastle.*
Fide-ta-da: *Gen. Blakeney.*
Fla-Sao: *Plassey.*
Fo, the Idol: *Roman Catholicism.*
Foksi-rokhu: *Henry Fox (Lord Holland).*
Foutao: *Gibraltar.*
Fumma: *Portugal.*
Fune: *the Navy.*
Gentile Province: *Silesia.*
Gio-Gio: *George III.*
Got-hama-baba: *George II.*
Gotto-Mio: *Duke of Bedford.*
Hel-y-otte: *Admiral John Elliot.*
He-Rhumn: *Admiral Sir John Moore.*
Hob-nob: *Admiral Hopson.*
Hy-lib-bib: *Gen. Edward Bligh.*
Japan: *England.*
Jan-ki-dtsin: *Wilkes.*
Jedoo: *Windsor.*
Kaliff: *Clive.*
Kep-Mari: *Albemarle.*
Kha-fell: *Admiral Keppel.*
Khutt-Whang: *Sir Eyre Coote.*
Kho-rbé: *Goree.*
Koan: *Braddock.*
Kowkin: *Rigby.*
Kunt-Than: *Count Daun.*
Le-yawter: *Burgoyne.*
Lley-nah: *Northington.*
Lli-nam: *Manilla.*
Llur-chir: *Churchill.*
Lob-Kob: *Earl Temple.*
Mantchou-Tartars: *Russians.*
Meaco: *London.*
Moria-Tanti: *Sir John Mordaunt.*
Motao: *Minorca.*
Mura-Clami: *Murray (Earl of Mansfield).*
Myn-Than: *Minden.*
Niphon: *Great Britain.*
Nimkom-poo-po: *Lord Anson.*
No-bo-di: *William, Viscount Barrington.*
Or-nbos: *Admiral Henry Osborn.*
Ostrog: *Austria.*
Pekin: *Paris.*
Phal-khan: *Hawke.*
Polhassan Akousti: *Poland.*
Praff-patt-phogg: *Pratt.*

: *Guadeloupe.*
: *Duke.*
b: *Quebec.*
mm: *General Barring-*

h; *Beckford.*
'avoy.
Fouras, *near Rochefort.*
Admiral Sir Charles

Swedes.
un: *Admiral.*
ino: *Grenville.*
n-poo: *Lord Hard-*

n: *Queen Anne.*
Pussia.
'm. *Pitt, afterwards Lord*

Thin-Quo: *Martinique.*
Thum-Khumm-qua: *T. Cummings.*
Tohn-Syn: *George (afterwards Marquis) Townshend.*
Toks: *James Scott.*
Tra-rep: *Sir William Draper*
Twitzer: *Charles Townshend.*
Tzin-Khall: *Senegal.*
Xicoco: *Ireland.*
Ximo: *Scotland.*
Yaffrai: *General Amherst.*
Yak-Strot: *Lord Bute.*
Ya-loff: *Gen. Wolfe.*
Yam-a-Kheit: *Marshall Keith.*
Yan-on-i: *Sir Wm. Johnson*
Yesso: *Hanover.*
Zantific: *Sandwich.*

SMOLLETT'S DYING PREDICTION

[1771].

*The following prophetic Passages are extracted from a Letter sent by the late Dr. Smollet, a few months before his death, to the Rev. Dr. * * * of * * * Northumberland, who has politely entrusted the original to the Editor.*[1]

"As the sentiments of dying men, particularly dying authors, have been sometimes looked upon as prophetic, you will be inclined, perhaps, to pay the greater regard to the following political speculations; and, in all human probability, they are the last of any kind which you will ever receive from me; for I feel the chill hand of death gradually stealing on me as these calamities are stealing upon our European states, which I foresee but shall never live to experience. But I am perfectly resigned and nearly wearied to death with a life, that both in its private and public condition is the sordid slave of interest, prejudice, and folly. The first troubles that are likely to ensue, will proceed, I think, from that overgrown and useless system of colonization, with which several nations (particularly our own) have burthened themselves. But although the inhabitants of that immense and unwieldy empire of Spain in South America, are sufficiently disaffected and disposed to revolt, they are so fast bound by the chains of despotism, superstition, and indolence, that it is not probable they will take the lead, or attempt anything for their emancipation from the cruel yoke under which they groan, until either by the especial favour of Heaven they shall become enlightened, or shall be acted upon by some considerable external force; in which case the empire of Spain in those parts would pass away like a shadow. Of all the kingdoms of Europe I think our own stands in the greatest danger respecting her colonies, and in the least with regard to her affairs at home.

"At home you have a few radically discontented men, with a vast and undoubted majority, who are inviolably attached to the present establishment. In our American colonies, we may almost say, they are all Republican to a man; that nothing but the tie of interest,

[1] *Wonderful Prophecies. A Dissertation on the Existence, Nature and Extent of the Prophetic Powers in the Human Mind,* with "Unquestionable Examples." Third edition corrected and considerably enlarged, London, 1795, 8vo. A brochure of seventy-two pages, of which the accompanying extract occupies pp. 55-60.

and the want of power to stand alone, has hitherto preserved them in their allegiance to the crown of Great Britain, which (you may rely upon it), *they will embrace the first fair opportunity* entirely to *shake* off. Nor would such an event, in my ideas, be at all disadvantageous to the parent state, or to the colonies themselves, provided it were possible it could happen without loss and bloodshed: which, I fear, the present stock of wisdom and moderation on either side can afford us no certain assurance of. To turn our eyes towards our West India Islands, I think the prospect looks still more gloomy and alarming. It has ever excited my astonishment that nobody, either in England or those islands, should entertain the least dread or forecast of the dangerous consequences of introducing such an immense multitude of African slaves into them, or the smallest compunction for the enormous wickedness of the act, exaggerated as it is, a thousand degrees, by being perpetrated by men whose nation sets so high a value upon their own liberty, and who pretend to such an aversion from deeds of cruelty. If we have no apprehensions of the vengeance of divine justice, for the countless and horrid barbarities which are constantly exercised on the miserable slaves of those colonies, still, common sense ought to teach us, there is a point, beyond which human affairs cannot go, that it is not possible that such numbers, who possess every day they live the power of their own freedom will suffer such extremities for ever, that the *blow must come at some period or other*, which may be this year as well as the next, and that, when it does come, it brings with it desolation impossible to be withstood, and death in every shape. That a revolt of the slaves must happen, before many years, I will venture to predict; and if it should happen on one island[1] to whatever European nation it belongs, *the West India isles will never afterwards be in a state of safety*. To return to our own continent *France appears to me to be the first probable theatre of any material change*. The present fashion of handling abstract questions of religion and government, so eagerly adopted of late by a great number of people of consideration in that country is, no doubt, the high road to truth and justice; but, unfortunately for mankind, it must, necessarily, run through the confines of bloodshed and desolation. Amongst all the best-informed people of that country, with whom I had the opportunity of conversing, there seems to exist an enthusiastic passion for the discovery of moral truth, and a most ardent zeal for its propagation. And in this laudable frame of mind, seems particularly included, a commiseration for the sufferings of the lower classes of mankind; and a desire to relieve them from the shackles in which they have been so long bound by religious and political

[1] It is impossible here not to recall the horrors of St. Domingo.

frauds. If we consider the weakness, profligacy, and abandoned debauchery of the French Court; which they, whose situations intitle them to be the best judges, represent as a second *Sodom*, the poverty, misery, and discontent of the lower classes, and the violent desire of change, glowing and burning in the breasts of those who are the most able, and, indeed, the only people in whose power it is to bring that change about; we need not hesitate to assert that some great revolution must ensue, in the course of a few years, in the government, religion, and manners of the people of that country. Indeed, from the best general view which I am able to form, of the internal political state of the kingdom of France, I cannot bring myself to believe that the present despotic system can, at any rate, continue more than *twenty years longer*. If religion has invented and nourished those frauds, upon whom the despotism of France was founded: and the belief of that religion is now almost obliterated from amongst all ranks, what is in future to support such a government, even when the general interest seems loudly to demand its demolition? That the change, come when it will, must be *thorough violent and bloody*, we may fairly prognosticate, both from the known character of those who are likely to have the chief hand in the reformation, and from that of the common people of France whom their whole history proves to be the most sanguinary, unprincipled, and barbarous of any populace in Europe. Were it possible for me to live to witness it I should by no means wonder to see the principles of Republicanism predominant for a while in France, for it is the property of extremes to meet, and our abstract rights naturally lead us to that form of government, and it is not the season to moderate abstraction, during the fury and concussion of political earthquakes.

"Whenever a revolution upon such grounds as these shall happen in France the flame of war will be universally lighted up throughout Europe: either from the inhabitants of other countries instantaneously catching the contagion, or from the apprehensions of their respective governments. But whenever the great mass of mankind shall become enlightened, it will be as vain as perilous for governments to attempt to combat principles, which can only be effected with success during the reign of ignorance and superstition. I see it, in the clearest light, that the people of France, Germany, and Italy (but more especially *the latter*) are about to become weary of the impositions of religion, and the galling fetters of slavery. And I behold a new order of people about to arise in Europe which shall give laws to lawgivers, discharges to priests, and lessons to kings." . . .

THE END.

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